MARSE ROBERT

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JAMES C. YOUNG

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Marse Robert

Merry Christmas, to
the best father in the world
1929.

Faith + Ruth

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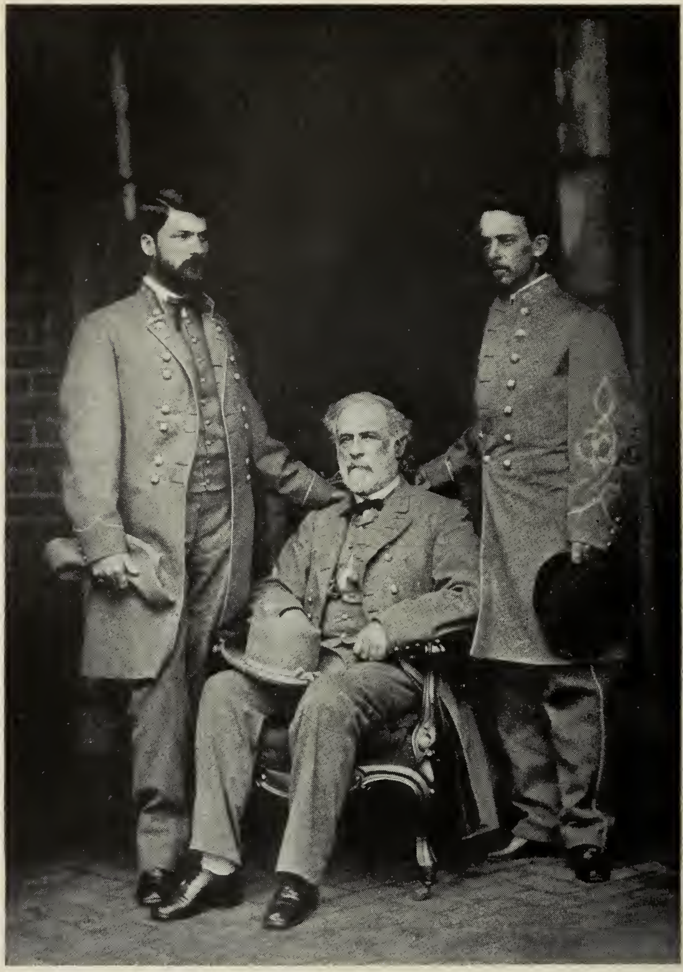

General Lee,
his oldest son George Washington Custis Lee, at the left,
and Lieutenant-Colonel Walter H. Taylor, aide-de-camp.
Photographed at Petersburg in 1864.
From the collection of Frederick H. Meserve

MARSE ROBERT

Knight of the Confederacy

by

JAMES·C·
YOUNG

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Illustrated

74-1376

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AS an American citizen, I take great pride in my country, her prosperity and institutions, and would defend any State if her rights were invaded. But I can anticipate no greater calamity for the country than a dissolution of the Union. It would be an accumulation of all the evils we complain of, and I am willing to sacrifice everything but honor for its preservation.

—ROBERT E. LEE, January 23, 1861

* * *

I DID only what my duty demanded; I could have taken no other course without dishonor. If all were to be done over again, I should act in precisely the same manner.

—GENERAL LEE, after the war

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MARSE ROBERT

CHAPTER I

The Lees in the New Land

THE lengthening years do not always obscure, but sometimes reveal, the true stature of a man. It is now three score and five years since that April Sunday at Appomattox Court House, when the gray Lee met the blue Grant to perform his last melancholy act in the drama of the Confederacy. Looking at his signature upon the articles of parole, the eye yet may perceive the man's emotion, reflected there in the vague lines, unlike his bold, strong hand.

The temple of the Confederacy had fallen. The hope and courage, the prayers of its people, were unavailing. Never, perhaps, in the history of nations, had a small people opposed a stronger one with more resolution, and, finally—desperation. Yet the temple had fallen. The gray man sitting at the table in the McLean house could do no more than rise and bow, in his grave, courtly way, first to Grant, then to his officers, and walk from the room in defeat.

But not from the pantheon of history. Nor, for that matter, from the world of ideals by which men live, as long as strength of heart and sacrifice of the spirit shall be an inspiration. Few men of his race and nation have embodied in such degree the qualities that made America great. Yet he is but casually known to his countrymen, North and South. Already the years have served to make him an image, a kind of steel engraving hung upon the national wall. Unfortunate, because Lee was a most human man, mingling sweetness and humor with a gravity that tended toward the austere.

Looking down the vista of the sixty-five years since Appomattox, the modern world visions Lee in his austerity alone. Even the principles for which he fought are little understood. This, then, is an annal written in the spirit of seeking the truth, describing in some measure the events that centred in one man, and attempting to measure the man by the events. Much of the preparation for this volume has extended to original sources of history, especially the recollections of the few living men who knew Lee himself. A year or two more and the last of them will have gone to join the gray army waiting upon the other shore. This is the story of the deeds that were done, of the South in victory and travail, of how a single man almost changed a continent politically. It has been written with the thought that men may read of these matters—which seem worthy of preservation—when there shall be no living tongue of the gray host to interpret the yellowing records, to recount the deeds, of the good knight of the lost cause.

Since a man's genesis and descent go far to determine what the man will be, the ancestry of Robert E. Lee commands interest in any attempt to understand the man. He came of a knightly strain, and if we may believe likely records, this family, sometimes named as an example of English stock, was French in fact.

First we hear of a Launcelot de Léga who came over with William the Conqueror in 1066, and fought on the field of Hastings. Incidentally, he acquired estates in Essex, won at the point of the lance, in the way of old. Tradition ascribes his birth and early life to "the town of Loudon," France. And he may have been known as Ley, Lié, Lea or Lygh, as each form occurs in the period of Launcelot's career.

His name of Launcelot is important, because the older Saxons and Britons usually had but a single name, though it might embody two simpler forms. For the first of the de Légas to be known as Launcelot is proof enough that he came from France. As the Norman French of William's followers blended with and softened the harsher Saxon, modern English evolved. The various forms of de Léga ended in definite English names like Leigh. Then there were de la Lé and de Lee. By 1191 the name was well established, when Lionel de Lee went to the third crusade with that hero of poets and small boys, Richard Cœur de Lion. At Acre he burnished the name anew, ranking among the "right goode knights" of Richard. And there he was made first Earl of Litchfield.

A little later, in 1201, Hugo de Léga was the father of Reginald de Lé, Sheriff of Shropshire County, then a post of honor instead of a constable's job. The kaleidoscope of names went on, the Sheriff being variously called Reginaldus, Rainald, Reyner, Reigner and Reignold. This Sheriff is another important man, bearing the heraldic fesse and billets, plainly Norman French, and essentially the same device as the first of the Virginia Lees bore to the new world.

The arms consisted of a shield, band sinister, battled and embattled; crest, a closed visor surmounted by a squirrel holding a nut; the motto, *Non incautus futuri.*

There are lapses in the descent not to be bridged by written records, but easily spanned by logic and likelihood. We hear of numerous knights, two of them belonging to the Garter. Between 1201 and 1639 there were nine Shropshire Lees in the office of Sheriff. With the advancing centuries the Lees moved into other counties until the name has become one of the familiar patronymics of England.

Still reasoning by probabilities, the forebears of Robert E. Lee belonged to the Coton branch of the Shropshire family, though the first Virginia Lee writes of "Strafford Langton," an estate of Essex county. Later it is called "Stratford Langton." Finally there is the family seat of Stratford, Westmoreland County, Virginia. Such were the Lees in the old world.

The first settlement in the new world was but thirty-four years old when the first of the American Lees left comfortable England to go adventuring in the land across the sea. Charles I was on the throne in that year of 1641, the age of cavaliers at its courtly best, though the Puritan ground his sword and bided his day, soon to come.

Richard Lee seems to have been a younger son of the Shropshire family, removed to Essex, but later Lees of Bucks, Cheshire and Oxfordshire have asserted their claim as near kinsmen. It must be assumed that he was a man of means, not without favor at court, because he was nominated Secretary of the colony and a member of the King's Privy Council, the ruling body of Virginia, before he put foot aboard ship.

The colony numbered about 10,000 people, settled along the James and nearby rivers. The vast hinterland concealed its mystery. At the far south the Spaniard made progress in settlement and conquest, having begun a century before. At the north, France would advance toward the Lakes, up the St. Lawrence, expecting any day to find the land of China.

The colony of Virginia had suffered from disease, Indians and privation. But to a man from gray London the new world beckoned with virgin beauty. Masses of pine and oak filled the shores of sea and rivers. Overhead a warming sun in a blue sky. Strange birds sang in the woods, where the antlered stag and the red-tailed fox fled at his approach. Verily, a new world.

Richard Lee was a man of no slight means. We hear of his servants, as if they were numerous; indentured men brought from England to be colonists. They exchanged any liberty that the home land might have given them to become the bondsmen of their masters, hoping for the day of a brighter freedom in the new land. Not an unkind master in the case of Richard Lee, as we may learn from the records and judge from his likeness in oil; a slender-faced, straight-nosed man, having a pleasant expression and a curly wig, typically the cavalier.

Anne, the first of the Lee women, came with him, to be named in a grant of land on August 10, 1642, ceding 1,000 acres situated in York County to the new Secretary of the colony, given "unto the said Richard Lee by and for his own p'sonal Adventure, his wife Ann, and John Francis and by assignment from Mr. Thomas Hill, Florentine Paine and William Freeman of their right of land due for the transportation of Seaventeene p'sons." And he named his plantation Paradise.

A whole century later, William Lee, a kinsman, wrote of him:

> Richard Lee, of a good family in Shropshire (and whose Picture I am told is now at Cotton (properly Coton), near Bridgenorth, the seat of Launcelot Lee, Esqr., some time in the reign of Charles the first, went over to the Colony of Virginia, as Secretary, and one of the King's Privy Council. . . . He was a man of good Stature, comely visage, an enterprising genius, a sound head, vigorous spirit and generous nature. When he got to Virginia, which was at that time not much cultivated, he was so pleased with the Country that he made large settlements there with the servants he had carried over; after some years, he returned to England, and gave away all the lands he had taken up, and settled at his own expense, to those servants he had fixed on them; some of whose descendants are now possessed of very considerable Estates in that Colony. After staying some time in England, he returned again to Virginia, with a fresh band of Adventurers, all of whom he settled there.

The London Company, which originally settled the colony, established a bounty of fifty acres for each person brought into the country. Many fortunes had their beginning in the way of Richard Lee's. The year of his arrival was marked by a new massacre of settlers at the hands of Indians. Men of "enterprising genius, a sound head, vigorous spirit" were needed to carry on the colony. Lee's influence can be traced in affairs of the day from the moment of his coming.

While he was settling his servants and building a store and warehouse on the York River, near the head of Poropotank Creek, a new Governor arrived, Sir William Berkeley, of uncertain temper and a hot pride. It is possible that Governor and Secretary came together. Either way, their arrival fell within the year. Back in England cavalier and roundhead drifted toward that morning of 1649 when Charles walked through a window of Whitehall to lose his head. Berkeley had expelled the few Puritans in the colony, before that day.

Virginia, thoroughly Royalist, confronted the first of her political dilemmas. There could be no opposition to mighty Cromwell, who dispatched a fleet and troops to teach the colony where its loyalty lay. The colony perforce gave in, leading to a formal treaty between the "Commonwealth of England" and the colony, "an Independent Dominion."

Cromwell held the trumps. Another Governor succeeded Berkeley. Lee kept the peace until a better occasion, and voyaged to England in the following years. There is mention of his one-eighth interest in two ships, also of the store and warehouse. He was both planter and merchant, a duality unusual, when commerce was hardly looked upon as a vocation for one who held the rank of "gentleman."

Two full years before the second Charles mounted the throne, Richard Lee and the former Governor ventured to proclaim him King of England, Scotland, France, Ireland and Virginia. A liberal claim for a throneless monarch, showing how the power of the roundheads had waned in Virginia. And Lee was a man to have the last word. He "hired a Dutch vessel, freighted it himself, went to Brussels or Breda, surrendered Sir William Berkeley's old commission—for the government of that province—and received a new one from his present Majesty, Charles II."

With the Governor reinstalled and the second Charles in power, Lee had favor at both courts. He became almost a yearly visitor to London, bringing back numbers of indentured servants. His lands and houses multiplied. It is probable that he was the first man to pioneer in the Northern Neck of the colony, "on the Potomack." By 1659 his tobacco crop was worth two thousand pounds sterling a year. An income for a cavalier!

Then the first of the Lees laid him down to die, in the early months of 1664, at Cobb's Hall, on Dividing Creeks, in Northumberland County beside the Potomac. His will, filed later in London, began with this assertion, "I, Colonel Richard Lee, of Virginia, and lately of Stratford Langton, in the County of Essex. . . ." Seemingly an indorsement of claims to kinship by the Lees of Essex. A man may be supposed to know whence he came. Yet the original arms of the Virginia Lees, once nailed to the door of Cobb's Hall, were those of the Coton branch of the Shropshire family.

In any event, Colonel Richard left the Virginia Lees firmly rooted, the masters of slaves, servants, 20,000 acres of fair land, a half-dozen homesteads, cattle, horses, ships and money. There were six sons and two daughters, but most of the patrimony went to John, his eldest born, under the old law and custom of primogeniture. By that law the oldest son got the lordly share. John was especially instructed to give each of his brothers "a bed."

In the brief time between the arrival and death of Colonel Richard the colony expanded and grew rich, as proved by his personal fortune. It is surprising how swiftly the tobacco crop became a source of wealth. Tobacco had been introduced into England only a few years before, yet the home land was able to consume the Virginia crop. By reason of this circumstance the pressing need of the colony came to be men: not gentlemen in wigs, but men who could labor. The indentured servants were insufficient physically and uninclined by temperament. The proud red man would die, but he would not labor. Probably in 1616, and certainly by 1619, the first negro slaves appeared. In 1625 the colony had twenty-three of them. In 1671 the number was 2,000 and the total of indentured servants 6,000.

In Africa, across the Atlantic, a voyage of more than a month, there were hordes of men who could be broken to work under compulsion—awaiting the first captor. Spain had shown the way. The West Indies flowered while the lands of Virginia went untilled. From there came the first slaves, looked at curiously by planters who had seen white men and red, of many nations and tribes, but never black men.

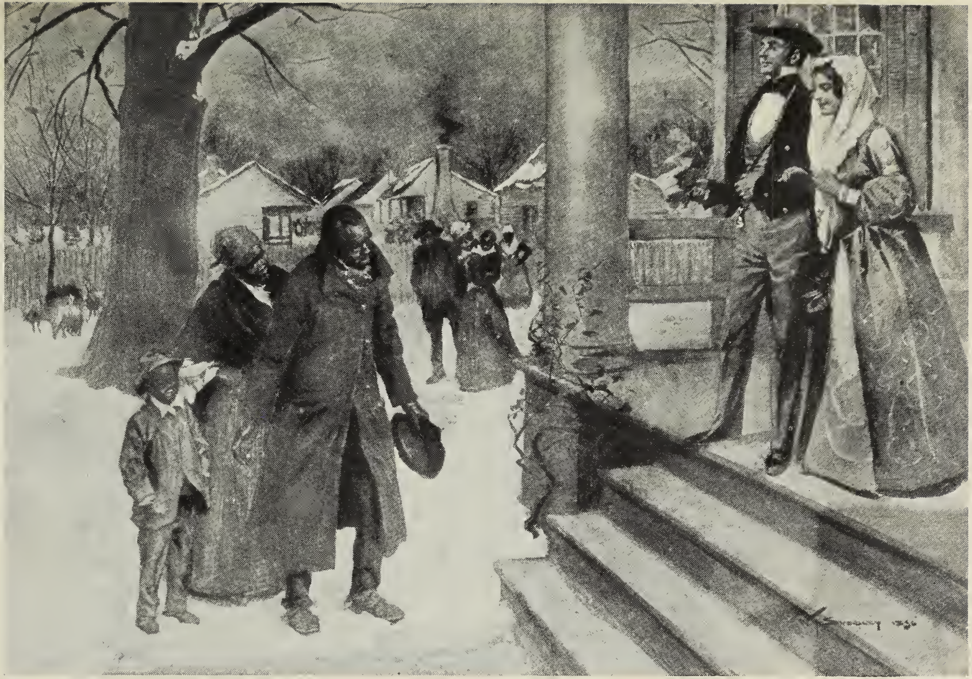
In the first years of importation they were regarded with little more than curiosity. Then it was borne home to the planters that these strong, black men, more tractable than the Indian, could be converted into the laborers Virginia needed. Unhappy decision! The virgin world was about to be stained by the white man, seeking a short cut to fortune. And, like most short cuts of history, to involve tragic consequences. But far in the future, for other generations to bear.

Surely no people have been blamed by more pens, in tones more stern, than those of Virginia and the South for the institution of slavery. To-day mention of the institution implies moral obloquy. The reader who will pause the briefest moment to look backward, down those three centuries of evolution, may see many things not heretofore visible, or never presented to his view.

In the seventeenth century every important nation of Europe was hunting, seizing and bartering "black ivory." Nor can we compare institutions of the twentieth century to those of the seventeenth with more accuracy than we could compare those of the twentieth to the twenty-third. Three hundred years hence, the system of wages now paid to the many by the few may be considered as desolate a degree of slavery as the modern world looks upon the more familiar institution.

Slavery was an incident in the unfolding of society, a step between savagery and civilization. We may leave to the philosopher which was preferable. The black man, in his teeming millions, had been subject to the slavery of his own and nearby races since the beginning, as the monuments of Egypt prove. When the latter day slaver crept into the lee of the Afric shore, seized him cruelly and bore him away to the new world, he conferred on the black man one of his enduring blessings.

If proof be needed it abounds in Africa, where the blacks continue in a primitive state, while the transplanted



A plantation Christmas, "fo' de wah," in old Virginia.
From a drawing by W. T. Smedley in the Confederate Museum, Richmond.

descendants of common forefathers have advanced a long way in the social scheme. A hard road to evolution. When was there an easy one? The black under slavery lived on a better plane, under humanizing influences. Not to the black man did slavery bring the greatest peril—but to the white.

Some elements of these truths became apparent early in the history of the Virginia colony. But the seventeenth century was the period of lush growth; adjustment must come later. The first generation of leaders passed on. In the case of the Lees, Colonel Richard's oldest son John—second of the line and born about 1645—was a B.A. of Oxford, and a graduate of medicine as well as the arts, who would live a bachelor and die young.

His passing in 1673 left the family riches to his second brother Richard, born in 1647, also an Oxford man, probably educated in the law, and noted for his learning in Greek, Hebrew and Latin. He kept memorandums in those languages and discoursed much of classical themes. Richard chose Laetitia Corbyn to share his riches. As a member of the Privy Council and the House of Burgesses — the first deliberative body of America — he held a prominent place in Colonial life. That the current of this life was not entirely placid may be seen from "Bacon's Rebellion," an outburst on the part of the growing commonalty. Bacon issued a proclamation, in which "We doe further declare these ye ensueing p'sons in this list to have beene his (Berkeley's) wicked and pernicious councellrs Confederates, aiders and asissters agt (against) ye Commonality in these our Civill comotions."

Lee's name was among the first and he had the bad fortune to fall a captive into Bacon's hands. The crown was to learn, later, from Berkeley's correspondence ". . . as to his losses wee are credibly informed they were very great and that hee was Imprisoned by Bacon above seaven weekes together at least one hundred miles from his owne home whereby hee received great Prejudice in his health by hard usage and very greatly in his whole Estate by his absence."

Berkeley's forces were defeated and Jamestown burned, when Bacon "haply died." Lee was released and summary executions took place. "The old fool (Berkeley!) has cut off more heads for a country revolution than I did for my father's life," exclaimed Charles.

Despite the "great Prejudice," Richard Lee lived until March 12, 1714, when he surrendered this life at Mount Pleasant, a plantation in Westmoreland County. The Latin inscription upon his tombstone noted that he was "descended of an ancient family of Merton-Regis, in Shropshire" (!).

Racial vigor, renewed from generation to generation, is an impressive trait of the Lees in America. As the family grew from its founder, each branch produced notable men. Few of the families that came to the new land so long ago have had an equally strong power of renewal, down to the present day, three centuries. In every period of that span of time there have been Lees of Virginia in the forefront of American life.

Of the daughter and five living sons left by the second Richard, Henry, the fifth, was born about 1691 and lived at Lee Hall on the Potomac. There he brought his bride, Mary Bland, from Prince George County. He was another of the studious strain, a man of retired life. Yet he was Lieutenant-Colonel of the Westmoreland militia and bore his part in struggles against the Indians. On his death in 1747 he handed on his estate to three sons and a daughter, the third also named Henry, and the grandfather of Robert E. Lee.

The next older brother of the first Henry—Thomas—was more famous than the Colonel of militia. Born without any special advantages, and receiving only a limited part of the second Richard's estate, he could not follow the earlier Lees to Oxford, but educated himself as best he might. In later life he, too, gained note for his knowledge of Greek and Latin, acquired by his own efforts. During the years between, he acquired the further blessing of a fortune and won to the first place in the colony, taking rank as the first native Governor. No man ever exemplified the vigor of his family in fuller measure.

In this period the Lee homestead of Stratford emerges from the vague records of the early eighteenth century. As there are few families of such continuous achievement, so it is true that Stratford stands among the first of our historical monuments. Evidently Colonel Richard built a house there in his lifetime, because his will mentioned "my household stuff at Stratford."

Tradition affirms that the first Stratford homestead was burned in the time of Thomas Lee, and the present house built with funds contributed by "certain London merchants and Queen Caroline." That would place the date between 1727 and 1737, the length of her reign. But there is no evidence that fire destroyed Stratford, and plenty of it that flames swept away the nearby home at Mount Pleasant. To this day the cemetery there is known as the "old burnt house fields." The foundations of a large house remain.

Stratford typifies eighteenth century Virginia. We may learn how it looked to the eyes of the most famous of the Lees—Robert E.—from his description, written far in the next century. The house had changed little, when he wrote:

> The approach to the house is on the south, along the side of a lawn several hundred acres in extent, adorned with cedars, oaks, and forest poplars. On ascending a hill, not far from the gate, the traveler comes in full view of the mansion, when the road turns to the right and leads straight to a grove of sugar maples, around which it sweeps to the house. The edifice is built in the form of an H, and of bricks brought from England. The cross furnishes a saloon of thirty feet cube, and in the centre of each wing rises a cluster of chimneys, which form the columns of two pavilions connected by a balustrade. The owner, who before the Revolution was a member of the King's Council, lived here in great state, and kept a band of musicians, to whose airs his daughters Matilda and Flora, with their companions, danced in the saloon, or promenaded on the house-top.

It would be worth while, could we look into that saloon of two hundred and a few years ago, to find gathered there some of the Washingtons, the Fairfaxes, or the Paynes.

The great George will be born at Wakefield, in the same county of Westmoreland, a few years hence. Or one of the Monroes might have driven over—the Monroes who were to give the nation its fifth President.

Westmoreland County! Where is there another strip of ground, thirty miles long, by an average of fifteen wide, that has produced so much of fame? Two Presidents and a score of other men who take rank among the great of the nation were born in this county, lying narrowly between the Potomac and Rappahannock Rivers.

When Stratford was built, a little way from the Potomac, the colony had grown from the pioneer days of the seventeenth into the rich eighteenth century. It may be concluded—from want of any evidence to contradict—that Thomas Lee used the gifts of those estimable merchants and his Queen for the building of Stratford, instead of rebuilding Mount Pleasant. A remarkable house, its walls enclosing two and a half feet of English brick at the base, and no less than two feet above the first floor. The cross bar of the H served as a meeting-place for the family, with built-in book shelves holding the world's classics. This chamber, the drawing room and others, were finished in paneled oak, with domed ceilings. All of the eighteen rooms were spacious and supplied with furniture from England. The stables had room "for a hundred horses," and the kitchen—let us speak of the kitchen.

Following the custom of Virginia homesteads, the kitchen at Stratford stood about fifty feet from the house. That modern institution, the stove, was unknown. In its place the black mammy who presided there had a fireplace twelve feet wide, six feet high and five feet deep—big enough to roast an ox! Shades of yesterday—where are our vanished dinners?

The second Henry and the grandfather of Robert E. Lee was born at Lee Hall in 1729 and removed to Leesylvania in nearby Prince William County. He became a member of the House of Burgesses and particularly of the Virginia Convention which met in 1774-'75-'76 to consider the state of the country. This Henry Lee was an upstanding, plain-spoken man, without any distinctions of brilliance. In the period of his life, the complexion of Colonial Virginia changed from a peaceable, flourishing colony, to a land in revolt and swift evolution. Its wealth had increased until it stood first among the colonies in that regard. Internally there had been far-reaching changes. Up to the period of about 1700 the colonists were almost wholly English. From that year onward an influx of Scots arrived—merchants, parsons, doctors and dominies. Toward the mid-century some Irish followed, but in lesser numbers, and generally the humblest kind of people.

Early Virginia was deficient politically, in that it had a wealthy, cultured and numerous upper class, with a more numerous, relatively poor and uneducated lower class. There was no strong middle section, the substance of democracy. Neither did the State, as an institution, nor the quality of Virginia, as individuals, give much thought to the education and improvement of the lower order. Education was scanty, except in the homes of the great, where French masters might be found, along with the Scot dominies. Or the Scots themselves gave instruction in foreign thought. Knowledge of the classics and ancient tongues was more common than today. Young men went to England, sometimes to Paris, if ambitious, there to complete the education begun at home. Life in Virginia remained as mediæval as life in England.

At the halfway mark of the century, when Henry Lee was coming into manhood, Virginia altered swiftly. "The West" attracted the eyes of all men, this first West being the valley of Virginia, beyond the mountains, recently explored and settled. Irish, Scottish and German settlers crossed Pennsylvania into Maryland and thence to western Virginia; but they brought no sympathy for the institutions of the cavaliers.

The coming of the immigrants produced one noteworthy result. Lutheran, Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian ministers appeared in the colony. Through the first half of the eighteenth century the new sects outstripped the established Church of England; its power disappearing in the wreck of Royalist institutions that accompanied the Revolution. After that event the newly organized Episcopal Church became a community of strict religious views, in common with other denominations of the State.

From 1698 the provincial capital was established at Williamsburg, between the York and James Rivers. There, toward the middle of October, the life of the colony tended. Then the Burgesses came from their distant plantations—distant for those days—bringing the belles of the colony for "the season." A happy day for the women folk when the red and yellow coach came lumbering along the highway, the eager faces of other travelers looking out to see who might be bound for Williamsburg. Or the family might travel in its own coach, if the distance was not too great.

Imagine, then, the coming of the Burgesses to Williamsburg, the gentlemen in their long-tailed buff and mouse-colored coats, with the velvet collars. London's best tailors cut those clothes, lying wrinkleless upon handsome figures. On formal occasions the gentlemen donned their big powdered wigs and put on their satin breeches and silk hose. Many of them carried a sword at all times, or by way of dress. The women came in their Paris gowns, not a few of them, or dresses from London. Or they had spent painstaking months on their sewing for the gay days of "the season."

It is easy to see Williamsburg, filling with the gentry of the colony. Some of the Burgesses had homes there. Others must live in the taverns of the town, particularly the Raleigh Tavern, gathering place of the political. Of all the dinners that were eaten, the honest flagons drunk, the long pipes smoked to exhaustion, we can but catch the fragrant odor.

Race week was the peak of the season. Then a man might lose his season's crop of tobacco on one lagging filly. Wine ran free, tempers might rise as well. The gaming got into breath-taking figures. Occasionally swords flashed and a frilled shirt turned red. Everything ended in the race ball, when the powdered wigs appeared and the court dress of Williamsburg saloons gave the capital an imperial tone. First there would be the *menuet de la cour,* danced by the gentlemen in satin breeches and the ladies in their wide ruffled gowns. Then came the bowing, the pirouetting, the changing of partners, the squeezing of tender fingers. Gone—gone, alas!—into the crypt of the yesterdays.

While this changing life went forward the shadow of slavery grew black indeed, alarming wiser men. Taking the halfway mark of the century as a kind of barometer, the population of Virginia in 1756 consisted of 173,316 white people and 120,156 negroes. For a hundred years the ships of half a dozen nations had brought a host of black men to the thirteen colonies, principally to the southern land, where the negro fared best in health and was most easily adaptable. England led in this traffic. New England slavers followed next in order, Boston and Bristol, Rhode Island, being the home ports of the argosies that brought this human wealth.

So grave was the threat that the Burgesses in 1772 implored the crown most humbly:

> We implore your Majesty's paternal assistance in averting a calamity of the most alarming nature. The importation of slaves into the colonies from the coast of Africa hath long been considered as a trade of great inhumanity, and under its present encouragement we have too much reason to fear will endanger the very existence of your Majesty's American dominions. We are sensible that some of your Majesty's subjects may reap emoluments from this sort of traffic, but when we consider that it greatly retards the settlement of the colonies with more useful inhabitants and may in time have the most destructive influence, we presume to hope that the interest of the few will be disregarded when placed in comparison with the security and happiness of such numbers of your Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects. We therefore beseech your Majesty to remove all those restraints on your Majesty's Governors of the colony which inhibit their assenting to such laws as might check so pernicious a consequence.

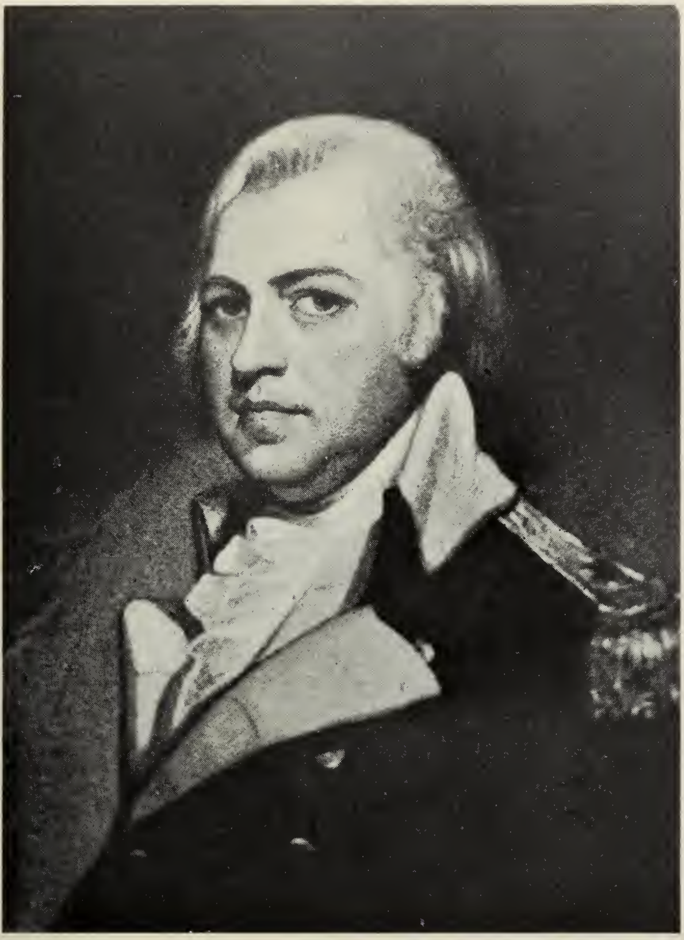
The crown granted no answer. Up to the time of the Revolution the trade continued. Free Virginia, at the first meeting of its Assembly in 1778, prohibited the importation of black men under severe penalties. Who is this lank man who moves the bill? Thomas Jefferson.

Such were the eventful days that Henry Lee, of Leesylvania, looked upon as they passed in review before his door. On December 1 of 1753 he was married to Lucy Grymes, "the lowland beauty," to whom, it is said, the great Washington lost his heart a first time. Even—it is also said—wrote verses to her.

She became the mother of five boys and three girls, the eldest again named Henry, the third in succession of that name. The second Henry lived until 1787 and the third came to be known by one of the colorful titles of the Revolution, a name that stands forth from the historic page—Light Horse Harry. What schoolboy has failed to read of his exploits? Of his daring raids, his unbelievable marches, to steal upon the redcoats? The spirit of the Revolution embodied in a man.

Born on January 29, 1756, his father intended him for the law. By 1773 he had graduated from Princeton College, and would have sailed for England to study under a maternal uncle, when the pall of war settled upon the country. Patrick Henry—the flaming man!—was Governor of Virginia in '76. He named young Lee—barely twenty years old—Captain of cavalry. We have his letter of April 13, the next year, beseeching "caps and boots" for his troopers, about to appear before Washington. Lacking them, he feared they might be thought unsoldierly men. Whether he got them, history does not disclose. Washington apparently thought well of commander and men, for young Lee soon led his company through many actions in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York.

This soldier stands high among the Lees. He had special talent for the kind of warfare the Revolution proved to be. The Continental army needed men of enterprise. Opposed to forces often superior in numbers, and always



LIGHT HORSE HARRY (HENRY) LEE,
the Revolutionary leader and father of Robert E. Lee.
From a portrait by Gilbert Stuart

better trained and equipped, theirs was a war of sudden descents, surprises, swift actions and hasty retreats.

Washington liked young men and gave them responsible posts, under the censure of older heads. On his recommendation Congress named Lee to a partisan command, one of the odd military organizations of the Revolution. With three mounted companies and three of foot, Lee moved as he liked, attacked and ran when he could, or needs must. A post of honor for a youngster in his green twenties.

The fruit of that appointment came into brilliant bloom on August 19, 1779, when he captured Paulus Hook, New Jersey, across the river from New York. Losing less than a half dozen men, he captured the position, inflicting casualties, and escaped with a hundred and sixty prisoners. Congress granted him a gold medal and the thanks of that body, when he was barely twenty-three.

He received as well the rank of Major-Commandant and Washington's confidence, a matter of no small import, because the great George was canny about his confidence. Affairs in the South grew serious and Lee was detached with his Legion to aid Nathanael Greene, with advancement to Lieutenant-Colonel. Throughout the ensuing campaigns of Greene's forces it was Lee who supplied much of the energy that drove Cornwallis northward to Virginia and surrender at Yorktown.

Light Horse Harry was the beau ideal of the American soldier, sitting handsomely upon his white horse, his hair flowing, his eye commanding. A cavalier of the blue strain, he delighted to ride—helter-skelter—straight into the British army, swinging a saber. Leader and Legion had a capacity for endurance, for daring attempts that seemed uniformly to succeed, which few commands of the army could match. Exactly the sort of man who would appeal to the great George.

After Yorktown he retired from the army, his health impaired, but was a delegate from 1786 to '88 in the Confederation Congress, called to consider relations between the colonies. This was one of the momentous—perhaps the very gravest — gatherings in American national development. As the later preamble of the Constitution set forth, the Congress met "in order to form a more perfect Union." When this Congress assembled, the tie that bound the thirteen States was the earlier Articles of Confederation, adopted in 1781. Although it was not readily apparent in '88 that the question of States' rights would be bound up in what was now about to be done, a few men plainly saw the trend of events. Patrick Henry, that man with a hound's nose for the scent of liberty, was one of them, and Richard Henry Lee another. He had signed the Declaration of Independence and moved the famous resolution of the first Congress: "That these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States . . ."

Prophetic, that resolution! "Free and independent *States*." How much was bound up in four words. Originally the colonies held separate charters from the crown. There was no direct interconnection. The interest of one quite often was not the interest of another. Then the British government, on April 11, '83, recognized "New Hampshire, Massachuset's Bay, Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia to be free, sovereign and independent States."

Again the principle, in four words, "sovereign and independent *States*," to be repeated with scrupulous exactitude in the Articles of Confederation. "Each State retains its sovereignty, freedom, and independence, and every power, jurisdiction, and right which is not by this confederation expressly delegated to the United States in Congress assembled." Then, to protect the weaker against the stronger, "The said *States* hereby severally enter into a firm league of friendship with each other for their common defence, the security of their liberties, and their mutual and general welfare, binding themselves to assist each other against all force offered to or attacks made upon them, or any of them, on account of religion, sovereignty, trade, or any other pretence whatever."

The Constitution did not repeal the Articles of Confederation, but extended the definition of alliance among the States. The contract stands to this day, though long since abrogated by twenty-three States opposed to eleven. Strange, that Richard Henry Lee's motion should have borne such results! And stranger that Light Horse Harry should stand before the Virginia convention in support of the new Constitution, while Richard Henry, his cousin, warned of its perils. Nor would the convention heed the entreaties of Patrick Henry, proclaiming that one day the new Union would consume the liberties of Virginia. Strange, prophetic words. In the end the Constitutionalists prevailed. Before a hundred years, the words of Patrick Henry and Richard Henry Lee would resound in the halls of their State, like the lament of Banquo, where they had passed unheeded.

Light Horse Harry went to the Virginia Assembly in 1789, '90 and '91, when he became Governor, an office held for three years. On June 18, 1793, he married a second time, taking for his bride Anne Hill Carter, daughter of Charles Carter, owner of Shirley, a fine old place on the James. The match was not made without difficulty. Legislative affairs had proved less enthralling than a life of camps and war. Lee debated the possibilities of a sojourn in France, where "a Major-General's commission awaited him." There, in the *Café de la Révolution,* or the *Café à bas les Tyrants,* he might have kept company with other great figures of our own Revolution — Thomas Paine and John Paul Jones, both wanderers and scantily honored by their countrymen.

Lee decided to remain at home. Washington had written to him that he would not consider any proposal the French might make. For one thing, he disliked the thought of the voyage, ". . . because it would appear a boundless ocean I was about to embark on, from whence no land is seen. . . ." Furthermore, ". . . those in whose hands the government is entrusted are ready to tear each other to pieces, and will more than probably prove the worst foes the country has."

When Light Horse Harry accepted this counsel, Washington wrote approvingly . . . "As we are told that you have exchanged the rugged and dangerous fields of Mars for the soft and pleasureable bed of Venus, I do in this, as I shall in everything you may pursue like unto it, good and laudable, wish you all imaginable success and happiness." That qualifying phrase has a corrective sound.

It is a cause for thought that almost none of Washington's correspondence expresses interest in or sympathy for the French Revolution. His friendship for Lafayette was deep and warm, but personal, and he seems to have looked upon the French alliance as purely political. We have no strong expression of feeling for the French people. It may be doubted whether our race of patriots had any intelligent understanding of France, or more than surface affection, with the eminent exception of Jefferson, the intellectual of American democracy.

Charles Carter, the master of Shirley, regarded any French soldiering with the strongest disfavor. He bound Lee "upon his oath of honor" not to go adventuring anywhere, especially to France. Otherwise he might not have precious Anne, and her comfortable fortune. The matter was adjusted to everybody's liking and the wedding followed.

Lee's public service continued to be of a high order. In 1798 the nation honored him with the rank of Major-General. In the year following — 1799 — he entered Congress and served until 1801. In his first year the great Washington dies, and it is Lee who draws the resolution by Congress, known to every school boy in the land ". . . First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his fellow citizens." He apparently amended the final words to "fellow countrymen," and usage has reduced them to "countrymen."

In 1801 he retired from public affairs, determined to live a quiet life at Stratford, his property by reason of a first marriage to Matilda Lee, his cousin. There, surrounded by a growing family, he undertook to adopt the habits of a country squire. And there, on January 19, 1807, in a big, airy room on the first floor — in the very room where Richard Henry and Francis Lightfoot Lee were born, both signers of the Declaration — the last son of Light Horse Harry came into the world: Robert Edward Lee.

It has not been recorded that omens were seen in the sky that day, or that "whip-poor-wills" cried near the house that night, a mark of destiny. But it is certain that the birth of Robert Edward Lee terminated almost 200 years of eventful history revolving around Stratford. A birth that closed a drama. For those who like to speculate upon the influences that shape great lives, it may be remarked the father of Robert Edward was well past the half-century of age when this son entered the world. And he was the last son, rather than the first or earlier sons. The strong masculine character of his stock may be judged by the succession of generations before him, running to five or six sons in most cases, never to more than three girls. The line of descent back of Robert E. Lee was by the younger, instead of the elder sons, his own father being the exception.

Light Horse Harry, hibernating at Stratford, was not a man to be satisfied in an easy situation. Perhaps for want of better occupation he engaged in a series of speculations that invited disaster. Another, and a happier fancy, led him to write his *Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department,* the one notable account of the Revolution in that quarter.

Long threatened hostilities with England broke into war in 1812. The veteran took down his sword. But never to assume command. Politics in that day were brewed of a bitterer spirit. Lee paid a visit to his friend A. C. Hanson of Baltimore, editor of the *Federal Republican,* who opposed the war. A mob attacked the doors. Lee, Hanson and others took up the defense and drove off the assaulters.

But the veteran was injured in the *mêlée,* too seriously for any prospect of active service.

He went back to Stratford, where his health grew worse, until family and friends persuaded him to seek recovery in the mild climate of the West Indies. Accordingly he sailed for Nassau to begin a residence of almost five years. Not only his health, but money troubles and law suits kept Light Horse Harry in seclusion. During this period he wrote regularly to his family, especially to "my dear son Carter," his oldest and favorite boy. In one letter he wrote: "You know how I love my children, and how dear Smith (his second son) is to me. Give me a true description of his mind, temper and habits. Tell me of Anne. Has she grown tall? And how is my last, in looks and understanding? Robert was always good, and will be confirmed in his happy turn of mind by his ever-watchful and affectionate mother; does he strengthen his native tendency?"

There, in one phrase, the father measured the son's "native tendency." It is entertaining to speculate upon what influence such a father might have had upon such a son. The Lees had removed to Alexandria, Virginia, before the father's departure, that the children might attend school there. They were five in number — Charles Carter, Anne Kinloch, Sydney Smith, Robert Edward and Catherine Mildred. The new home, eight miles from Washington, had many advantages. It relieved the mother of the cares of a plantation, which her own ill health would have made the heavier. Thus Robert Edward, the youngest son, was no more than six years old when the elder Lee sailed for Nassau. He was never to know his father — never to see him again.

Light Horse Harry, despairing of health and determined to risk the law suits, started for home in January of 1818. But the schooner bearing him had proceeded no farther than the Georgia coast, when he concluded to escape its tossing. Chance directed that the craft should be near Cumberland Island, where his old commander, Nathanael Greene, had built a home. The General's married daughter lived there, and there Lee determined to go — his last abode in a life of war and trouble, where he died on March 25, 1818.

What emotions the melancholy tidings stirred in Alexandria we may not know. To the ailing wife they were sad indeed. Not only had she lost the companion of years and no little happiness, but she had lost him to confront reduced circumstances. The fortune of Light Horse Harry was hardly more than his fame. Upon the authority of a relative, Robert learned from his mother to "practice self-denial and self-control, as well as the strictest economy in all financial concerns."

Charles Carter was then attending Harvard and later graduated into the law. Sydney Smith went to Annapolis and entered the navy. Anne, the eldest daughter, also suffered from poor health and was absent in Philadelphia under medical care. The youngest sister had no share in family responsibilities. Robert Edward became the support of his mother in her illness and affliction. He was "the housekeeper" and carried "the family keys," a station of no slight importance.

The Lees, at this period, had no more than two or three slaves in Alexandria and a few at Stratford. One of the best remembered was Nat, the coachman. At first the family lived in Cameron street, near the old Christ Church, then in Orinoco street, and later in North Washington street in a house known as the parsonage. It is not to be wondered that the grave, quiet boy growing up in the fatherless, stricken home, should look upon life seriously, even solemnly. His mother was a woman of delicate character, of that refinement which shrinks from the world. Years of illness and loneliness imparted a tenderness to her nature that could not fail to influence the son.

His first teacher, William B. Leary, maintained a private academy in Alexandria. Who were his schoolmates then? No record reveals. But we know that his early life was marked by one strong attraction, a love of horses and the hunting field. When his mother's health permitted, he hunted afoot and ahorse through tireless hours, returning with sparkling eye and reddened cheek to recount tales of the chase.

A proud mother, surely. Robert understood her character with that intuition which binds one gentle soul to another. He seldom came home from school without a story to amuse the invalid. Then Nat was called and the carriage brought forth for her daily ride, if the weather proved pleasant. At her side rode the knightly young squire, summoning cheerfulness to console her spirit.

Back home again, it was Robert's rôle in family duties to do the marketing, to direct the management of the home and any business that might arise. From these habits of youth he acquired a careful nicety about the dispatch of business. His mother must have looked at him wistfully. What should he do in life — this little boy of hers, with the grave face and the deep, earnest eyes?

Young men of the South did not go into business then. There was no business to enter, in the sense of this latter day. The law, the church, or the army were natural vocations. Robert gave no promise for the law. In distinction to his father and older brother Carter, both gifted with words, the growing boy showed a shyness and inclination to few words.

Robert himself answered the question. One of Light Horse Harry's possessions was a military library, assembled at great pains. And from the first day that Robert could read he might be found lying on the parlor rug, his heels in the air, studying the pictures if not reading the serious discourse about Wellington, Napoleon and a host of heroes.

No doubt his father's library and his father's name influenced him to choose the army. Hear the mother sigh. An army man, like his father? At what price should he seek fame? But the choice was limited, the family means thinner than ever. It was decided.

Then Robert entered the school of Benjamin Hallow-

ROBERT E. LEE,
Second Lieutenant of Engineers, as he looked on his graduation from West Point, July 1, 1829.
From a portrait painted at the time

ell, another Alexandria master, who, by grace of fortune, has left a brief memento of his recollections:

> Robert E. Lee entered my school in Alexandria, Virginia, in the winter of 1824-'25, to study mathematics preparatory to his going to West Point. He was a most exemplary student in every respect. He was never behind time at his studies; never failed in a single recitation; was perfectly observant of the rules and regulations of the institution; was gentlemanly, unobtrusive, and respectful in all his deportment to teachers and his fellow-students. His specialty was finishing up. He imparted a finish and a neatness, as he proceeded, to everything he undertook. One of the branches of mathematics he studied with me was conic sections, in which some of the diagrams were very complicated. He drew the diagrams on a slate; and although he well knew that the one he was drawing would have to be removed to make room for another, he drew each one with as much accuracy and finish, lettering and all, as if it were to be engraved and printed. The same traits he exhibited at my school he carried with him to West Point, where, I have been told, he never received a mark of demerit, and graduated at the head of his class (really second).

The little town of Alexandria, then a place of more consequence than now, lies mid-way between two famous Virginia homesteads, Mount Vernon, the home of Washington, and Arlington, then the home of Washington Parke Custis, the adopted son of Washington. And Custis had a charming daughter — Mary — who sometimes drove over from Arlington to visit in Alexandria. Before long Sir Robert may be seen going to Arlington and the two are childhood sweethearts. Maybe they talked about the day when he would grow up to be a soldier and she a fine lady. It is certain that the intimacy continued to the day he left for West Point.

The letter of a relative, written years afterward to Mary, contains this phrase: "I know your husband was most anxious to go to West Point, both to relieve his mother and to have a military education. Your aunt Lewis interested herself very much in obtaining his commission, and took him to Washington and introduced him to General Jackson. He was so much pleased with our beloved Robert that he got him his appointment."

So the wheel of time turns to the last days of June, 1825, when Robert is eighteen, ready to leave home on his first journey. He surely will have been to Arlington before going and it is now time to pass out of the invalid's doorway, looking back as he goes, trying to smile through the mist. He is gone. She whispers: "How can I live without Robert? He is both son and daughter to me."

On the 1st of July he was enrolled at West Point, on the far-away Hudson, beginning his cadet life with the gravity and exactitude that expressed his character. Life at the academy was not especially different a hundred years ago from life there today, made up of routine, discipline, study.

The enrolment of young Lee worked one change in his outlook, bringing him into contact with his first and only friend. A tall, angular boy of his class bore the name of Joseph E. Johnston, who, it appeared, was the son of Peter Johnston, a soldier in Lee's Legion. Thereby the friendship began that lasted throughout life, many trials and a great epic of history.

Otherwise Lee's years at West Point were uneventful enough. The man has suffered at the hands of biographers, most of whom have denied him his due or heaped laudations upon him. Fitzhugh Lee, a nephew, writing of the West Point days, has said:

> . . . During his whole course at West Point, Robert was a model cadet, his clothes looked nice and new, his cross-belts, collar, and summer trousers were as white as the driven snow mounting guard upon the mountain top, and his brass breast and waist plates were mirrors to reflect the image of the inspector. He conscientiously performed his tours of guard duty, whether the non-commissioned officer of the guard was approaching his post or sleeping in his quarters. He never "ran the sentinel post," did not go off the limits to the "Benny Havens" of his day, or put "dummies" in his bed to deceive the officer in charge as he made his inspection after taps, and at the parades stood steady in line. It was a pleasure for the

> inspecting officer to look down the barrel of his gun; it was bright and clean, and its stock was rubbed so as to almost resemble polished mahogany.

Plain bosh, nephew. If you knew anything of value, why not tell us about the real, grave — too grave — young man? We should have liked to read that he broke one rule and was kept to the academy grounds a whole month in repentance. That is, we should have liked him then, were it not for the wan-faced mother in Alexandria. What would she have thought about Robert — breaking a rule? For her sake we will waive the breach of a single rule and accept young Robert as an unusually — almost unnaturally — reserved young man.

In the summer of his twentieth year he went home to see that well loved mother and Mary, over in Arlington. And what a brave show he made in his gray uniform. It would exactly become him, a man of dark hair and warm brown eyes, almost six feet tall and well set-up. His straight back and swinging stride rise before the eye.

No wonder Mary promised, under the stars at Arlington, though father Custis looked a bit askance at Sir Robert, come like a knight in a story of old. A poor young knight, though of a fair name. What boots a fair name in Virginia — the land of fair names? Never mind — Sir Robert hath an honest look, a commanding mien. Mayhap he will fare well in the lists of fortune.

So to West Point again and that 1st of July, 1829, when he walked up to the rostrum, second in his class, four years without a demerit, to receive his scroll of honor. There were forty-six graduates in the class, led by Charles Mason of New York, who resigned from the army two years later to become a lawyer. The soldier was the quiet Robert from Alexandria. The first period of his life ended there. What did the future hold?

CHAPTER II

The Forging of the Soldier

ON that day in 1829 when young Robert Lee became a Second Lieutenant of Engineers in the United States Army, its strength was less than 10,000 men. The thirteen original States had expanded into twenty-four, affording life to a population of twelve to thirteen million people, or slightly more than the present population of New York. Ten years before the nation had acquired Florida from Spain, and it was no more than twenty-two years since the Lousiana Purchase added to the recognized territory an empire beyond the Mississippi, touching Canada at the north and the Gulf of Mexico at the south. Mexico kept tight hold in the southwest and definitions of our territory in the northwest were vague. Indians and buffalo roamed the plains; the great West awaited its conquerors.

Lieutenant Lee's graduation was saddened by the death of his mother, a few days later. The pale invalid, to whom he had turned in every affair of his life, endured to the day of his achievement, but surrendered then to years of pain. The loss fell heavily upon Robert Lee — "son and daughter." Never again could he look to the beloved mother who first touched the candle to his spiritual self, and kept the flame burning steadily. Never could he tuck her form into the family carriage and tell the invalid pleasant stories while they jogged along the roads. Death had taken his first and tenderest love.

The event brought her children together for one of their longest visits in some time, gathered around the empty rocking-chair. But in the end they parted, as mortals must. Lieutenant Lee embarked upon his new life alone. And his assignment to duty could not have been more fortunate, taking him to Fortress Monroe in Hampton Roads, near Norfolk. In the last conflict of 1812 the coast had suffered from inroads by British men-of-war, made at will, and the government of 1829 was determined to guard against new depredations.

Lee began army life as assistant to Captain Andrew Talcott, the engineer in charge of fortification work, and found the post to his liking. It involved the drawing of those careful plans in which he delighted, the measuring of great bodies, and the outwitting of imaginary foes. Besides, the fortress was close to Norfolk and the social life in which he found pleasure. On favorable occasions he could travel to Washington, thence to Arlington. Mary Custis would be certain to know of his coming, and have the carriage waiting before the War Department.

Whatever the elder Custis may have thought about the match, he made up his mind to it. Of course, Mary might have married a man of assured position, who would have lived at home with her, instead of an army officer who could be ordered away any day to fight Indians or explore the wilds. But young Robert was greeted warmly enough on his visits and looked upon as a son-in-law. No comelier soldier wore the nation's uniform. At this time his hair was rich and long, inclining to curl at the ends, and parted on the left side, extending down the cheeks in old-fashioned sideburns. Wearing his dark-blue coat, with the heavy, gold-cord epaulettes, he must have been as handsome a young man as the eye of maiden ever rested upon.

It was a decorous courtship, a little solemn on the whole, marked by evenings around the fireside while Mistress Mary picked out pretty pieces on the harpsichord. She was in her budding year of twenty, a dark-eyed, dark-haired miss, wearing curls on either side of her face, in the manner of the time. Like Robert she, too, was of a reserved character, and modest mien, as any young woman was wont to be in '29 — a hundred years gone.

Across the hearth, on these evenings at Arlington, there would be the master of the house, pulling on his long clay pipe and sipping his glass of port, as he looked into the flames. Across the way we may see Mary's mother, maybe wearing one of those little lace caps that older women used to affect. And young Robert, decorous, too, leaning forward in his chair a bit, to watch by turns the curls of Mistress Mary and the open fire.

Some evenings neighbors would arrive for a visit, driving miles to taste the Custis port and chat over events of the time. Andrew Jackson was President and the political differences of Republicans, Whigs and Democrats brought out sharp issues. At times there was discussion of slavery, accompanied by grave shakings of heads. It seemed that the people of the North and East, who so recently had fought shoulder to shoulder with them against the tyranny of Britain, now wanted to impose their will on their fellow countrymen.

Opinion was not unmixed about the institution of slavery. Custis represented the type of Southern slave-holder who looked ahead and foresaw that the black man would be freed. But he thought the change would come by evolution and voluntary action. As Washington had freed his slaves by the terms of his will, so Custis later freed his own — to take effect five years after his death. That date chanced to fall at the moment when Lee had ascended to the fulfillment of his great rôle.

Custis was a sentimentalist, and one of his favorite themes the return of the black man to Africa. He supported the efforts to colonize Liberia with freed slaves and often was heard to say that the only solution for the country would be to rid it of so alien a race. He was a man who collected antiques — even then! — and painted for recreation, especially portraits of Washington and battle scenes grouped around him. In the eyes of his adopted son Washington embodied the nation — as he did not fall far short of doing in fact. Custis delighted to ramble along, talking of the great man as he had known him. He also read the classics — in the way of educated men of that period — and discoursed wisely of many things; no doubt with young Robert Lee sitting gravely by, lending his approbation.

There was a measure of deference about Lee in the Custis home. Being a modest young man with a thin pocket he could not forget that Mary Custis was a highborn lady and a great heiress. The father loved her with a jealous affection that would not contemplate separation. Mary was to live at home, a large part of the time, at least. And young Robert agreed, in his grave way.

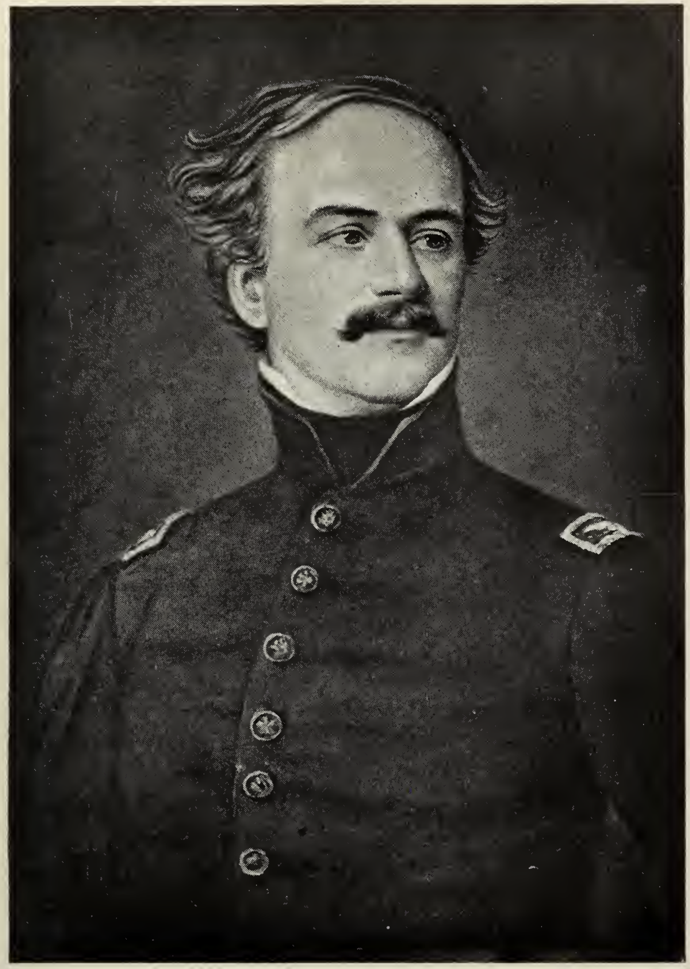
After the death of his mother he could be found at Arlington every time opportunity offered. And it is equally likely that he and Mary did not spend every one of their evenings beside the Custis hearth. Surely there were moonlight nights when a young officer and his betrothed could steal away to walk along the silent bypaths and read their fortune in the stars.

Thus two years, then the wedding, on a Thursday evening, the 30th of June, 1831. Robert had reached the fullness of twenty-four years and Mary of twenty-three. Arlington overflowed with guests and cheer. There were long lines of carriages, blocking roadways. Everybody who possibly could get an invitation was there early. We may stand on tiptoe, here by one of the French windows, and glance inside. Tall candles, dripping tallow, are fixed against the walls, lighting every room, for this is Mary's bridal night. Ebony butlers pass from man to man, and miss to madam, carrying silver trays with Washington's own decanter and wine glasses. There are misses from the early teens to grandmothers hoary, in their best black silk. The younger women have curls dangling about their ears, in the way of Mary, and they wear those tight-waisted, full-skirted dresses — that make the men want to hug them on sight. As for the men, they are in black or dark blue, their tight pants held snugly by straps beneath their shining boots.

Above their ruffed shirts are stocks and black ties with drooping ends, for the age of romance is not yet dead.

Everywhere there is activity, the rustle of dresses, laughter and talk. High runs the spirit, gay is the evening of Robert Lee's wedding. Every one presses toward the right-hand drawing-room of the mansion — the right-hand as a visitor comes up the walk — and hearts beat faster. Of course, every one cannot enter. Only a few. And a lane must be left from the foot of the stairs. It is cleared — at last. A pause. Then down the stairs comes the wedding processional. An old record has preserved the names for us to read today of Robert Lee's groomsmen and Mary's bridesmaids. They were, in the order of pairs, Catherine Mason and Lieutenant Sydney Smith Lee (his brother); Mary Goldsborough and Lieutenant Thomas Kennedy; Marietta Turner and Lieutenant Chambers; Angela Lewis and Mr. Tillman; Julia Calvert and Lieutenant Prentiss; Britannia Peter and Lieutenant Thomas Turner.

How solemn a young man the bridegroom looks to be! And Mary herself is a shade paler. Stay, who is this other solemn young man, in his high stock, with the determined but melancholy face, melancholy this evening, anyway? None but Joe Johnston, "dear Joe," and plainly the one friend of the bridegroom, because no man ever looks that way save on the night his friend weds. Can it be possible that the roster of the groomsmen is in error? We look there for Joe's name, and find it not. But the negro fiddler, and another with a banjo, are thrumming away; the processional is down the stairs and in the drawing-room. Young women and old are beginning to cry. The men look more solemn, as if they wished to be somewhere else. But here is the Reverend Dr. Keith, come from the Episcopal Theological Seminary at Alexandria, to perform the ceremony. It has rained on the way and good Dr. Keith arrived wet to the last garment. He is a tall man, and Custis a short one. But, no matter, he wears one of the master of Arlington's suits, underneath his surplice. And he is afraid that everybody will learn his plight.



Robert E. Lee
in 1852-'3 as Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point. The chevrons are those of a Lieutenant-Colonel.
From the portrait by R. S. Weir.

Nobody does. The stillness is enough to stifle an onlooker while the intoning voice resounds in the quiet room, "Do you — "

"I will," says Robert, and Mary promises, as well.

"Those whom God hath joined — "

But the fiddler and the banjo player are doing their best. All the women rush forward to kiss the bride and be kissed; all the men to shake hands with solemn young Robert, looking as though he had performed about the hardest task of his life. Some of them kiss the bride as well. Even the portraits of Washington and his good wife, hanging on the wall, look down to smile.

It was not the custom in those days for a newly married couple to go journeying away from home. Instead, the Lee bridal party remained at Arlington until the following Monday, to empty many flagons and tell many a tale of love and gallantry. Then there was another entertainment at the home of General John Mason, with more flagons to be drunk. But, finally, festivities ended, the guests departed, the bridal couple found retreat at Arlington for a few of those sweet days that come but once.

In the end Lee went back to Fortress Monroe and his drawing board, taking his bride with him. Life in the fortress was pleasant enough, despite the frown of its walls and the menace of its cannon. Besides, there were visits to be made throughout the tidewater country. Virginia in 1829 was not essentially changed from Virginia in 1729 — its people saw the golden age of Colonial America at its end.

But in this period behold a vivid play of the lightning that one day will strike the nation. A slave insurrection broke out in Southampton County, and Lee wrote to Mrs. Custis at Arlington, the mother of Mary, describing the event. After noting that the troops who took part had returned to the fortress, he wrote:

> Colonel Worth says that, from all he can learn, he is satisfied the plot was widely extended, and that the negroes, anticipating the time of rising by one week, mistaking the third Sunday for the last in the month, defeated the whole scheme

> and prevented much mischief. It is ascertained that they used their religious assemblies, which ought to have been devoted to better purposes, for forming and maturing their plans, and that their preachers were the leading men. A man belonging to a Mrs. Whitehead, and one of their preachers, was the chief, under the title of Major Nelson, and his first act was to kill his mistress, five children and one grandchild. However, there are many instances of their defending their masters, and one poor fellow, from the inconsiderate and almost unwarrantable haste of the whites, was sadly rewarded. He belonged to a Mr. Blunt, and himself and two others, assisted by his master and his son, nobly fought with them against twenty of the blacks; after beating them off and running in great haste after horses for them to escape on, a party of whites suddenly came up and, thinking the horses were for other purposes, shot him dead. The whole number of blacks taken and killed did not amount to the number of whites murdered by them.

In the fall of '32 Robert Lee looked down upon his first son, George Washington Custis Lee, born on September 16, 1832, in the fortress of Monroe, and generally known as Custis. He followed his father's footsteps as closely as any son might; was graduated at the head of a later West Point class, served with distinction in the Engineers Corps, gave up his career and became a Major-General of the Confederacy. On that September day of '32, lying in his cradle of grim Monroe (prophetic!), he was merely the first-born son of a very young couple, their names yet unpublished to fame.

Lee's life at Fortress Monroe in these years must have been about as pleasant as falls to the lot of man. The fortress stands on one of the world's magnificent bays, with a smiling countryside at hand. In the manor houses of the day there was open hospitality for all, especially a Lee and an officer. A letter written by a relative helps us to glimpse his life at this period, and a little earlier, and a little later. This relative, a woman, wrote as follows:

> Robert, when I first remember him, was, I should say, a youth of some fifteen or sixteen years. I was frequently with the Arlington family at my aunt's, but, being very young, pass-

> ing events made very little impression on my mind. I remember hearing Robert spoken of frequently as a youth of great promise, his devotion to his mother and the help he afforded her in all her business and household matters commented on with admiration — particularly his devotion to his sister Anne, afterward Mrs. Judge Marshall of Baltimore. The first time I remember being struck with his manly beauty and attractiveness of manner was when he returned home after his first two years at West Point. He came with his mother and family on a visit to my father's. He was dressed in his cadet uniform of West Point, gray with white bullet buttons, and every one was filled with admiration of his fine appearance and lovely manners. I think he was about nineteen. Again, I remember being for some time with him at my grandfather Randolph's in Fauquier. I think it was the fall after he graduated. The house was filled with the young people of the family. He was very much matured since I had last seen him, splendid-looking — as full of life, fun, and particularly of teasing, as any of us.
>
> But I have often said I did not see anything in him that prepared me for his so far outstripping all his compeers. The first time this idea presented itself to me was during one of my visits to Arlington after my marriage. We were all seated around the table at night, Robert reading. I looked up and my eye fell upon his face in perfect repose, and the thought passed through my mind: "You certainly look more like a great man than any one I have ever seen." The same idea presented itself to me as I looked at him in Christ Church, Alexandria, during the same visit. Again, he spent some time at my father's in the fall of 1831, shortly after his own marriage and just before mine. He was then, as of old, bright, animated, and charming. I did not see him again until, I think, the fall of 1836. He was returning from the Springs with his wife, who was in distressing ill health, and I never saw a man so changed and saddened. It has always been painful to me to think of him as he was then.

But this sadness had not afflicted him when he was transferred as assistant to the Chief Engineer in Washington. This was a welcome, a most welcome change, bringing him within a short ride by horseback of the Custis home at Arlington. He was no more than well fixed in his comfortable new assignment than he was named assistant astronomer — in 1835 — of a commission to establish the boundary between Ohio and Michigan. Lee's later attainments as a commander have obscured his considerable talents as an engineer. He had the searching mind and habit of careful thought that goes with scientific enterprise, and might have been a technical man of no mean order.

The surveying in the West completed, he returned to Washington and Arlington, with the outlook of a rising officer. He was advanced to First Lieutenant of Engineers on September 21, 1836. Two years later his Captaincy — July 7, 1838 — made him a happy man. These two years between his return and his promotion were the developing years of his young manhood. He was a little short of thirty, married to a lovely woman who also was a great heiress, the father of handsome children, and life opened before him. Surely he might account himself favored by fortune.

Daily he rode into Washington, always punctual, a straight, military figure that came to be well known in Washington streets; a city far different then from its latter-day aspects. Only the principal streets were paved. The city covered several square miles, in a rambling, country fashion. From the first it was essentially a city of red brick, mellowed by the warm sunshine; most of its homes and commercial buildings consisting of two floors. A quiet, sedate, comfortable city.

It also might be a gay one upon occasion. Young army men had a way of making it ring when the mood took them. And again we see Lee as the abstemious, orderly, home-going man, who liked a pleasant evening as well as anybody, but never took part in camp frolics. In a boarding house of the time, stout Mrs. Ulrich served a ring of future Generals, though neither she nor they suspected what changes the years might bring. Mrs. Ulrich's place stood on the later site of the Riggs House. At her daily "mess" might be found such young military chieftans as "dear Joe" Johnston. Other lights of the time and the table were James H. Prentiss, Thomas J. Lee, Augustus Canfield, James F. Izzard and John Macomb.

Although Lee ordinarily rode home in the late afternoon, he joined the luncheon group at Mrs. Ulrich's and, sometimes, if the weather was bad, would stay over-night. It was a society to please his taste. Not only army men, but statesmen, diplomats and men of the world could be found at Mrs. Ulrich's. There was Mahlon Dickerson, Secretary of the Navy; William C. Rives, once Minister to France and then Senator from Virginia; Hugh Swinton Legaré, member of Congress from South Carolina, and a dozen more. Dickerson and Legaré, learned in the Greek poets, would spend many an hour discussing the preëminence of Theocritus or Pindar. Lee, from his youth a scholar, had a modest part in these discussions, being the younger man and a modest one as well.

Such talk as went the round of Mrs. Ulrich's board. America was nearer then to the War of 1812 and the Revolution. Old campaigns were fought over. The railroad was new and a thing of wonder. The West yielded slowly to inroads from the Mississippi. It was a day of gallantry and leisure. Life had not taken on the strenuous haste of the later day. Men dined and talked to some purpose. A ready wit was the sesame of fortune.

Lee found affairs at Arlington somewhat jumbled. Custis was wealthy, and seems not to have bothered himself about practical matters. But Lee, the son of a careful mother and formerly master of "the keys," could not look on unconcerned. Throughout his life he showed a quality of caution and self-denial in spending money. His mother had all but known the need of it. And it must have irked his exact, careful mind to see Arlington run extravagantly.

He turned attention to details about the estate, building fences and strengthening roads, the instinct of an engineer officer. Then he improved out-houses and put the negro quarters in better condition. On his trips into Washington he would run an errand or two. Always a man who loved horses, and considered their comfort, he was careful about their shoeing. None of the smiths in Alexandria could drive a nail to his taste. He visited the blacksmith shops of Washington until he found one to his liking, run by a certain Schneider at the corner of Twentieth and G streets. "You are the first man I have ever come across that could shoe a horse by my directions," he told the smith, and from that time onward Schneider was the regular shoer of Arlington stock.

So the two years glided along, bringing Lee to the age of thirty years and the year itself to 1837. Then he was ordered West. The Mississippi River showed a disposition to leave its usual course and cut a new one on the Illinois side, leaving St. Louis "high and dry." River traffic was large in volume and rich in revenue. The city confronted disaster, or so its Congressmen made claim, and Lee was sent West to keep the Mississippi in place.

That was an eventful trip. He left Washington in June of '37, traveling by way of the Pennsylvania Canal to Pittsburgh. A man of his observant mind would see much on that trip, through the relatively old country of the East into the new, raw world of the West. At Pittsburgh he embarked upon a river steamboat for Cincinnati and Louisville, small places, but colorful centres of frontier life. In Louisville Captain Lee chartered a steamboat for his surveying expedition, then touched at St. Louis and headed up-stream for the Des Moines rapids.

That was one of the sweet summers of his life, in the upper Mississippi. But the steamboat ran fast on the rocks in the rapids. No matter. She would make a base of operations. While her skipper grumbled and prayed for high water, Lee surveyed the rapids. And still they were fast, the skipper's prayers unanswered. Lee decided to leave his floating, or rather his stationary headquarters, and take passage on a second steamboat plying northward.

At the Rock Island rapids, up-stream, he encountered a second craft aground in swift water, damaged beyond repair. A salvage crew had taken out her engines, but left the staterooms, saloon, and cook's galley intact. Again the surveying party used a stranded boat for headquarters, while the river steamer pushed ahead, leaving a trail of smoke behind to prove that there was another world than this.

When the hot day's work was ended, taking soundings, noting shoals, the rear deck became a springboard, with the muddy, but cool Mississippi over the side. There were catfish, pike and pickerel to be had by the casting of a line. And Lee was enough of a boy to enjoy that summer. His spirit softened and relaxed on the quiet river, far from such throngs as the America of that time could produce. On either side, for uncounted miles, the primitive forest stretched away unbroken, full of game, Indians and mystery. At intervals there might be a trapper's cabin, or a trading post, but hardly more. Masses of green ran down to the shores, enclosing the river. Overhead the blue, blue sky. Peace, everywhere.

Lee stayed until the end of October, or as long as he might. The leaves were russet and the cold winds of autumn blowing when he turned back to St. Louis and the sand bars disturbing that city. The river was receding, the sand bars rising. Lee studied both at length and put his recommendations into charts and reports that were to be the basis of river engineering for years to come.

Winter was at hand when he started homeward, traveling by way of Wheeling and the old Cumberland road, on to Frederick, Maryland. The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad crawled toward the West, but no locomotive had reached Frederick. Lee crossed the divides by horse power.

At Arlington the family circle was reunited, during the winter evenings, Custis smoking his long clay pipe and the Lee youngsters clustering around the knees of both men. Mary perhaps would be at her old place before the harpsichord. We also should see the grave face of the young officer, by the evening firelight.

He returned West with spring and for the next several years was to give much of his time to harnessing the river. His method was to force the current back into its original channel by driving piles and constructing cribs and wingdams. The eddies caused by these obstructions made a deposit of sediment between the dams. They gradually filled up, diverting the current to its course.

Responsible work, not without criticism. Lee came to know the sharpness of tongues and newspaper barbs. It was said that his method could only drive the current farther from its course. And frontier newspapers used language that has passed into the classics of the press. The restrained Lee made no answer; neither did he change his course. From that time onward he was to be the object of much editorial wrath.

After a visit home he wrote charmingly to Mary from Louisville, on June 5, 1839, "You do not know how much I have missed you and the children, my dear Mary. To be alone in a crowd is very solitary. In the woods I feel sympathy with the trees and birds, in whose company I take delight, but experience no interest in a strange crowd. . . ."

Between this time and the next year he was home again, and again returned West, because he wrote twenty years later of "the summer of 1840 on my return to St. Louis after bringing you home." The sentence would suggest that Mary had been a visitor in the West, but there is no evidence to show, and much to controvert the suggestion that she was ever on the frontier. "After bringing you home" meant a trip from White Sulphur Springs, in the present state of West Virginia, to which Lee traveled all his life, at every opportunity.

Even at this early period Mary was not in the best of health and we may doubt that she would have ventured as far as St. Louis. Her father would have been the man positively to oppose a long journey to the wilds of the West. Throughout Lee's field service, which made up so much of his life, and particularly his young life, he was a man who lived apart. How happy Mary would have made him, among the birds and trees! Even to the making of a little home in the West.

His letters to Mary, unfailingly tender and charming, yet have a measure of restraint about them. They were the

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kind of letters that he might have written to any one he loved. He was a man of overflowing affection, though closely guarded. Undoubtedly the early illness of his wife saddened him. Their separations left him reserved, repressed. Each time he foresaw a visit home, the tone of his correspondence lifts. After each departure, it sinks. He observed wistfully the wives of other officers, notably one who would not take his quarters on a rainy night, but returned to the tent of her husband.

Throughout two wars and much travel, under acute stress of mind and discomfort, he wrote steadily to his wife and some relatives and not infrequently to comrades. Also feelingly to his children, as they grew older. And the dominant note always is that happy day when he will come home again. Here was a man who loved home and fireside — whose destiny kept him far from both, alone.

Glimpse him once more, and a last time in the West, writing from St. Louis on September 4, 1840, to Mary, as usual:

> A few evenings since, feeling lonesome, as the saying is, and out of sorts, I got on a horse and took a ride. On returning through the lower part of the town, I saw a number of little girls all dressed up in their white frocks and pantalets, their hair plaited and tied up with ribbons, running and chasing each other in all directions. I counted twenty-three nearly the same size. As I drew up my horse to admire the spectacle a man appeared at the door with the twenty-fourth in his arms. "My friend," said I, "are all those your children?" "Yes," he said, "and there are nine more in the house, and this is the youngest." Upon further inquiry, however, I found that they were only temporarily his, and that they were invited to a party at his house. He said, however, he had been admiring them before I came up, and just wished that he had a million dollars and that they were all his in reality. I do not think the eldest exceeded seven or eight years old. It was the prettiest sight I have seen in the West, and perhaps in my whole life. . . .

Children appealed direct to the heart of Lee, particularly little girls. He treated them with a deferential sort of gallantry, as though they had been grown up. And it is needless to write that he won the favor of most young misses.

In 1841 Lee left the West for a respite, going to Fort Hamilton in New York harbor, where he took up his former duties of strengthening fortifications. The social atmosphere was pleasanter, and there Mrs. Lee joined him. After a matter of ninety years, we can yet feel his heart melt. Home! Home at last, though no more than the officers' quarters of a fortress.

The nearby life of New York, the movement and activity of the harbor, were appealing changes. Lee went studiously about his task. His work in the West had forecast the advancement which came in 1844, when he was appointed to the board of visitors at West Point, a designation much sought. During the next two years he went regularly to the academy, while carrying on his engineering work, and might be said to rank among the flower of the army. On September 8 of '45 he was named to the Board of Engineers for Atlantic Coast Defenses.

Meanwhile the Lee family had been growing. Mary Custis was born about 1834; William Henry Fitzhugh on May 31, 1837, and Annie Carter on June 18, 1839.

And the nation also had entered a new phase. By joint resolution of Congress, March 1, 1845, the State of Texas was invited to join the Union. Her people renounced their status as a nation, won eight years before in a war against Mexico, to which the territory then belonged. But Mexico did not formally acknowledge Texan independence; in fact, brooded over plans to retake the country. The action of Congress stirred Mexico to the point of war and President James K. Polk dispatched Zachary Taylor to hold the Texas front.

Whatever the justice or injustice of the United States in sustaining the Texas secession — a principle which the United States was soon to hold illegal, unmoral and impossible — it promptly led to war. Texas had contended that its lower boundary should be the Rio Grande. The

United States reasserted that claim by sending Taylor to the river with 2,000 men. He arrived late in March of '46; warfare began. The victories of Palo Alto on May 8, and Resaca de la Palma the next day, diminished, but did not put an end to Mexican power.

Taylor's plans slowly developed for a movement into Mexico by three columns, of which Major-General John E. Wool commanded one. Captain Lee went with that column as Chief Engineer, eager for whatever adventure and fortune might bring. He was thirty-nine, and about to fight his first war. Twenty years of preparation lay behind him. There would be promotions in the conflict ahead; reputations to be made. A brief letter from the Rio Grande, written on October 11, 1846, advised Mary that, "We have met with no resistance yet. The Mexicans who were guarding the passage retired on our approach. There has been a great whetting of knives, grinding of swords, and sharpening of bayonets ever since we reached the river."

On December 24 he wrote from camp near Saltillo to his oldest boys, Custis and Rooney, the pet name of his second son: "I hope good Santa Claus will fill my Rob's stocking tonight; that Mildred's, Agnes's and Anna's may break down with good things. I do not know what he may leave for you and Mary (his daughter), but if he only leaves for you one-half of what I wish, you will want for nothing." Lee's Christmas letters would make a respectable little volume, of endearing thoughts for his children. The three new names were those of the last of his children, Eleanor Agnes, born about 1842; Robert Edward, October 27, 1843, and Mildred Childe, perhaps three years later.

He was to have only a brief and casual part in the campaign below the Rio Grande, leading to the victory of Buena Vista. Then it became apparent that an invasion from the north, penetrating through mountainous, broken country, and a hostile population, was an enterprise to be doubted. The government decided that Taylor should occupy the Mexican forces before him, while Winfield Scott landed at Vera Cruz and bid for Mexico City.

The American army never produced a more arresting figure than its commander of '47, a veteran of 1812 and frontier warfare, a big, powerful man. Like Lee, he was a Virginian, had known the younger officer for some time, and perceived in him qualities as yet unrevealed to the world. Lee was one of the officers he summoned to the new army.

This force gathered at Lobos Island, and Lee went gladly. There was not much prospect of action in northern Mexico, but the advance from the seaboard would be certain to meet all the resistance Mexico could muster. Again his letters help us to visualize the time and events. He wrote from the "Ship *Massachusetts,* off Lobos," and near the Mexican coast, on February 27, 1847, to those same eldest sons:

> My dear boys: I received your letters with the greatest pleasure, and, as I always like to talk to you both together, I will not separate you in my letters, but write one to you both. I was much gratified to hear of your progress in school, and hope that you will continue to advance, and that I shall have the happiness of finding you much improved in all your studies, on my return. . . . You will learn, by my letter to your grandmother, that I have been to Tampico. I saw many things to remind me of you, though that was not necessary to make me wish that you were with me. The river was so calm and beautiful, and the boys were playing about in boats, and swimming their ponies. Then there were troops of donkeys carrying water through the streets. They had a kind of saddle, something like a cart-saddle, though larger, that carried two ten-gallon kegs on each side, which was a load for a donkey. They had no bridles on, but would come along in strings to the river, and, as soon as their kegs were filled, start off again. They were fatter and sleeker than any donkeys I had ever seen before, and seemed to be better cared for. I saw a great many ponies, too. They were larger than those in the upper country, but did not seem so enduring. I got one to ride around the fortifications. He had a Mexican bit and saddle on, and paced delightfully, but every time my sword struck him on the flanks, he would jump, and try to run off. Several of them had been broken to harness by the Americans, and I saw some

> teams in wagons, driven four-in-hand, well matched and trotting well. We had a grand parade on General Scott's arrival. The troops were all drawn up on the bank of the river, and fired a salute as he passed them. He landed at the market, where lines of sentinels were placed to keep off the crowd. In front of the landing the artillery was drawn up, which received him in the centre of the column and escorted him through the streets to his lodgings. They had provided a handsome gray horse, richly caparisoned, for him to ride, but he preferred to walk with his staff around him, and a dragoon led the horse behind us. The windows along the streets we passed were crowded with people, and the boys and girls were in great glee — the Governor's Island band playing all the time.
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> There were six thousand soldiers in Tampico. Mr. Barry was the Adjutant of the escort. I think you would have enjoyed with me the oranges and sweet potatoes. Major Smith became so fond of the chocolate that I could hardly get him away from the house. We only remained there one day. I have a nice state-room on board this ship. Joe Johnston and myself occupy it, but my poor Joe is so sick all the time, I can do nothing with him. . . .

Then he wrote about his horses, especially Creole, bought since he left Fort Hamilton. Jim (his servant) "says there is nothing like her in all the country, and I believe he likes her better than Tom or Jerry." But Lee's letter-writing and Johnston's *mal de mer* were soon to reach a pause. Scott moved from his point of concentration to a position south of Vera Cruz, where he landed 12,000 men on March 9.

Their task was formidable. The Mexicans held Vera Cruz, defended by 5,000 men and protected by a mediæval wall and the fortress of San Juan de Ulloa. Scott's little army well might study walls and castle through its glasses and ponder where to begin. The commanding officer named Lee one of his advisers and called for opinions. Either an attempt in force or a siege offered difficulties. The siege was determined upon.

There were two weeks of hard work, throwing up intrenched positions. The army's field artillery had to be cleared from the ships, along with ammunition, horses and stores. Naval guns were dismounted and brought up for the battering of Vera Cruz. All this while the guns of San Juan de Ulloa fired on the besiegers.

Engineer officers of that time were responsible for many duties now entrusted to the staff and Lee was both engineer and staff officer. The siege gave him his first opportunity under fire to demonstrate some of the theory studied since West Point days. Although we may believe that his sensitive nature shuddered as the scenes of war unfolded, there was no sign of it in his earnest application.

On the 22d the American forces opened a bombardment of Vera Cruz. Chance stationed Lee near the battery of his brother, the navy man. Afterward Lee related how, between every exchange of guns, he looked anxiously for Sydney. The brother was enjoying himself, smiling widely. "I could see his white teeth through all the smoke and din of the fire."

Sydney returned to his ship during operations, because Lee wrote to him on the 27th:

> My dear Smith: I tried to see you the night you went on board, but failed. I was too thankful you were saved through that hot fire. I felt awful at the thought of your being shot down before me. I can't get time to see you, nor have I time to attend to anything for myself. There is a French bark anchored by your fleet, and detained at Anton Lizardo — or was — from Bordeaux. She has some wines, etc. Can you, through any of your comrades, get me a box or two of claret, one of brandy, and four colored shirts. The latter are seventy-five cents each (I have two of them), and the brandy thirty-seven and a half cents per bottle. God bless and preserve you. Your battery has smashed that side of the town. I have been around the walls to examine. The Quartet Battery has been silenced. I grieve for the fine fellows that were killed there.

What are you going to do with that claret and cognac, Sir Robert? Here we have read the testimony of dozens of witnesses, and your own sober letters, yet we find you ordering claret and cognac by "the box." Perhaps to entertain guests. Well, maybe, and we shall hope they had tastes to match the enticement.

Two days later — the 29th — Vera Cruz hauled down its colors. Scott and his 12,000 men took gleeful control. It had been uncomfortable out there beyond the city walls, encamped on an enemy shore, with no better base than the fleet. Holding Vera Cruz, it became possible to push inland.

Scott's advance got under way quickly. By April 12th he was ready to go himself, leading the main body toward the heights of Cerro Gordo. There he found the famous Santa Anna intrenched in a position that he might justifiably think impregnable. According to Lee, writing to Mary from Perote, April 25, "The right of the Mexican line rested on the river at a perpendicular rock, unscalable by man or beast, and their left in impassable ravines; the main road was defended by field works containing thirty-five cannon; in their rear was the mountain of Cerro Gordo, surrounded by intrenchments in which were cannon and crowned by a tower overlooking all. . . ."

What to do now, Scott? You have come thousands of miles with this army of yours and taken the country's principal seaport, to be held up before a mountain fastness. Military manœuvre in the 40's and later tended to one result — a flank operation. Such an embattled line as later extended from the English Channel to Switzerland was no part of the military conception. Armies held a few miles of line and tried to rest their flanks on strong natural bases. Santa Anna had accomplished the result perfectly. Though defeated at Buena Vista, he might await his turn.

Lee, engineer of the staff, looked up at Cerro Gordo, then struck off to the far left of the Mexican line, seeking a way around. Again a brief, illuminating description in the letter begun above:

> I reconnoitered the ground in the direction of the ravines on their left, and passed around the enemy's rear. On the 16th a party was set to work in cutting out the road, on the 17th

> I led General Twigg's division in the rear of a hill in front of Cerro Gordo, and in the afternoon, when it became necessary to drive them from the hill where we intended to construct a battery at night, the first intimation of our presence or intentions was known. During all that night we were at work in constructing the battery, getting up the guns, ammunition, etc., and they in strengthening their defenses in Cerro Gordo. Soon after sunrise our batteries opened, and I started with a column to turn their left and to get on the Jalapa road. Notwithstanding their efforts to prevent us in this, we were perfectly successful, and the working party, following our footsteps, cut out the road for the artillery. In the meantime our storming party had reached the crest of Cerro Gordo, and, seeing their whole left turned and the position of our soldiers on the Jalapa road, they broke and fled. Those in the pass laid down their arms. General Pillow's attack on their right failed. All their cannon, arms, ammunition and most of their men fell into our hands . . . my friend Joe Johnston was wounded . . . in the arm and about the groin; both balls are out and he is doing well and is quite comfortable. . . .

Though Lee did not say as much, the victory at Cerro Gordo was in no slight degree due to his discovery of the route and his efforts to take advantage of the favorable moment. Scott perceived both. His dispatches to Washington noted that: "I am compelled to make special mention of Captain R. E. Lee, Engineer. This officer greatly distinguished himself at the siege of Vera Cruz; was indefatigable during these operations in reconnaissances, as daring as laborious, and of the utmost value. Nor was he less conspicuous in planning batteries and in conducting columns from stations under the heavy fire of the enemy."

It is plain, then, that this retiring man of delicate nature also is a soldier of parts; that man may be strong without being rough. Scott brevetted him Major on April 18. Other men were winning honors as well. The army that went up to Mexico City was rich in man power — names to be celebrated before many years in a greater conflict — Beauregard, Bragg, Burnside, Early, Grant, A. P. and D. H. Hill, Thomas J. Jackson, Joseph E. Johnston, Longstreet, "Prince John" Magruder, McClellan, McDowell, Meade, Pope, Pickett, Sedgwick and a score of others.

For the affair at Vera Cruz, Jackson was brevetted First Lieutenant, then Captain and Major. Grant won to the rank of First Lieutenant and Captain, on the field.

Oddly enough, both Grant and Lee had doubts about the justice of their cause. In a letter to Mary from Mexico City, February 8, 1848, he noted, "We hold and can continue to hold their country, and have a right to exact compensation for the expenses of a war continued, if not provoked, by ignorance and vanity on the part of Mexico. It is true we bullied her. For that I am ashamed. . . ."

An impressive contrast, Grant and Lee; one of them the son of a poor farmer and heir to the melancholy of Scot forebears, transplanted to Massachusetts; the other a descendant of the cavaliers. One of them rugged, morose, unkempt. The other meticulous, diffident, polished. They met several times in the Mexican campaign and once at least their meeting was historical.

It was soon after Cerro Gordo. Scott had an army largely made up of three-months men whose enlistments expired. They wanted to go home and there was no ready way for him to prevent them. Scott had to wait three months for new forces, giving Santa Anna an opportunity to recoup, which he did not lose. During this period the original forces of Scott were revamped and his recruits drilled. Part of the work fell to Lee. In its course he happened to be officer of the day, or camp commandant.

Sitting in his headquarters, Lee turned to see a rough-looking young Lieutenant standing before him, come on some mission or other. The men looked at one another a long minute, Lee in reproof, Grant doggedly. Then the crisp observation, "Lieutenant, you had best go back to your tent and clean up a bit." And Grant never forgot.

By August 19 the army had moved to San Augustin, a village en route to Mexico City. There were three means of approach, one from the southeast, two from the south. Finding the nearest and easiest route — the southeastern —

heavily guarded, Scott veered his army around to the nearest of the southern roads. At this far time we think of the Mexican campaign as a mere passage at arms, but it would be creditable to any modern army. The prizes at stake, the chances taken, the victories won, were of the first order. In endurance, fighting power and the skill of commanders that army ranked with the best that have carried the American flag.

Think, for a moment, of the hazards in leaving one highway and pushing on to another miles away, leaving communications behind, and all the possibilities of attack from the rear. Scott had to conquer or face retreat. With nature, man and circumstance opposed, the old warrior struck boldly for the backdoor of Mexico City. He reached the second road to find himself in as bad a plight as before. On the right lay a lake; on the left a zone covered by a volcanic sea, turned to stone. Between, the enemy.

Manœuvre alone could meet the situation. But how manœuvre across a lake or a devil's garden? Lee penetrated into the volcanic sea, called the Pedregal, and by fortune stumbled upon a mule path running crazily across it. He reported that the track could be made passable for infantry. Feverish efforts, then, and a stealthy advance by part of Scott's forces to Contreras, beyond the lava. Contreras was seized, commanding the third and last road, opening the way to another flank movement around the forces holding Mexico City.

Twice Lee had accomplished the almost impossible. Reinforcements from the city struck heavily at the invaders; their position became precarious. Night brought relief and a council of war in the church at Contreras. Lee suggested that he should return over the Pedregal and enlist Scott's aid for a demonstration against the Mexican forces facing him. Meanwhile the troops at Contreras were to be divided, and half of them marched off to the left, through the night, for an attack on the Mexican flank holding the Contreras road. The remaining forces in Contreras would burn powder by wholesale and attack in earnest as opportunity offered.

A splendid plan, but impractical, older officers objected. To divide the Contreras force was to invite the destruction of both halves at the Mexicans' leisure. And who would carry a message to Scott, across that blasted, well-nigh impassable place of confusion? History does not record that Lee answered, "I will," though that was his meaning. Either adopt his plan, or propose a better one. In any event — act.

It was agreed, in the end, and he turned toward the Pedregal, on a lonely and difficult mission. Rain had fallen for hours. There was neither moon nor light. He had only his recollections and sense of direction to guide him along the mule path. General Scott touched the subject vividly in his running report of that day.

> It was already dark, and the cold rain had begun to fall in torrents on our unsheltered troops. Wet, hungry, and without the possibility of sleep, all our gallant corps, I learn, are full of confidence and only wait for the last hour of darkness to gain the position whence to storm and carry the position of the enemy. Of the seven officers dispatched since about sundown from my position, opposite the enemy's centre, and on this side of the field of rocks and lava, to communicate instructions to the hamlet (Contreras), not one has succeeded in getting through those difficulties, increased by darkness. They have all returned.
>
> But the gallant and indefatigable Captain Lee of the Engineers, who has been constantly with the operating forces, is just in from Shields, Smith, Cadwallader, etc., . . . to request that a powerful diversion be made against the centre of the intrenched camp tomorrow morning.
>
> Brigadier-General Twiggs, cut off from the portion of his division beyond the impracticable ground, and Captain Lee, are gone to collect the forces remaining on this side, with which to make the diversion about 5 o'clock in the morning.

There is a soldier, truly. Returning from the Pedregal, he goes to round up troops for an early diversion. It is duly made. The flanking party beyond Contreras accomplishes its aim. The Contreras forces do their part; the victory is won. Brevet-Major Lee becomes Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel.

The advance goes better now. Fighting ensues at Coyoacan, Molino del Rey and Chapultepec, the site of Montezuma's palace. It is a fearsome place, bristling with guns, redoubts and men. Lee is conspicuous. Scott has the taste of victory and will not wait. Up steep Chapultepec go the storming lines, Lee among them, to fall wounded. But the wound is slight. He was more tired than hurt, after nights at the batteries and days in the field. The cavalier blade bends, and does not break. What is more notable, he gets his third brevet for gallantry and brains — Colonel this time.

Chapultepec practically ended the conflict. Scott moved into Mexico City September 13; negotiations were opened. Lee settled down to a comfortable barracks life after six months of campaigning, and turned to his usual recreation of writing letters home.

The man Jackson, very young, but very earnest, with a leonine something about him, decides that his soul can find consolation only in the Presbyterian faith. Ever afterward he will believe that his life is marked, that death cannot take him until his God is ready, and when the day comes at Chancellorsville he will die unprotesting. Grant walks about the strange city, his hands in his pockets despite Lee and the whole army, wishing that he might have work to do. An equally impressive man, Grant.

Lee would be certain to find interesting and amusing scenes in a city like the Mexican capital, on his first and only trip to a foreign land. He had the observing eye that notes details and implants pictures upon the mind. Also he had the faculty of making others see them. On April 12, 1848, he wrote characteristically to a young woman cousin:

> I rode out a few days since for the first time to the church of Our Lady of Remedios. It is situated upon a hill at the termination of the mountains west of the city, and is said to

> be the spot to which Cortez retreated after being driven from the city on the memorable Noche Triste. I saw the cedar tree at Popotla, some miles nearer the city, in which it is said he passed a portion of the night. The "trees of the Noche Triste," so called from their blooming about the period of that event, are now in full bloom. The flower is a round ellipsoid, and of the most magnificent scarlet color I ever saw. I have two of them in my cup before me now. I wish I could send them to you. The holy image was standing on a large silver maguey plant, with a rich crown on her head and an immense silver petticoat on. There were no votaries at her shrine, which was truly magnificent, but nearer the entrance of the church on either side were the offerings of those whom she had relieved. They consist of the usual representations in wax of the parts of the human body that she had cured of the diseases with which they had been affected. And I may say there were all parts. I saw many heads severed from the trunks. Whether they represented those that she had restored I could not learn. It would be a difficult feat.

The campaign was ended. Lee turned happily toward Arlington, Mary, and his children, waiting there.

CHAPTER III

The Clouds Gather

THAT was a great day at Arlington when Lee came home from the war, in the spring of '48. For a week ahead there were preparations to receive him. Every darky had on his best Sunday clothes; the children were dressed their proudest. Neighbors drove over to welcome the warrior returning from his victories. We may be certain that Mary was on the portico in a new dress, with Custis and mother Custis at hand.

The family carriage departed for Washington early in the morning to bring the Colonel home befittingly. By mischance the coachman failed to meet him, and there was surprise when he cantered up on a borrowed horse. Eager hands held his stirrup while he vaulted down, to enfold Mary and the nearest youngster. Then up the steps to greet the others, especially the youngster in the far corner — "There is my little boy!"

There were two little boys and the one gathered into the bear hug of the strange man had no chance to explain that he was a neighbor's son. Of course, Lee had to embrace the other little boy twice as tenderly.

Arlington rang with merriment that day. After two years' absence the young Lees scarcely knew the browned, stalwart man come home from the war in foreign parts. They plied him with questions. How did a Mexican look, anyway? Could he speak Spanish, now? When his baggage arrived, the presents appeared — something for everybody.

A glance at that far-off homecoming may be had from a letter he wrote to his brother on June 30, 1848, in which he said:

> Here I am once again, my dear Smith, perfectly surrounded by Mary and her precious children, who seem to devote themselves to staring at the furrows in my face and the white hairs in my head. It is not surprising that I am hardly recognizable to some of the young eyes around me and perfectly unknown to the youngest, but some of the older ones gaze with astonishment and wonder at me, and seem at a loss to reconcile what they see and what was pictured in their imaginations.

The youngsters were soon to have a new and pleasant surprise, a visit to Mrs. William L. Marshall of Baltimore — his sister Anne. Then they went down to the wharves where a newly arrived sailing vessel from Vera Cruz lay at her pier. Lee lured them with the promise of a "great surprise" in store, and the surprise emerged from the hold in the person of Santa Anna, the saddest-looking Mexican pony that ever put foot upon American shore. Santa Anna had been sea-sick — or the equivalent in horse language, whatever it may be — and his last currying was many days behind him. But there was Jim Connelly, the Colonel's Irish servant and a veteran of the campaign, to pat Santa Anna's neck and let him know that he was among friends. Jim assured the youngsters that he and Santa Anna were "the first men" to mount the walls of Chapultepec.

A little grooming did wonders for Santa Anna. He was pure white, as to coat, fourteen hands high, and five years old. Jim told the children that they must speak Spanish or he would not understand. But in time they did understand one another and got to be famous friends. The Colonel brought back another horse, Grace Darling, a big chestnut mare who held a strong claim to his affection. She had been wounded seven times in the campaign, and each bullet made a rough spot in her coat. The Lee children delighted to put young fingers on the veteran's scars. Every time she would rear, or look around protestingly.

Not pleasant to have inquisitive fingers poking into old wounds.

Back at Arlington, the Colonel sat on the portico, buoyant with life. It was something to come home after two years of hard knocks and find this group awaiting him. The children were getting on with their lessons and Mary, the eldest, helped instruct the younger.

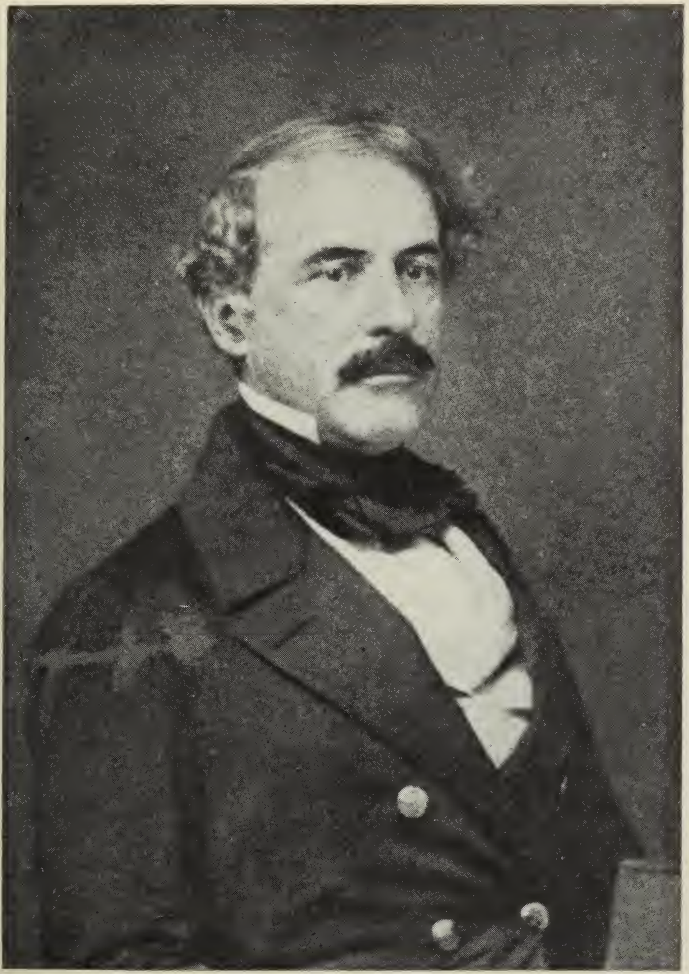
In that distant day it was thought desirable for children to study the poets. Mary had abridged the epics, fitting lines and ideas to young minds. While the Colonel sat by, maybe with a palm leaf fan in hand, Mary would instruct. We have it on the authority of Robert E. Lee, the younger, that his father usually could supply any missing line, particularly those from the "Lady of the Lake."

> 'T is merry, 't is merry, in good greenwood;
>   So blithe Lady Alice is singing;
> On the beech's pride, and oak's brown side,
>   Lord Richard's ax is ringing.

Recall to duty ended the easy days at Arlington, though, by grace of fortune, his orders did not send him far away. No farther than Baltimore, where the Lees established a temporary home in Madison street, near Biddle. The Colonel had returned to the Board of Engineers on July 21 and went daily to Soller's Point, directing the construction of fortifications. The city's social life opened to him; the well-loved sister Anne might be visited any evening. A happy change from the frontier and foreign war.

He was in the rising forties, a strong, handsome man. Life smiled. The Mexican campaign contributed measurably to his position. Scott was extravagant in his praise, publicly and privately, predicting that Lee would prove himself one of the world's foremost captains, "if he ever got the chance." By common agreement he was one of the first officers of the army.

At that time the people of Cuba made one of their early efforts to throw off Spanish rule, and the Cuban junta



Lee
in 1854-'5, wearing the undress coat of a Colonel. He was still at West Point.
From the collection of Frederick H. Meserve

in New York invited Lee to lead the revolution. The offer tempted him. It was a cause in which he would feel ready sympathy. Again there was opportunity to win the golden thing called reputation. Likelihood of action under the American flag never looked to be more remote. But the War Department assured him that a leave of absence to fight against Spain was unthinkable. He declined, returning to fortifications.

Possibly the offer directed attention to Lee in just the manner needed. He was not to wait long for recognition. On September 1, 1852, the War Department named him Superintendent of the West Point Military Academy, one of the coveted posts of the army. It was a notable appointment, at a younger age than most men receive it, opening the broad road to advancement.

Lee went happily, taking Mary and several of the children to the big stone house beside the Hudson, where a long line of Superintendents have looked severely down on the Cadet Corps. Santa Anna and Grace Darling went along. The stone house soon was a centre of activity, where Mary presided becomingly.

Mother Custis died on April 27, 1853, breaking the family circle. The event involved a new separation from Mary, but served as well to draw the living together.

The new post brought forth Lee's school master instincts. Now he could instruct in his careful, painstaking way. He might have been parson, pedagogue or soldier, the first two more compatible with his nature.

Lee found a fresh interest in the administration of West Point that never flagged. He had a kind of passion for building, improving, and strengthening. Many times he would get down from Grace Darling to put back a boulder toppled from the nearest wall. Under his administration a new riding hall was built, a new wharf and roads. The period also is to be remembered for a portrait of Lee, by R. S. Weir, professor of drawing and painting. The portrait shows him in his uniform as Colonel of Engineers, his brevet rank.

His oldest son Custis was a student at West Point while his father commanded there. Like his father he became Adjutant of the Cadet Corps and was graduated at the head of his class in 1854. It would have been worth while to see the father's smile on that 1st of July. Fitzhugh Lee, his nephew, was another student at the time, among numerous young men to figure in later events.

The West Point days were numbered. Lee had reached the road to promotion, though he reached it slowly enough, being no more than a Captain of the regular rank. Our small army offered slight opportunity for advancement. His brevet of Colonel was honorary, in the nature of a special designation. To be made Lieutenant-Colonel in the regular order was promotion worth while.

The acquisition of Texas and California and the opening of the great West called for additional troops. Two infantry and two cavalry regiments were added to the army rolls, with Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston in command of the Second Cavalry and Lieutenant-Colonel Lee next in rank. Joe Johnston was nominated for the same rank in the other regiment — the First.

Of course, Lee would be pleased to receive the appointment, but sorry to leave West Point. Again his elusive home-keeping was to be interrupted. No doubt he sighed a little heavily, packing for the trip to Arlington, and his return to the West. Mary went home to renew life as she had known it since her marriage.

Lee's promotion bore the date of March 3, 1855, and he left for Louisville to begin recruiting and organizing the new command. Later headquarters were removed to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri. The regiment brought together the two officers regarded as the ablest in the army — by many persons at least. Colonel Johnston, a man of strong soldierly traits, was a veteran of the Texas revolution, frontiersman and Indian fighter. Other officers included men who would win distinction later — Hardee, E. Kirby Smith, Stoneman, Nathan G. Evans, John B. Hood, Fitzhugh Lee, and more.

Despite reluctance to leave West Point, a letter to Mary from Missouri, on July 1, 1855, reflects Lee's pleasant humor:

> . . . I have been busy all the week superintending and drilling recruits. Not a stitch of clothing has as yet arrived for them, though I made the necessary requisition for it to be sent here more than two months ago in Louisville. Yesterday, at muster, I found one of the late arrivals in a dirty, tattered shirt and pants, with a white hat and shoes, with other garments to match. I asked him why he did not put on clean clothes. He said he had none. I asked him if he could not wash and mend those. He said he had nothing else to put on. I then told him immediately after muster to go down to the river, wash his clothes, and sit on the bank and watch the passing steamboats till they dried, and then mend them. This morning at inspection he looked as proud as possible, stood in the position of a soldier with his little fingers on the seams of his pants, his beaver cocked back, and his toes sticking through his shoes, but his skin and solitary two garments clean. He grinned very happily at my compliments. I have got a fine puss, which was left me by Colonel Sumner. He was educated by his daughter, Mrs. Jenkins, but is too fond of getting up on my lap and on my bed; he follows me all about the house and stands at the door in an attitude of defiance at all passing dogs.

The Colonel had a weakness for cats. At every post of his the visitor need not look far for "a puss." Little girls, cats, dogs and horses — these were the special cronies of the man who never had but one sweetheart and one friend. In the long evenings, alone in his quarters, he read much from the classics, the Bible, the campaigns of Napoleon. Lee's baggage never failed to include a few volumes of the philosophers. He was fluent in his Latin and used to say that he could judge a schoolboy by his verbs. The pocket Bible was thumbed and worn. Any visitor was likely to find him poring over the Little Corporal. It was the fashion then to regard Napoleon as the unequaled master of war, an opinion that Lee shared. Throughout his army years he read and reread Napoleon's campaigns, demonstrating his battle plans on the nearest drum head. He maintained that

Austerlitz was the perfect battle and the retreat from Moscow a greater mistake than the advance.

Lee returned to Arlington, briefly, because we learn from his memorandum book that he "left Alexandria, February 12th, 1856." From there he went to Galveston, then San Antonio, and Fort Mason, joining the regiment, which had marched across the expanses between. Colonel Johnston sent him on to Camp Cooper, in the Comanche Reserve, on the Clear Fork of the Brazos River. This was the genuine frontier, far from the white man's world. The occasional settler's cabin was in imminent danger of the torch and the tomahawk. Army posts might be hundreds of miles apart.

Lee arrived in the spring and the weather was soon uncomfortably hot. And hot weather happened to be one of his aversions. He was about to experience the burning heat of the plains in an expedition after Comanches, begun with four companies of the regiment and carried out over a broad area. It was Lee's first service of the kind and did not end in any very notable way. On July 28 he wrote to Mary once more:

> I have just returned from my expedition into the Comanche country; had a long trip of forty days, and traversed the separate columns, 1,600 miles of country. The main column, which I accompanied, traveled eight hundred miles. We visited the head-waters of the Wachita and Brazos Rivers, the Double Mountains, and all the branches of the Double Mountain Fork, and in five separate columns (on our return) swept down the valleys of the Coneha, the Colorado, and Red Fork, to the Sausaba country, and Pecan Bayou. We could find no Indians, and all the traces of them were old. . . .
>
> The weather was intensely hot, and as we had no tents, we had the full benefit of the sun. The men were generally healthy, though the water was scarce and bad, salt, sweet, bitter, and brackish. I have enjoyed good health.

No amusement in pursuing Indians over the plains under July heat. How happy the four companies must have been to reach their post! And how far away the description seemed to Mary and the children in Arlington. They were to learn more about the plains in a letter dated Camp Cooper, August 4: "I hope your father continued well and enjoyed his usual celebration of the Fourth of July (when he made patriotic speeches, that sentimental man!); mine was spent, after a march of thirty miles on one of the branches of the Brazos, under my blanket, elevated on four sticks driven in the ground, as a sunshade. The sun was fiery hot, the atmosphere like the blast from a hot-air furnace, the water salt. . . ."

How invitingly cool West Point must have looked, among the images of his mind, lying under that blanket. Other and unlimited troubles awaited, as he told Mary in his letter of October 24, from Ringgold Barracks:

> . . . The movement of troops to Florida will not take place, I presume, until the beginning of November. They are packing up and getting ready. The officers are selling their surplus beds and chairs, cows, goats, and chickens. I am sorry to see their little comforts going, for it is difficult on the frontier to collect them again. Mrs. Sibley told me her chairs and cow had gone, and Mrs. Waite her goats. The pigeons and chickens are disposed of on the table. I am more interested in the state of health of my man Johnson, who has fever. I hope it will prove a slight case for his sake and my own, for, though he is a poor cook, he is all I have, and neither the Major (George H. Thomas) nor I can stand these long and interesting sessions of the court without eating. I have read in a stray number of the *New York Times,* that reached here somehow, a violent attack upon Secretary Davis (Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Franklin Pierce) for the removal of Professor Sprole (West Point). It makes out a severe charge against the Secretary, the merits of which, though I am sorry for the professor, I am too dull to see. The Secretary and President have surely the right to appoint whom they think best to fill the station. I sincerely hope he will not suffer on account of his losing his place. He has some strong friends in the city of New York. At any rate you had better write to Miss Becky (his daughter) to stay with you till her father is located. In the same paper there are ill-natured strictures upon our regiment. The writer

> is opposed to the new regiments, particularly the First and Second Cavalry and the Ninth and Tenth Infantry, and calls for their early disbandment. They may suit themselves in everything relating to my services, and whenever they tell me they are no longer required they will not be obtruded on them.

Behold the shadow of sectional strife darkening the page of Lee! The new regiments were regarded with distrust, North and South. Northern critics charged that Secretary Davis, a native of Mississippi, had hand-picked the officers from Southern states. When the Secretary presented his choice of candidates to President Pierce, a New Hampshire man, the President remarked that he thought there were more Southern men on the list than desirable. Then, said Mr. Davis (and no man ever disputed his honesty), he first observed the home ties of the officers. Whether the list was amended we have no information, but it finally included seventy officers, of whom twenty-nine came from Southern states. Curious as the opinion seems today, Northern critics feared that the regiments might be used as the nucleus of a new army. In the South, opinion was directly contrary, holding that the regiments had been raised as a gesture to coerce the Southern people on the States' rights issue. In fact, the troops were needed for frontier duty. Yet the issue loomed large, tempers grew hot, tongues sharp. The emotional disorder that was to end in conflict spread North and South. The forecast of war!

Would that we might turn our backs on this malady, as Colonel Lee tried to do, going his appointed rounds in Texas, worried by heat, Indians and courts-martial. He wrote to Mary from Fort Brown, in December:

> . . . I am able to give you but little news, as nothing of interest transpires here, and I rarely see any one outside the garrison. My daily walks are alone, up and down the banks of the river, and my pleasure is derived from my own thoughts and from the sight of the flowers and animals I there meet with. The birds of the Rio Grande form a constant source of interest, and are as numerous as they are beautiful in plumage. I wish I could get for you the roots of some of the luxurious

> vines that cover everything, or the seeds of the innumerable flowers.
>
> We get plenty of papers, but all of old dates. Things seem to be going on as usual in the States. Mr. Buchanan (inaugurated 1857), it appears, is to be our next President. I hope he will be able to extinguish fanaticism North and South, cultivate love for the country and Union, and restore harmony between the different sections. . . .

No alarm, yet. It is unusual to find so much of a man's correspondence, and unique to discover there an answer to practically every important question posterity would like to ask him. What did Lee think of slavery? Witness his letter to Mary, from Fort Brown, on December 27, 1856:

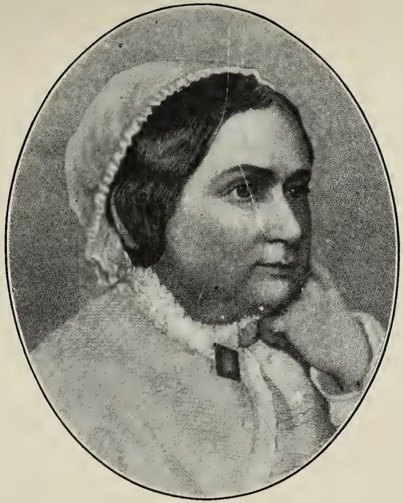
> The steamer has arrived from New Orleans, bringing full files of papers and general intelligence from the "States." I have enjoyed the former very much. . . . The steamer brought the President's message to Congress, and the reports of the various heads of the departments, so that we are now assured that the Government is in operation and the Union in existence. Not that I had any fears to the contrary, but it is satisfactory always to have facts to go on; they restrain supposition and conjecture, confirm faith, and bring contentment. I was much pleased with the President's message and the report of the Secretary of War. The views of the President on the domestic institutions of the South are truthfully and faithfully expressed. In this enlightened age there are few, I believe, but will acknowledge that slavery as an institution is a moral and political evil in any country. It is useless to expatiate on its disadvantages. I think it, however, a greater evil to the white than to the black race, and while my feelings are strongly interested in behalf of the latter, my sympathies are stronger for the former. The blacks are immeasurably better off here than in Africa, morally, socially, and physically. The painful discipline they are undergoing is necessary for their instruction as a race, and, I hope, will prepare and lead them to better things. How long their subjection may be necessary is known and ordered by a wise and merciful Providence. Their emancipation will sooner result from a mild and melting influence than the storms and contests of fiery controversy. This influence, though slow, is sure. The doctrines and miracles of

> our Saviour have required nearly two thousand years to convert but a small part of the human race, and even among Christian nations what gross errors still exist! While we see the course of the final abolition of slavery is onward, and we give it the aid of our prayers and all justifiable means in our power, we must leave the progress as well as the result in his hands, who sees the end and who chooses to work by slow things, and with whom a thousand years are but as a single day; although the abolitionist must know this, and must see that he has neither the right nor the power of operating except by moral means and suasion; and if he means well to the slave he must not create angry feelings in the master. That although he may not approve the mode by which it pleases Providence to accomplish its purposes, the result will be the same; that the reasons he gives for interference in what he has no concern holds good for every kind of interference with our neighbors when we disapprove their conduct. Is it not strange that the descendants of those Pilgrim Fathers who crossed the Atlantic to preserve the freedom of their opinion have always proved themselves intolerant of the spiritual liberty of others? . . .

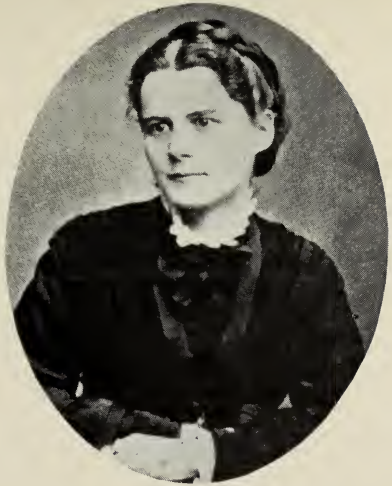
Positive language, for Lee. In this letter he used the word "political" on one of the few occasions that it appears in his correspondence, running to thousands of words. His discussions nearly always deal with the practical and the moral, almost never with the political. He had less political inclination than almost any man to be met in the events of the time. Never does he seem to suspect that he will become a great actor in the drama. He hardly credits the possibility of the drama; yet it disturbs him.

For three decades he had lived the life of a soldier; that is to say, accustomed to its authority and subject to its cramping influence. He lived by regularity, looking to superior military powers for the direction of his life. According to his creed it would have seemed gross abuse to speculate on any part for himself in events threatening the country. He tried to keep his mind elsewhere; above all, to keep his temper and sanity, which the rest of the nation was rapidly losing.

The year waned and ended, '57 moved slowly into



Mary Custis Lee,
the mother, photographed in 1858.
This reproduction was made from an etching of the missing original



Mary Custis Lee,
the oldest daughter of the Lees,
photographed about 1865.
From the collection of Frederick H. Meserve

February. Unexpectedly we hear more about cats, from Fort Brown, February 16, writing to Mary:

> Tell your father Mrs. Colonel Waite has a fine large cat which she takes with her everywhere. He is her companion by day, and sleeps on her bed at night. In public conveyances she leads him in the leash, and carries along a bottle of milk for his use. In her own carriage he sits on her lap. I have been trying to persuade her to let me take him to Camp Cooper, but she says she can't part from him. He must go to Florida. I have seen some fine cats in Brownsville in the stores kept by Frenchmen, but no yellow ones; the dark brindle is the favorite color on the frontier. In my walk the other evening I met a Mexican with a wild kitten in his arms enveloped in his blanket; it was a noble specimen of the Rio Grande wildcat, spotted all over with large spots like the leopard. I tried very hard to buy him, but he said he was already sold. I should prefer one of those at Camp Cooper. I fear, though, I should have to keep him chained, for they are very wild and savage.

A simple, plain man. At his best when he discusses simple things, the beauties of nature, the habits of children and animals, the appearance and humor of his horses. In the winter of '57 he does not see that the hands of the Fates are hovering over the jar of his destiny. A few years more and he would have been retired on half pay, sitting upon the broad portico at Arlington, a gray, handsome man, like many a Lee before him. Today we should scarcely know his name.

But Lee never will sit within the portico at Arlington in the years of his ease. There is to be no ease. Yet he again wrote about cats — unconscious of the future — to his youngest daughter Mildred Childe, from Indianola on March 27:

> . . . Can you not pack up and come to the Comanche country? I would get you such a fine cat you would never look at "Tom" again. Did I tell you Jim Snooks, Mrs. Waite's cat, was dead? He died of apoplexy. I foretold his end. Coffee and cream for breakfast, pound cake for lunch, turtle and

> oysters for dinner, buttered toast for tea, and Mexican rats, taken raw, for supper. He grew enormously and ended in a spasm. His beauty could not save him. I saw in San Antonio a cat dressed up for company: He had two holes bored in each ear, and in each were two bows of pink and blue ribbon. His round face, set in pink and blue, looked like a big owl in a full blooming ivy bush. He was snow white, and wore the golden fetters of his inamorata around his neck in the form of a collar. His tail and feet were tipped with black, and his eyes of green were truly catlike. But I saw "cats as is cats" in Sarassa, while the stage was changing mules. I stepped around to see Mr. and Mrs. Monod, a French couple with whom I passed the night when I landed in Texas, in 1846, to join General Wool's army. Mr. Monod received me with all the shrugs of his nation, and the entrance of madame was foreshadowed by the coming in of her stately cats, with visages grave and tails erect, who preceded, surrounded, and followed her. Her present favorite, Sodoiska, a large mottled gray, was a magnificent creature, and in her train she pointed out Aglai, her favorite eleven years ago when I first visited her. They are of French breed and education, and when the claret and water was poured out for my refreshment they jumped on the table for a sit-to. If I can persuade the mail stage to give a place to one of that distinguished family, I will take it to Camp Cooper, provided madame can trust her pet into such a barbarous country and Indian society. I left the wild cat (evidently he did get one) on the Rio Grande; he was too savage; had grown as large as a small-sized dog, had to be caged, and would strike at anything that came within his reach. His cage had to be strong, and consequently heavy, so I could not bring it. He would pounce upon a kid as Tom Tita (a cat of Arlington) would on a mouse, and would whistle like a tiger when you approached him. Be a good child and think always of your devoted father.

The year of '57 is memorable in the life of Lee for several events. In this year his second son, William Henry Fitzhugh, was graduated from Harvard and appointed to a Lieutenancy in the army on the recommendation of Scott. The choice would please Lee. No man respected the uniform more than he. Then, late in July, Colonel Johnston led an expedition against the Mormons in Utah, a task performed with skill and forbearance, avoiding bloodshed. The transfer left Lee in command.

On October 10, Custis, the master of Arlington, died in his seventy-sixth year. Word did not reach Lee until the 21st, when he turned over command and started home. Interment had taken place, but settlement of the estate involved details and Lee was to be at home for a long stay.

His two soldier sons were on the Pacific coast, where he wrote to them often, in a fatherly, soldierly way, once to Rooney (the second son) on January 1, 1859: ". . . now that you have caught Custis, I hope you are indemnified for all your privations. I am delighted at you two being together, and nothing has occurred so gratifying to me for the past year. Hold on to him as long as you can. Kiss him for me, and sleep with him every night. He must do the same to you, and charge it all to my account."

Colonel Lee was dozing at home on the Sunday evening of October 16, 1859, when the clouds that threatened the nation burst with a zealot's fury. The celebrated John Brown invaded Harper's Ferry, Virginia, west of Washington, leading sixteen armed white men and five blacks for the announced purpose of a negro rebellion. They seized sixty citizens as hostages and the government arsenal, barricading the engine house for resistance. The reprisal came promptly the next morning, but was beaten off after severe fighting against the local militia, with casualties on both sides. Brown threatened to kill his hostages if again attacked.

Undoubtedly he was a little mad, and a formidable influence. Long-standing differences between the two divisions of the nation needed no other spark than a zealot's wrath to bring on the catastrophe. This strange man, a kind of modern Peter the Hermit, had gone up and down the country proclaiming that the black man must be freed. He had the zealot's flame in his glance, the singleness of conviction that stirs emotion.

In troubled Kansas he had dipped his hands into the hot cauldron of civil war. Citizens of that State and others of Boston — such men as Theodore Parker, George L. Stearns, T. W. Higginson and F. B. Sanborn — supplied him with money. He went to Canada followed by a company of whites and blacks and there organized a "provisional Constitution and Ordinance for the People of the United States." Then, with the money of his supporters, he proceeded to a farm near Harper's Ferry and made ready for his rebellion.

Undoubtedly mad, this man, with a zealot's courage, who boldly thrust his hand into the fire on that Sunday evening of October, 1859. Colonel Lee, unluckily for him, was still on furlough, dreading the day that he must start west to contend with red savages and redder Texas heat. First reports reaching Washington bore all the coloring of rumors. The arsenal was captured, armed men abroad, the situation serious. When Brown defeated his besiegers the War Department sent posthaste for Lee, as the nearest available officer likely to meet the need. Had he been safely in Texas, and a man of Northern birth selected in his place, the trend of history might have been altered. But Lee was sitting beside his hearth, in that orderly manner of his, when the Fates tapped him upon the shoulder.

An hour later he was in Washington, leading a battalion of Marines to Harper's Ferry. Lieutenant J. E. B. Stuart, another man absent from his post on leave, volunteered to help. They arrived at midnight of Monday, to find a ring of besiegers around the engine house, at a circumspect distance. About dawn Lee sent Stuart to demand surrender, promising protection and a legal trial. Brown offered to march out with his arms, prisoners and followers as far as the second toll gate beyond town. Then he would release the prisoners and take his chances with the Marines.

Stuart tried to convince him of his folly. He threatened to shoot the prisoners if molested. Colonel Lewis Washington, one of the captives, cried out, "Never mind us — fire!"

Stuart parleyed for precious minutes, then raised his arm and waved to the observing Lee. A squad of Marines charged the engine house door, broke it in, and overcame the defenders. Lee, in the crisp phrases of his memorandum book, made note, "Waited until daylight, as a number of citizens were held as hostages whose lives were threatened. Tuesday about sunrise, with twelve Marines under Lieutenant Green, broke in the door of the engine-house, secured the insurgents, and released the prisoners unhurt. All the insurgents killed or mortally wounded but four — John Brown, Stevens, Coppie, and Shields."

A flame of excitement, then. With memories of the Nat Turner insurrection in '31, Virginia seethed as it had not done since the Revolution. In the North, abolitionist bitterness reached unknown depths of gall. Brown was surrendered to Virginia authorities, on instructions from Washington, and sentenced to be hung. Wendell Phillips declared in Henry Ward Beecher's Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, that "John Brown has twice as much right to hang Governor Wise (of Virginia) as Governor Wise has to hang him. On the banks of the Potomac, history will revisit that river more kindly, because John Brown has gilded it with the eternal brightness of his glorious deed, than because the dust of Washington rests upon one side of it; and, if Virginia tyrants dare hang him, after the mockery of a trial, it will take two Washingtons at least to make the name of the river anything but abominable to the ages that come after it."

Such was the tenor of excoriation that fell upon the South. A friendly State had been invaded by a madman, its citizens seized, government property taken, rebellion declared. Yet responsible men and papers of the North hailed it as a patriotic deed, calling John Brown "Saint John" and "Saint Just."

There never has been much benefit in examining an emotional outburst, if seeking logic and reason. The John Brown incident is one of those events of history not to be explained on any reasonable basis. But from the day that Brown was hung the possibility of peace diminished swiftly.

The South — without in any way being the offender against Brown — came to be looked upon in a lowering manner by the North, as though its people had committed an atrocious deed. There was a strong moral impulse behind this disapproval; or an impulse that may pass for moral in the laboratory of man's mixed emotions. Anyway, it was bitter and sincere.

Lee, that hapless man, was set upon by the Northern press as though he had beguiled John Brown into Virginia, and murdered him with his own hand. The philosopher may as well pass by this scene. He can but shake his head over the muddling of man. It is easy to see the repose of Lee's face turn to deep gravity and his calm, clear eyes take on unaccustomed seriousness. In moments when most men would be alarmed, he had the detached, repressed quality that reflects discipline and something else as well — the true quality of greatness.

His leave of absence, extended to enable settlement of the Arlington estate, now finally did come to an end in February of 1860 and he started for Texas with considerable relief. In three and a half days he had reached New Orleans by that new marvel, the railroad. From there he wrote to Custis, temporarily at Arlington, on February 14:

> . . . I find the boat for Indianola leaves to-morrow and I shall take my passage in her. The weather is very warm here, indeed to my feelings hot. The people were gardening as I came down the coast, and fruit trees and flowers in bloom. Last night I slept with both my windows open, under a single blanket. But imagine my horror this morning when I found I had left my shaving-brush and pants behind. The first I constantly leave, but my pants, *my new pants,* I cannot account for. . . . Take care of them, or use them as may be most convenient. . . .

The year of 1860 was momentous to Lee and the nation. His personal troubles included the usual scourges of the frontier, increased and multiplied by a Mexican bandit named Cortinas. This worthy crossed the line as he liked and carried away much property. Lee's protests to the

Mexican officials, and his private observations, would have been applicable any time in the last twenty years. Then he was troubled by the illness of Mary, who failed to improve from her chronic affliction of rheumatism. He saw, as well, the imminence of national discord. Yet we still find him without any inclination to take part. He had no instinct, as patriots have had before him, to rouse his people. He seems not to have sensed that he would be called to a great military rôle. He continued to be, as ever, the steady-going soldier, commanding the Department of Texas, in Colonel Johnston's absence.

The year of '60 was made portentous, too, by the election of a tall, gloomy-faced man named Abraham Lincoln to be President of the United States. He was almost unknown to the country, but obtained the Republican nomination in its second national campaign — so far as the modern Republican Party is concerned. John Brown's foray, the country's disturbed temper, Lincoln's magnetic presence and prophetic aspect — each element in its own measure — caused his election.

Lee's correspondence, as the months wore on, inevitably turned to political matters, though a reader can feel the wrench that it cost him to consider the state of the nation. He tried to look the other way as long as any man dared. Yet two or three letters of this period answer as clearly as though we spoke to him, the questions posterity has longed to ask. Writing to Custis from San Antonio on December 4 he said:

> I shall next week take my departure for Fort Mason where the headquarters of my regiment is established. . . . General Scruggs . . . thinks the Union will be dissolved in six weeks, and that he will then return to N.O. If I thought so I would not take the trouble to go to Mason, but return to you now. I hope, however, the wisdom and patriotism of the country will devise some way of saving it, and that a kind Providence has not yet turned the current of His blessings from us. . .

> . . . Feeling the aggressions of the North, resenting their denial of the equal rights of our citizens to the common territory of the commonwealth, etc., I am not pleased with the course of the "Cotton States," as they term themselves. In addition to their selfish, dictatorial bearing, the threats they throw out against the "Border States," as they call them, if they will not join them, argues little for the benefit or peace of Va. should she determine to coalesce with them. While I wish to do what is right, I am unwilling to do what is wrong, either at the bidding of the South or the North. One of their plans seems to be the renewal of the slave trade. That I am opposed to on every ground. . . .

A fine statement of principle. If bombastic elements in the North played a righteous part, accusing and condemning, there were elements in the South that defied and threatened. Never was impending conflict more senseless — unintelligent. Raucous throats grew hoarse from their own declamation; but not hoarse enough to be silenced. The statesmanship of the country was bankrupt, and nowhere more bankrupt than in the South. Where, now, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, the great race of Virginians that brought the nation to birth and maturity? Where the sanity, the leadership, the power to compel? Lacking, alas, to both sides. Lincoln appeared upon the national stage too late.

The 4,000,000 negroes have been valued at $2,000,000,000. What people in the history of civilization ever were asked before to sacrifice so much property? It was well enough for the Northern abolitionist to wax moral when no share of his wealth entered into danger. On what occasion did he offer to pay for the property he proposed to wipe out? Where was the statesman of financial genius, to capitalize this property and "retire" it by amortization — in the modern manner? What simpler device than to issue bonds for the $2,000,000,000, buy the property, and "retire" it? The impending war was about to cost the United States not less than $10,000,000,000, casualties of 1,000,000 men, the ruin of eleven States and the bitterness of a generation. Four million negroes at $2,000,000,000 — a price well paid, or the cost of one hour's crash in the stock market of today.

South Carolina seceded on December 20th, in the fullness of its defiance, but also in the fullness of States' rights. Yet Lee did not share that broad opinion of States' rights. From Fort Mason, on January 23, 1861, he wrote one of the notable documents in the literature of American letters, to his son Custis, saying:

> I received Everett's "Life of Washington" which you sent me, and enjoyed its perusal. How his spirit would be grieved could he see the wreck of his mighty labors! I will not, however, permit myself to believe, until all ground of hope is gone, that the fruit of his noble deeds will be destroyed, and that his precious advice and virtuous example will so soon be forgotten by his countrymen. As far as I can judge by the papers, we are between a state of anarchy and civil war. May God avert both of these evils from us! I fear that mankind will not for years be sufficiently Christianized to bear the absence of restraint and force. I see that four States have declared themselves out of the Union; four more will apparently follow their example. Then, if the Border States are brought into the gulf of revolution, one-half of the country will be arrayed against the other. I must try and be patient and await the end, for I can do nothing to hasten or retard it.
>
> The South, in my opinion, has been aggrieved by the acts of the North, as you say. I feel the aggression, and am willing to take every proper step for redress. It is the principle I contend for, not individual or private benefit. As an American citizen, I take great pride in my country, her prosperity and institutions, and would defend any State if her rights were invaded. But I can anticipate no greater calamity for the country than a dissolution of the Union. It would be an accumulation of all the evils we complain of, and I am willing to sacrifice everything but honor for its preservation. I hope, therefore, that all constitutional means will be exhausted before there is a resort to force. Secession is nothing but revolution. The framers of our Constitution never exhausted so much labor, wisdom, and forbearance in its formation, and surrounded it with so many guards and securities, if it was in-

> tended to be broken by every member of the Confederacy at will. It was intended for "perpetual union," so expressed in the preamble (really in the earlier Articles of Confederation), and for the establishment of a government, not a compact, which can only be dissolved by revolution, or consent of all the people in convention assembled. It is idle to talk of secession. Anarchy would have been established, and not a government by Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, and the other patriots of the Revolution. . . . Still, a Union that can only be maintained by swords and bayonets, and in which strife and civil war are to take the place of brotherly love and kindness, has no charm for me. I shall mourn for my country and for the welfare and progress of mankind. If the Union is dissolved, and the Government disrupted, I shall return to my native State and share the miseries of my people, and, save in defense, will draw my sword on none.

By February 4th, the seven "Cotton States"—Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, South Carolina and Texas—had established the Confederate States of America with capital in Montgomery, Alabama. Jefferson Davis, lately Secretary of War of the United States, became the President by legislative selection. He had been soldier and statesman and was now to prove himself a patriot surrendering to none in the service of his country.

But who is this, writing on February 9, 1861, in the national whirl of words? Mary herself, at Arlington, obscured by the quarrels of men. She sits and writes to her friend, Mrs. W. H. Stires. Among the uncounted thousands of letters bearing on the war, not one has set forth in fairer language some issues of the time. There is a moving inspiration in her lines:

> Has all love for and pride in their country died at the South, that they are willing to tear her in pieces and some even to exult to see her glorious flag trailing in the dust? It should rather have drawn tears from their eyes. We have lived and fought and prospered under this flag for so many years, and though the South has suffered much from the meddling of Northern fanatics, yet do they expect to fare better now?

> Are there no rights and privileges but those of negro slavery? . . . and yet after all these wrongs I would lay down my life could I save our Union. What is the use of a government combined as ours is of so many parts, the Union of which forms its strength and power, if any one part has the right for any wrong, real or imaginary, of withdrawing its aid and throwing the whole into confusion, as Carolina, who refuses all overtures for peace and imagines the world will admire her independence, whereas they laugh at her folly which is perfectly suicidal. You know my feelings are all linked with the South and you will bear with me in the expression of my opinion, but while there are many of the Northern politicians who deserve no better fate than to be hung as high as Haman, believe me that those who have been foremost in this revolution will deserve and meet with the reprobation of the world, whether North or South, for having destroyed the most glorious confederacy that ever existed.

From whose pen has more force and eloquence flowed?

On March 4, Lincoln came into office. Even the passage of years, the clarifying effect of time, does not help us to see his plight. Had Hoover become President with seven States declared out of the Union by their own choice, the problem could not have been more grave. President Buchanan had temporized, saying that nothing in the Constitution warranted secession. Neither did it grant any power to prevent secession. In which, of course, he was accurate and truthful.

By this time the broad principles of justice and injustice ceased to apply. Political and moralistic animosities of half a century were about to be armed. The responsible, commercial North had little will for war with its best customer, which bought on long terms and paid high prices. New York and Pennsylvania were philosophical, inclined to compromise. New England and Kansas maintained tumult; the first by reason of its convictions and prejudices, the other because it was transplanted New England to no slight degree. There is remarkable evidence that a large section of the Northern people had no will for war upon the South, and were indifferent to slavery. As late as March 13, 1861, Ohio ratified an amendment to the Constitution — later ratified by Maryland and Illinois — providing that: "No amendment shall be made to the Constitution which will authorize or give to Congress the power to abolish or interfere, within any State, with the domestic institutions thereof, including that of persons held to labor or service by the laws of said State."

Lincoln began cautiously. The pressure of events was closing about him. Perhaps no human hand could hold them back. Lincoln was a country lawyer, unaccustomed to war or great affairs, and certainly had no desire to rush into arms. His new eminence must have been very strange to him. Washington had not paid him much attention when he was a member of Congress. Now the nation looked with one accord to the tall, gaunt man from the West, wondering what he would do.

His inaugural address on March 4th was an example of moderation not often equaled in comparable circumstances. Compared to the vehemence of Henry Ward Beecher and the company of Northern preachers and negro sympathizers, or to the defiance of some Southern spokesmen, Lincoln's calm was like the rock in an angry sea. He spoke with sincerity and high purpose. It rings in every line. And this first of his Presidential addresses eloquently reveals his gift for language.

But the Lincoln revealed in that address is not the Lincoln of the schoolbooks; the "great emancipator" sorrowing over the plight of the black man, determined to free him no matter what might come. The first of his Presidential addresses has been almost forgotten, and wholly ignored because it does not coincide with the sentimental conception of Lincoln. It shows him to have been a greater man by far, who believed that peace might be had, and was willing to yield much in that behalf.

"Apprehension seems to exist among the population of the Southern states that, by the accession of a Republican administration, their property and their peace and personal security are to be endangered," he said. "There never was any reasonable cause for such apprehension. Indeed, the most ample evidence to the contrary has all the while existed and been open to their inspection. It is found in nearly all the published speeches of him who now addresses you. I do but quote from one of the speeches when I declare that 'I have no purpose directly or indirectly to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists; I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so.' Those who nominated and elected me did so with the full knowledge that I had made this and many similar declarations, and had never recanted them. And more than this, they placed in the platform for my acceptance, and as a law for themselves and for me, the clear and emphatic resolution which I now read:

" 'Resolved, that the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depend, and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed forces of the soil of any State or territory, no matter under what pretext, as the gravest of crimes.' "

Had a representative of the South written Lincoln's declaration and the resolution he could not have expressed more tersely the Southern position. That position included other principles. Let Lincoln speak of them:

"Perpetuity is implied if not expressed in the fundamental law of all national governments. It is safe to assert that government proper never had a provision in its organic law for its own termination."

Yet the lack of such provision does not remove the original stipulation among the States that they reserved all powers not expressly delegated to the nation.

Then Lincoln continued. . . . "The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy and possess the property and places belonging to the government, and to collect the duties and imposts; but beyond what may be necessary for these objects there will be no invasion—no using of force against or amongst the population anywhere."

A reasonable declaration, in view of his position and necessities. He was the President of the United States, elected to maintain the Union by the larger and stronger section of that body.

But hear the appeal of this pleader for the Union, made in his best lawyerly manner:

"To those, however, who really love the Union, may I not speak? Before entering upon so grave a matter as the destruction of the national fabric, with its benefits, its memories and its hopes, would it not be well to ascertain why we do it? (Capital, Mr. Lincoln; a point of law on your side.) Will you hazard so desperate a step while there is any portion of the ills you fly from that have no real existence? Will you, while the certain ills you fly to, are greater than all the real ones you fly from? (The rhetoric is a bit complicated.) Will you risk the commission of so fearful a mistake? (Note the power of that phrase.) All profess to be content with the Union if all Constitutional rights can be maintained. Is it true, then, that any right, plainly written in the Constitution, has been denied? I think not. . . . If, by the mere force of numbers, the majority shall deprive the minority of any clearly written Constitutional right, it might, in the moral point of view, *justify revolution:* certainly would, if such a right were a vital one. But such is not the case."

Again the court of posterity might remind counsel that only the rights were granted to the nation which appeared in the terms of the contract. Alexander Hamilton's doctrine of "implied rights" was an afterthought, like that of Lincoln. But the South of the present and the future may leave its moral justification in the hands of Abraham Lincoln, pleading before the nation on March 4, 1861. No one is likely to add much, or take away much of value, by a pleading on appeal. If — as so persistently charged by Northern historians and assumed by Northern thought generally — slavery was the basis of Southern opposition, without any recognition of a brave people's pride and independence, then we have Lincoln's own declaration that he did not approve interference because "I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so."

Observe his conclusion, one of his great phrases, hoping for peace and brotherhood, prompted "by the better angels of our nature."

While Lincoln pleaded the cause of the South, Lee pleaded that of the North; both patriots, hoping for peace and Union, ready to "sacrifice everything but honor for its preservation."

Lee could not longer remain in the seclusion of Texas army posts. He was called to Washington and appointed Colonel of the 1st Cavalry, on March 16. Lincoln, despite his pacific utterances and forbearance to begin war, took measures to strengthen defenses.

No man in the army came under the Presidential eye more attentively than Robert E. Lee. They were men of the same mould, to a measurable degree, but not in the full degree. Scott, the Virginian, was resolved to stand by the Union. Undoubtedly he directed Lincoln's attention to Lee and just as likely repeated his frequent statement that "Robert Lee is a great soldier."

The thoughtful Lincoln looked at Lee, in the vision of his mind, weighed him carefully. There is no record that the two men ever met. But there has been a controversy from those early months of '61 onward to this time as to the intentions of Lincoln regarding the new Colonel of the 1st. Did he offer — did he intend — to name Lee field commander?

Some historians have contended that the offer was unlikely because Lincoln would not entrust so grave a duty to a man of Southern antecedents. Southern historians have been as ready to lay claim upon Lincoln's confidence, in their effort to heighten the fame of Lee. The simple truth seems to be that Lincoln would have gladly had such a man in command. Scott continued as General-in-Chief and no one doubted his loyalty to the Union or his sorrow over Virginia. Lincoln was a competent judge of men. He could not have read Lee wrongly.

The matter is of commanding interest in any comprehension of Lee's character. It shows as clearly as any other incident of his life the quality of his devotion to duty, his love of his people. Here was no Decatur, to declare, "My country, right or wrong." But a grave, strong man in his middle fifties, who saw opening before him the vistas of war. He was the embodiment of military order. To take command of an army — to pursue Indians or deepen rivers — was his vocation. He would have received the mandate to command with modesty and pride. That he might have stood in that place by a gesture of the hand is hardly to be doubted. Had we no other premise than probabilities, the conclusion would be sound. But it is now possible to definitely say that Lee had the offer on what he believed the authority of Lincoln.

Francis Preston Blair, the elder, was an active figure in the hurried events of the spring before the war. After Lee came to the capital, the two men held an interview. According to Simon Cameron, Lincoln's first Secretary of War, the cavalry Colonel then sought command of the United States Army, a statement made in February, 1868, during debate in the Senate. Lee departed from his rule of silence to contradict Cameron. Writing from Lexington, Virginia, on February 25, 1868, to Reverdy Johnson, a Maryland Senator, he said:

> My Dear Sir: My attention has been called to the official report of the debate in the Senate of the United States on the 19th inst., in which you did me the kindness to doubt the correctness of the statement made by the Hon. Simon Cameron, in regard to myself. I desire that you may feel certain of my conduct on the occasion referred to, so far as my individual statement can make you.
>
> I never intimated to any one that I desired the command of the United States Army, nor did I ever have a conversation with but one gentleman, the Hon. Francis Preston Blair, on

> the subject, which was at his invitation, and as I understood at the instance of President Lincoln.
>
> After listening to his remarks, I declined the offer he made me, to take command of the army that was to be brought into the field, stating as candidly and as courteously as I could, that though opposed to secession and deprecating war, I could take no part in an invasion of the Southern States.

Years afterward, ex-Secretary Cameron stated the matter in other terms, moved by the relenting influence of time:

> Of all my experience with public men and events, none were so interesting as those which brought the country to the settlement of the slavery question on the field of battle. There was a great deal of by-play in the beginning that has not been heard of yet. It is true that General Robert E. Lee was tendered the command of the Union army. It was the wish of Mr. Lincoln's administration that as many as possible of the Southern officers then in the regular army should remain true to the nation which had educated them. Robert E. Lee and Joseph E. Johnston were then the leading Southern soldiers. Johnston was Quartermaster-General and Lee a Colonel of cavalry.
>
> In the moves and counter moves in the game of war and peace then going on, Francis P. Blair, Sr., was a prominent figure. The tender of the command of our forces was made to General Lee through him. Mr. Blair came to me expressing the opinion that General Lee could be held to our cause by the offer of the chief command of our forces. I authorized Mr. Blair to make the offer. I then dismissed the matter from my mind as nearly as I could such an important subject, for I supposed from what Mr. Blair had said, that General Lee would certainly accept. I labored under this impression up to the time that his resignation was received. Whether General Lee ever seriously considered the matter I do not personally know. From what Senator Blair said to me I never had any doubt at the time but that he did. My surprise was very great when the resignation was received and General Lee went South.

There was still peace, of a kind, that sober men North and South tried to maintain. Then the affair at Fort

Sumter on April 12-13, in Charleston Harbor. This island stronghold had been ceded to the nation by the State for joint protection. When South Carolina left the Union it reasoned that the stronghold should be returned. The demand was made, temporizing ensued. Lincoln's government agreed not to reprovision the fort and promised — or seemed to promise — that it should be evacuated. Then a futile attempt to land supplies. The spirit of the negotiations was evaded. And the frowning North, taking to arms, loomed beyond the Potomac.

At last the Confederate Congress, not unlike that earlier Congress which met in Philadelphia a hundred years before, tires of waiting. Word goes to Pierre G. T. Beauregard, at his post in Charleston, to demand surrender, then use his discretion.

Beauregard demands and gets a defiant answer from Major Robert Anderson. He is a positive man, too. He even grows profane, speaks of "Fire and be damned." How strange is fame! Some time later David G. Farragut will exclaim "Damn the torpedoes!" and be made famous by a phrase. Here, three full years before him, Major Anderson swears to the same purpose, almost in the same words — and is forgotten.

Sumter must surrender forthwith. Sumter will not surrender. Anderson has said it.

Slowly, Beauregard. Think, before you touch fire to the cannon. The lanyard of history lies in your hand; you fire not only upon Sumter, grim and ready, but upon the confederacy of States that has established a new conception of democracy. After twenty-five hundred years of the white man's civilization it is the first democracy that has endured so long and prospered so well. Sceptics affirm that it cannot endure. Is that historically true? Has the time come when the greater half forces you to touch the match in the name of the lesser?

Boom! sounds the dull gun; hope is lost; persuasion futile; the Furies of war seize 30,000,000 people.

CHAPTER IV

Lee Faces His Tragedy

LEE'S home at Arlington was a pleasant place in a Southern evening of the budding month of April. Standing in Colonial purity on the river heights, above the placid Potomac, the soft evening air seemed to enfold it in peace and well being. From the windows Lee could look across to Washington, a darker mass in the starlit night, where a light flared here and there. On the river, perhaps, some slow-going craft held his eye, its red signal bobbing down the stream. Around him lay the acres of Arlington, where he had watched his children, so well loved, grow from infancy.

But what a night of the Fates was this 19th of April, 1861. For a thousand miles and more, south and west, his kinsmen prepared for war. North and east, across the expanse of America to the western sea, others of his countrymen prepared to oppose — nay, to oppress, his kinsmen believed. Yet there was no suggestion of conflict at Arlington; only peace, abundance, and the soft Southern evening.

Throughout that day and the night before Lee had pondered his destiny. Tonight he must act. Two days before Virginia had joined the seceding States. From the Potomac to the far reaches of Texas the Confederate States of America were knitting together for their supreme trial — apotheosis. Though the stars at Arlington shone brightly enough, war clouds hung low and imminent.

The problem of Lee's fateful hour involved all that a man may cherish. For thirty-six years, since that day he went proudly to West Point, he had worn the uniform of his united country, which had rendered him honor and offered more. Should he now abandon what he had sworn to maintain? Or take arms against his kinsmen, his State, the land of his fathers? Could the nation that prepared to coerce by arms, lay rightful claim to his devotion?

Should he renounce a career not yet in full flower; the practical assurance of victory; the acclaim of a nation that would hail him patriot? Or embrace the tragic possibilities of secession and be called traitor? Arlington, this peaceful home, serene in the April night, would be the first pawn lost in the stakes of war. Whatever his family possessed elsewhere in land and houses must go upon the scales. The inheritance of his children might turn to smoke.

These, and more sorrowful thoughts, Lee pondered in his night's counsel. Throughout his half century of life he had earnestly tried to take the right course, no matter the cost to himself, for he was essentially a moral man, controlled by his conscience. His mind and nature bent naturally to the thought and deed that would best accord with an exalted morality. For him to choose between duty and advantage had been no trial. But to seek his duty on either side of a chasm, was to rack the man's soul.

After dinner he asked to be alone, going to his room on the upper floor. In a room below Mary waited as the man above faced his tragedy. The servants went on tiptoe, the white of their eyes showing large, in the way of the black man when his spirit troubles him. At intervals Mary heard Lee's voice in the mutter of invocation for higher guidance. Then his step sounded again, the pace of a soldier, back and forth across the floor.

When he paused, and there was no sound, she went into the hall, expecting him. A long hour passed, yet he failed to come. When had another captain of history undergone such trial? Cæsar at the Rubicon, Napoleon debating whether he should save the Revolution, suffered little but the pangs of interest. Lee, the religious man, the patriot, the moralist in his wish "to do right," suffered profoundly, sorrowing for his country and his honor.

When he did descend he came with resolute face, lighted by the inner fire of the man's fine soul, burning in a white flame this night. And he said simply, almost cheerfully: "Well, Mary, the question is settled. Here is my letter of resignation, and a letter I have written to General Scott."

Only the Fates, who looked on to see man and woman in close embrace, could know the import of those words. General Scott, in Washington, received the letter the next day, memorable for its concluding words, "Save in defense of my native State, I never desire again to draw my sword."

The sorrow of Scott was hardly less than the pain of Lee. The old soldier saw his friend and favorite depart upon the dangerous road of secession, depriving the army of a leader that it could ill spare, to raise a threat against that Union. Scott could not leave, as Lee could not remain. Both were Virginians, both moved by the impulse that tore the heart of each. No man should challenge either.

States, families and friends divided upon the issue. Even in the family of Lee there were doubts, misgivings, division. We have seen the disturbed mind of Mary, reflected in her letter to Mrs. Stiles. Now Lee had a letter to write — and a hard one, bearing the same date as the Scott letter — to his sister Anne, the wife of Judge William L. Marshall of Baltimore, who adhered to the Union. And Lee's tenderness shone in his lines. "I know you will blame me," he wrote, "but you must think as kindly of me as you can, and believe that I have endeavored to do what I thought right. To show you the feeling and the struggle it has cost me, I send you a copy of my letter of resignation. I have no time for more."

Almost an apology, that kindly explanation; the brother fearful of his sister, in his poor, man's way. And always the dominant note, "I have endeavored to do what I thought right." The invalid Anne—like her mother — had a harder trial to bear. Her own son, Louis H. Marshall, a West Point man, will elect to wear the blue and one day become Colonel Marshall of the United States Army. What mother has borne more? When son and father grew joyful over Union victories, the invalid would lie upon her couch and smile, or try to smile. Then the face turned gray, the eyes dim, as she whispered, "But they never shall defeat Robert!"

Urged by love and duty, what a cause Lee embraced. Embraced it knowingly, estimating the hazards better than most men. Scott had said that he was "worth 50,000 men to the Union," and assuredly he was worth as many to the half-formed Confederacy.

The spirit of conflict would not be denied. Two days after the fall of Sumter, Lincoln called 75,000 volunteers to follow the colors, summoning Virginia among the rest, to send her share. It was then — the last hope gone — that strong Unionist sentiment broke down in the State Convention. That body met on April 17 in closed session and voted to secede. Lee, at Arlington, struggling to his hard resolution, heard the news. But it was the 19th before he cast aside thirty-six years' allegiance, to defend the hearth of his fathers.

That day some of the first blood in the impending conflict dyed the cobblestones of Baltimore when the 6th Massachusetts Infantry passed through to Washington. The troops had to move from one railroad station to another. Missiles were thrown from roofs and windows. Sidewalk crowds surged into the ranks and grasped muskets. Shots were fired, there was desperate rioting along Gay and Pratt streets. The first burst of passion held red sway; North and South the flame spread. Telegraph wires were torn down, bridges blown up, cutting off Washington from the North. For days the capital seemed in danger.

The Union then consisted of thirty-four States and the population of the country numbered 31,443,321. Virginia was fifth in rank of numbers, with 1,596,318 people, a third negroes. The eleven States that finally made up the Confederacy (Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia) contained no more than 9,103,322 people, 4,000,000 of them negroes. A bare 5,000,000 people in eleven States — fewer than now live in the city of New York — to oppose the 22,000,000 of twenty-three States. Great was their heritage, precious their liberty.

Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri embraced thousands of Southern adherents and each of them sent numbers of their sons to defend the Confederacy. Yet no one of them cast in her lot as a State, partly because of close investment by Union forces, and partly by reason of divided sentiment.

The figures and area merely outline the strength of the two sections. They do no more than suggest Union preponderance, intrenched behind an organized government and having the basis of an army and navy. The Union had a treasury in order, the world's credit at its command. Of greater importance was its technical and industrial organization, ready to fabricate the means for war.

The agricultural South lacked government, army, navy, money or industry. Its banking capital made up twenty per cent of the capital of all the banks, and the Southern banks held twenty-eight per cent of the national specie. This would be swiftly consumed. Tobacco and cotton were the sources of wealth, dependent upon the seasons, valuable only as they could be sold. If we except a few iron foundries, sawmills, tanneries, wagon works and shipyards, the country had no industries. Railroads were scanty, communication slow. The nation's rail mileage totaled 31,256 miles in 1861, of which the South had 9,283 miles, under thirty per cent. Means for war must be found where none existed.

Virginia did not leave Lee in doubt of her gratitude or her commands. Two days after Scott's receipt of Lee's letter, a delegation from the Convention invited him to Richmond. We may note the old-fashioned courtesy of the period. An easy matter to arrest Lee at Arlington any time between the 20th and the 22d and thus strike a decisive blow for the Union. His letter lay on the desk of the Secretary of War. Every one believed war unavoidable, so far as man could divine events. Yet there was no effort to restrain Lee. Such was the habit of the time that men North and South hurried homeward to take arms against the friends of yesterday — without a hand staying them. In Washington the numerous Southern colony was outspokenly militant.

Lee departed on the day of the summons from Richmond, leaving his family behind for the moment, looking back a last time to the stately portico of Arlington, which he was never to see again. In Richmond he went before the Convention, meeting in the state Capitol, surrounded by associations from the dawn of the nation. Houdon's figure of the calm Washington looked on where a new nation was fused upon the altar of the old. Northern readers, educated from textbooks that paint the "rebellion" as blacker than the accepted cause, may have forgotten — or never known — that the men who joined hands around this altar brought to their oaths all the fervor of the Revolution. Virginia would not be coerced, nor see her neighbors coerced. Not as long as an arm could be raised in defense.

Such was the Convention's mood when Lee appeared before that body on April 23. John Janney, president of the Convention, informed him in a somewhat flowery speech that Virginia entrusted its security to his hands — keep inviolate the soil. Lee, speaking before a public body the only time in his life, answered in his plain way, "Trusting Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow citizens, I devote myself to the services of my native State, in whose behalf alone will I ever draw my sword."

A splendid figure that day, resolute, unmoved, while the Convention stood upon the benches to a man and the old Capitol rang to the echoes of his name. The throngs of Richmond caught up the cry, until "Lee! Lee will lead us!" rose, an incantation, into the blue vault of day.

He was fifty-four years old, five feet and eleven inches tall, and weighed 175 pounds. Life in the open had given him a straight, muscular body, a ruddy face and deep, clear eyes of brown — that could be tender and playful, mild and grave, or lighted by the inner fire showing in their brown warmth as he stood by, the Convention cheering his name. At this time of life Lee was a man of powerful vitality and might be moved by flaming eagerness upon such occasions as the 23rd of April; but the flame would be soon chilled and ordered by the discipline of his nature. His hair was black and abundant, the gray beginning to show handsomely. His heavy, slightly drooping moustache made the lower part of the face a little grim. Behind his reserve lay great kindness, a gentle sort of humor, and much affection. In the well of his nature there were reserves of strength seldom drawn upon. He looked at men and they respected him. His manner and carriage bespoke authority. He was a graceful, knightly man, careful of his dress and person, an aristocrat by instinct, a cavalier by inheritance.

The shades of the Lees well might be proud of him that day. Into his hands the Old Dominion consigned all that two and a half centuries of culture had created. Colonial America bade him preserve its institutions. The commercial North tended rapidly toward industry and the new age. The West was yet a land of adventure. The age of steel, of mechanisms, of swift communication, opened vaguely ahead. Colonial America endured in Virginia — the America of plantations, of chivalry and the old traditions, and, no less, of liberty, independence. A brief eighty years before — no more than a long life — Cornwallis had handed his sword to Washington, not many miles away. The spirit that conquered at Yorktown lived in the sons. Where a Lee should lead, Virginia would follow. Had great Washington lived in '61 he must have bared his sword to beckon on the gray phalanx.

Recollections of the Revolution made the star of the

Confederacy brilliant to the eye of hope. There were close parallels. Had not the American colonies, Virginia in the forefront, thrown off despotism when hope alone willed the fight? And on slighter provocation. Should Virginia, Colonial America, yield to aggression in this later day? Nay — though death awaited. The broad world overseas that bought Southern cotton and tobacco knew something of Southern life and culture. There would be new Lafayettes, Kosciuskos, von Steubens, to gather 'round the altar. France and Britain must recognize the cause. The Confederacy should not stand alone. Might not France intervene in the name of liberty — as she had intervened before? Curiously, there was a conviction that the stoppage of cotton and tobacco exports would rouse Europe to interfere.

Mary clung to her home, in the face of every probability. General Scott wrote to her about this time, as indicated by another of Mary's forceful letters, dated May 5:

> My dear General: Hearing that you desire to see the account of my husband's reception in Richmond, I have sent it to you. No honors can reconcile us to this fratricidal war which we would have laid down our lives freely to avert. Whatever may happen, I feel that I may expect from your kindness all the protection you can in honor afford. Nothing can ever make me forget your kind appreciation of Mr. Lee. If you knew all you would not think so hardly of me. Were it not that I would not add one feather to his load of care, nothing would induce me to abandon my home. Oh, that you could command peace to our distracted country!

The rash predicted a war to last until fall, the cautious thought until Christmas. Mary was yet at Arlington, trembling between fear and desire, hoping that peace would be preserved. Lee wrote to her, May 13:

> Do not put faith in rumors of adjustment. I see no prospect for it. It cannot be while passions on both sides are infuriated. Make your plans for several years of war. If Virginia is invaded, which appears to be designed, the main routes through the country will, in all probability, be infested and passage interrupted. I agree with you in thinking the inflam-

> matory articles in the papers do much harm. I object particularly to those in the Southern papers, as I wish them to take a firm, dignified course, free from bravado and boasting. The times are indeed calamitous. The brightness of God's countenance seems turned from us, and its mercy stopped in its blissful current. . . . Tell Custis (the Union officer) he must consult his own judgment, reason and conscience as to the course he may take. I do not wish him to be guided by my wishes and example. If I have done wrong, let him do better. The present is a momentous question which every man must settle for himself and upon principle. . . .

In the ebb and flow of reports and hopes, Mary stayed on until the last days of May. Lee warned that Washington's plate, pictures, and uncounted possessions should be removed. But confusion was abroad in the land. Whom to trust, where to turn? Then, suddenly, Mary learned from high authority in Washington that her home would be occupied. She left hurriedly, taking her daughters and a few personal things — little else besides.

And what sad departure was this, from the classical portico down the avenue of oaks, a few anxious servants following. Of all the homes built on this continent, no other had sheltered more of culture, patriotism and high purpose. Where the minuet had reigned and the harpsichord sent forth its tinkling notes on the evening air, there was desertion, silence. Not for many days. On May 24 Union soldiers occupied the estate, a fair prize of war. Chivalry was not wholly dead. A Southern woman might address a Northern soldier and be assured of the retort courteous. Before leaving for the protection of relatives' homes, farther from the seat of war, Mary wrote a letter to which Irvin McDowell, Brigadier-General, U.S.A., and a sturdy soldier, sent this old-fashioned reply:

> Madam: Having been ordered by the Government to relieve Major-General Sanford in command of this Department, I had the honor to receive this morning your letter of today addressed to him at this place. With respect to the occupation of Arlington by the United States troops, I beg to say

> it has been done by my predecessor with every regard for the preservation of the place. I am here temporarily in camp on the grounds, preferring this to sleeping in the house, under the circumstances which the painful state of the country places me with respect to these properties. I assure you it will be my earnest endeavor to have all things so ordered that on your return you will find things as little disturbed as possible. In this I have the hearty concurrence of the courteous, kind-hearted gentleman in the immediate command of the troops quartered here, and who lives in the lower part of the house to insure its being respected. Everything has been done as you desire with respect to your servants, and your wishes, so far as they have been known or could have been understood, have been complied with. When you desire to return every facility will be given you for doing so. I trust, madam, you will not consider it an intrusion when I say I have the most sincere sympathy for your distress, and, so far as compatible with my duty, I shall always be ready to do whatever may alleviate it. I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your most obedient servant.

Sad the day that such courtesy must end! The heart warms to McDowell. Unfortunately he did not remain at Arlington, and the "kind-hearted gentleman" must have passed on, too. Washington's plate, the china from his board, Colonial treasures that filled the mansion, were hawked about Washington streets by Union soldiers, to pass forever from historic view. Curiously, Arlington was to become a vast burying ground for the Federal dead; grim memorial to the captain who had lived there.

Now that almost three-quarters of a century have passed since Lee took up the sword of revolution, the student of history cannot but speculate upon the course of events had he possessed political capacity equal to military. Suppose, for a moment, that he had been a trifle less the moralist; his character a little less disciplined. There was blazing fire in the man, though it seldom burned through. And the high temper of his character — the cutting edge of his spirit — was somewhat diminished by Christian humility. He submitted to men and events when he could have controlled both; always moved by the wish "to do right" and a military man's sense of respect for political superiors.

Had Lee possessed in a greater measure — or had he thrown off some of his inbred discipline and struck out harshly — the stern assertion that has marked great captains from Alexander onward, it was in his power to change a continent politically. Several times he had the opportunity — though truly a slender one — to inflict such crushing defeat that the Union must have compromised. But all of his campaigns were subjected to the well-meaning bungling of Jefferson Davis, the interference of Congress and the unruly spirit of other commanders.

Lee might have been dictator, anything he wished, had he but wished it. To the calm, knightly Lee, political power, domination over his appointed superiors, were matters not even considered. Throughout the war to come, in every trial, he was the trained soldier, steadfast in his duty. His own special genius appeared in the hour when ceremony and triviality were burned up in the fierce vortex of war. Then he conceived and carried out military movements against superior numbers and vastly greater powers, of which the equals are few in the annals of war.

All of these trials and possibilities lay in the future. There were teeming days ahead in Richmond, a city of no more than 37,190 people, but to be one of the famous prizes of conflict, the sternest fought on American soil and the greatest of any time up to the World War. On May 8 Richmond was declared to be the Confederate capital, in place of Montgomery. But it was May 29 before the removal could be effected.

Even at that latest of days hope was not effaced. General Scott sent two emissaries southward, bent on unofficial, final overtures. "Go and see Robert Lee," he told them. "If any man can keep peace, it is Lee."

But the Furies of war had been evoked from their dark retreats. Lee answered discouragingly, and spoke of boasts North and South that the war would end in ninety days. "They do not know what they say," he observed. "If it comes to a conflict of arms, the war will last at least four years (as it did, almost to a day). Northern politicians do not appreciate the determination and pluck of the South, and Southern politicians do not appreciate the numbers, resources and patient perseverance of the North. Both sides forget that we are all Americans, and that it must be a terrible struggle if it comes to war. Tell General Scott that we must do all we can to avert war, and if it comes to the worst we must do everything in our power to mitigate its evils."

While the newly installed government organized its administration, Lee turned to the building of an army. At the North there was equal haste and no available force of enough power to strike sooner. Virginia, in common with the several States, had the nucleus of a militia system that antedated the Revolution and was only relatively better than the Colonial organization. The country had been long at peace and the militiamen were unprepared, untrained. As for equipment, the merchandise of war, Josiah Gorgas, Chief of Ordnance, has furnished first-hand testimony. He found 15,000 rifles and 120,000 ancient muskets in the whole Confederacy, with some odd thousands of flint locks, and a blunderbuss or two. There was only a little powder, most of it from the Mexican War. Small arms, cannon and ammunition available in the spring of '61 consisted largely of spoils from the few Federal arsenals and navy yards on Southern soil. No record of the artillery is satisfactory, but it was limited and poorly provided with ammunition.

The last epic of Colonial America burst into sudden life. Word had gone out that men were wanted, although Lee had within easy reach more than he could equip. In a letter to Mary he said, "I wrote to Robert (his youngest son) that I could not consent to take boys from their schools and young men from their colleges and put them in the ranks at the beginning of the war when they were not needed. The war may last ten years. Where are our ranks to be filled from then?" Nevertheless, boys did get into the ranks; schools of every degree were emptied.

In these first days the vigor of the old America poured into Richmond. Georgia, Alabama, and other States sent newly mustered regiments, built around militia units. Some of them were no more than five hundred strong, though the average tended toward a thousand men. And most of them had some kind of arms.

They came as trains moved and chance permitted, by foot from Virginia and the nearer Carolinas, by train from Georgia and southerly points. They had no special objective. Virginia was the frontier, the battlefield their goal. Unexpected numbers arrived, in a city unprepared. By the end of May, Lee had 30,000 men ready for the field. Each new battalion stirred enthusiasm. Occasionally they brought along the town band for this holiday of war. There were fifers and drummers anyway; not to forget the tuneful "harp" carried in a pants pocket, or the old brass horn packed in the bottom of a trunk — for this was an army that brought its trunks.

A year before Daniel D. Emmett, the Irish minstrel, wrote a ballad that instantly caught the favor of Mechanics' Hall in New York, where Emmett appeared with Bryant's Minstrels. He called it *Dixie,* and though its inspiration was foreign to the land, and contrary to the character of the Southern ballad, *Dixie* was a rallying song of the new army.

And why should the South be called Dixie? There is a story — that may be true — of a New York man named Dixie who owned a plantation in Virginia. From there he brought a number of negroes to his Long Island place. In the new, strange land they looked back longingly to sunshine and familiar scenes, which would explain the lines:

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
  Old times dar am not forgotten,

. . . . .

In Dixie land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin'.

. . . . .

Atrocious versifying, "born in" to go with "mornin'," especially when "morn" and "born" were at hand. Whether we shall blame the negro improvisers, or Emmett himself, is a matter for our own choice. But he might have edited the lines when he took them over — if he did.

Another hand touched the lyre, and strummed it deeply. As the *Star Spangled Banner* was born in the smoke of conflict during the War of 1812, written by a Maryland man, another son of that State was to write *Maryland* in the ominous days just before the war. James Ryder Randall, in the distant parish of Point Coupée, Louisiana, touched his hand to the strings, calling forth memorable lines:

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland! My Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland! My Maryland!

From the repose of the years, red-brick, ivy-covered Richmond was converted into a war-stirred city. Lee shunted regiments northward as fast as he could, yet there were delays, congestion. New arrivals camped where they might, as best they might. Few of them had tents or field equipment. Provisions became scarce. Sickness developed, epidemic threatened.

The city filled as well with single volunteers, men by tens and dozens, come to fight for their country. Also behold the adventurers, the rascals and gamblers. Richmond expanded into a city twice its normal size, confusion reigned. Camps sprang up around the capital, where campfires burned brightly at night, while a myriad voices joined in the sentimental songs of those days.

If Dixie was not of the soil and the spirit, a ballad of melancholy expressed this army's spirit, its lingering sadness borne by the night breeze from the campfires of Richmond. In 1858 H. D. L. Webster wrote the ballad of a lost love, the song of songs of the new army — typical of the land's sentiment:

> The years drift slowly by, Lorena,
>   The snow is on the grass again;
> The sun's low down the sky, Lorena,
>   The frost gleams where the flowers have been;
> But the heart throbs on as warmly now,
>   As when the summer days were nigh;
> Oh! the sun can never dip so low,
>   A-down affection's cloudless sky.

Taverns took down their doors; red liquor ran free. Every day there were alarms over spies. Numbers were caught and a host suspected. The man who could not account for his actions, and do it briskly, might find himself before a drumhead court. Or a knife in the ribs was swifter. Amazement reigned on the capture of the first woman spy, a marked map sewn into her petticoat. So the women would have a part in the iron game! Southern conceptions were shaken by that idea, though, truly, it was not long before Belle Boyd and more plucky women served the South well. Every stranger to the city, man or woman, needs must have identification and sponsors at hand.

As Richmond turned vivid under the hot breath of war the good women of the city and many another community were ripping apart their red and blue silk petticoats — their Sunday best — to make flags for their heroes. Church bells tolled solemnly in the pleasant spring, inviting to prayer and fasting. On many days the straight figure of General Lee might be seen, turning into St. Paul's on Capitol Square, for prayer and meditation. Noted men of the period sometimes accompanied him. One of them was likely to be "Jeb" Stuart, who soon would play pranks with the plans of the Federal army. Like his commander, a devout man.

While Richmond prayed and reveled (or its war-time throng reveled) the Confederacy took form. In the midst of its gambling, horse-swapping crowds, Lee worked as few men could have worked — calm, tireless, bringing the meticulous care that marked his nature to the sealing of the least envelope or the outfitting of a regiment. His even tones fell lower in these war-hurried days to commands of the fewest words. Later eminence has rather obscured his work in organizing the Confederacy for defense. He assumed the undertaking on the day that Virginia cast in her destiny, and carried it forward to the first great accomplishment in the field.

President Davis, as Commander-in-Chief, had direction of the armies. Lee stood at his side as military aide, but his position was anomalous, uncertain. On the very day in April that he had been named commander of the Virginia forces he also was asked to give up the rank for an appointment, as yet indefinite, in the Confederate army. Lee, the magnanimous, complied. Yet he was nominally in command of the Virginia forces and actually planning the campaign that might begin any day.

Lee had rare insight into military problems and astonishing breadth of conceptions. The lessons of Mexico and the frontier yielded much. The examples of the Napoleonic wars were not forgotten. The experiments of his thirty-odd years (and they were hardly more) emerged surely into definite principles for the guidance of the Confederacy. The thumbed textbooks that had followed him from camp to camp produced a scholar well learned in the arts of war, though he had never commanded an army.

He designed the structure of the Confederate army so that it would move by brigades, each one an integral army, and anticipated by more than a half century the basic plan of organization taken over by the American army from the French in 1917. While the Federal army struggled toward divisions and corps, he saw that the power of mobility must make up for lack of numbers on the Confederate side. The new army should not be regarded as several large units, but a collection of armies, represented by brigades. The percentage of numbers would be against the Confederacy upon every field. The army of Lee must make up by speed and shock what it lacked otherwise.

Not many commanders have attempted to create an army as brief a period, and to find munitions of war where none existed. But it was the fortune of the Confederacy to have a group of exceptional leaders at its command, almost every one a trained soldier, and a race of men equal to any, who would fill the ranks. The staff that Lee gathered in Richmond during this period, the points of defense he selected and made strong, were vital to later victories. The man seemed omnipresent, having a hand in everything. From strategy he hastened to the making and gathering of war supplies.

The major part of those 120,000 muskets found by Gorgas were old smooth-bore guns, "calibre .69," firing a round ball with an effective range of no more than 150 yards. Opposed to them would be the newer rifled muskets of the Federal army, having a range up to 400 yards. Lee considered that problem. It was plain that his army must depend upon the bayonet in no small degree. But there were no bayonets.

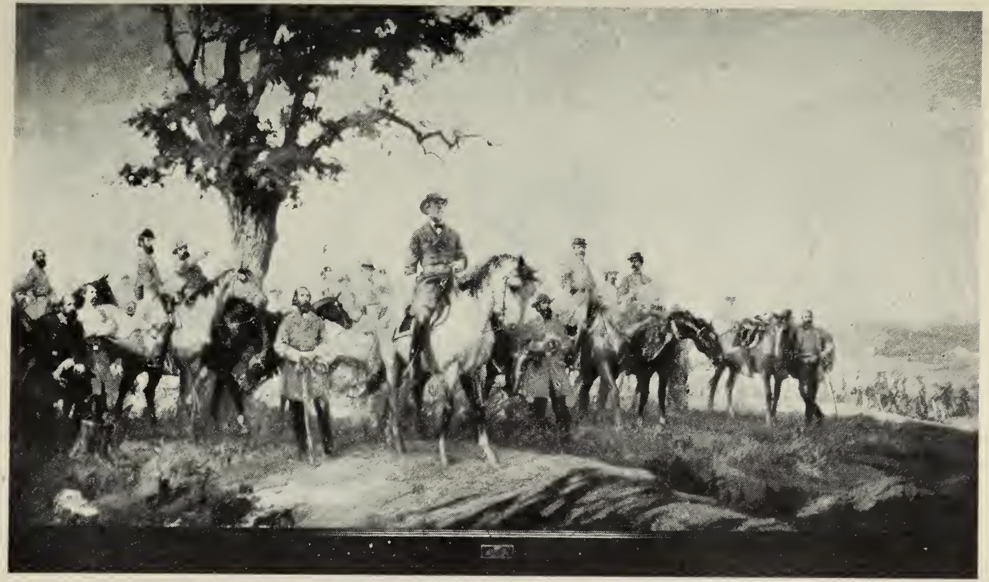
Very well, let the blacksmiths be counted out of the ranks and put to work. Find forges and iron for them — take the hinges off the doors if need be. Then there were no sabers for the cavalry — or not enough to go around. A call brought forth from old trunks, down from the walls of the nation's parlors, the weapons of Revolutionary and other days. New sabers were fashioned as best they could be. But the making of tempered blades was another problem than fashioning bayonets. The blacksmiths had poor success. Then let them make pikes, long, mediæval pikes, such as had been used in the Revolution and could be used again. Pikes it became, for a large part of the cavalry. Hearing that arms were scarce, newcomers brought their squirrel guns and powder and ball to ram down the barrel. Powder horns, flint and steel were common.

In the beginning, Confederate field artillery consisted of six and twelve-pounder howitzers, matched against similar guns in the Federal army, but far outmatched by that army's rifled cannon. The Confederacy had a limited number of heavy guns found in fortified places, and generally left there. The supply of ammunition approached the non-existent. One of Lee's feverish efforts turned upon the provision of guns and — even more difficult — of ammunition. It need not be repeated that the South lacked technical equipment. The energy of this people, struggling to assert their right to nationality, must ever amaze the student. No matter what might be lacking, it was earnestly sought and found, or a substitute provided.

Thus a crude kind of gun works was soon operating in Richmond and small arms plants followed, the best of them in Columbus, Georgia. In far-away San Antonio, Texas, powder was produced, by the help of minerals from Mexico. The ammunition for cannon was enough to give any man pause. Lee summoned the chemists of the army. To make percussion caps for case shot it was necessary to have a supply of nitric acid, mercury and copper. Instantly there was search for caves that might yield saltpetre, from which the chemists in turn could produce nitric acid. And the caves were found! But not enough saltpetre. It also might be found under old barns and smokehouses in small quantities. No matter how small, dig up the floors!

The supply of sheet copper was quickly exhausted. Down came the bells from their steeples. Graves were opened and copper coffins of a hundred years gone retrieved. Turpentine and moonshine stills were freely offered upon the altar of nationality. Mexico sent quicksilver. But she could not send fulminate of mercury. The chemists experimented and found a combination of chlorate of potash and sulphuret of antimony that would replace mercury. Energy, enterprise, devotion.

As the work of preparation went forward, the nation gathered for its critical hour. And what a gathering was this! Men of every sort, from the cavaliers on their prancing horses down to poor Joe, straight from his ten acres. Cavaliers trained to the saddle from the day that they



Lee and his commanders.

The man at the left, his foot on the stump, is Ewell; Jackson, mounted; A. P. Hill, his hands on the sword. At the right, Longstreet, glasses in hand; Joseph E. Johnston and Beauregard, mounted; J. E. B. Stuart standing beside his horse.

From the painting by Charles Hoffbauer in Battle Abbey, Richmond. (*Published by permission. Copyright.*)

could mount and ride. The grandees of the Colonial world, men whose fathers had fought the colonies' and the nation's wars since there had been colony or nation. They came gaily, wearing their fine swords (often duelling weapons), and carrying silver and ivory-mounted pistols in their holsters. A black body servant followed every man and there was good living among them in the first stages of war. Never had cavalry been more splendid in arms, horses and men.

The Confederacy had both flag and uniform before its removal to Richmond. Accounts of the origin of each are numerous and conflicting. Dealing in terms of the probable — Nicola Marschall was the man who designed both. A Prussian lately come to the country, chance placed him in Marion, Alabama, on the outbreak of war, where he was painting a number of portraits, particularly one of Mrs. Napoleon Lockett.

The summons to arms stirred Marschall no less than his subjects. When there was talk of a flag he took canvas and paint brush in hand. On Mrs. Lockett's next appearance, he stepped to the canvas, threw aside its covering cloth, and exposed there — the Confederate flag. A broad red stripe top and bottom, a white stripe between, and a sky-blue union in the upper left corner, with seven stars in a circle.

Tradition holds that Mrs. Lockett presented this design to the Confederate Congress at one of its first sessions, when Marschall's design forthwith became the Confederate flag. It was altered later by Beauregard and Johnston to the more familiar red ground, with the blue Greek cross, bearing the eleven white stars, the so-called battle flag.

Marschall, a man of world experience, also showed Mrs. Lockett some sketches of uniforms, done in gray, designed in the style of uniforms of a noted Austrian corps. And these — tradition affirms — were the models of the Confederate uniform, with blue markings for infantry, red for artillery, yellow for cavalry and black for the engineers.

It is certain that every scrap of gray disappeared early in the days of the new nation. The army never had any uniformity of dress. It wore what it could get and thanked Heaven for a warm Union overcoat. In '61 the cavalrymen wore hunting clothes, of a style that served well enough for uniforms. Under officers sewed home-made chevrons to their sleeves and upper officers had epaulettes on the shoulders of their coats — when they could get epaulettes. A picture, waiting its painter. The departing soldier standing on his doorstep, while Jennie sews his stripes to his sleeve.

There were the Richmond Grays and the Richmond Blues. Purcell's Battery went to the front wearing red woolen shirts and black broadcloth breeches — like a fireman's parade. No slight matter, this question of uniforms, as witness a "want ad." in the *Daily Dispatch* of the period:

> WANTED—Recruits for Company D, First Regiment Virginia Volunteers, now at Manassas Junction. Uniforms and board free. Apply at P. H. Taylor's Music Store, Main street, between 9th and 10th.

Higher officers and numbers of those in the line managed to turn out in uniforms to please any eye. Their long gray coats fell almost to the knees and their high boots came up to the coats. New York tailors who had fitted these men, and their fathers before them, experienced a windfall of trade in the spring of '61. The storm had not swept away niceties of dress. What tailor would refuse a customer his last suit, no matter his patriotism?

The gray coats required buttons, a double line of them in brass, and there were no buttons. Old army officers cut the buttons from their blue coats and tacked them upon the gray. Conceive of an army without buttons! Only a small number of the Confederate pattern ever were stamped, most of them in France, but there were efforts to make presentable army buttons of cast iron. Think again! First the patterns, then the molds and sand, the hot iron and unlimited patience.

In the artillery arm, high collars of the gray coats were dark red, bearing insignia in gold thread. Occasionally there were red facings along the edges of the coats and a narrow red stripe down the trouser legs. Fastidious commanders wore red sashes upon occasion, and every one carried a dress sword. The other branches of the service had their own touches of color. But the artillerymen must have been the handsomest — red caps, or blue caps with red tops, *à la française,* for the officers at least; red collars, gold touched; red coat bindings and gold epaulettes, and a red stripe down the leg. Top off this rouge with a short gray cape instead of a coat, and the cape red-lined. But the mass of officers had no better *toilette de guerre* than the first chance garment. And the finery soon fell into tatters.

Fine gentlemen of the cavalry rode blithely around in that spring and early summer of '61, prancing their blooded horses and poking fun at the infantry, marching with a blanket roll on its back. The other sort of cavalry, made up of farmers and squires, took its pikes and held its peace. This Confederate army was one of contrasts, its principal leaders the sons of the cavaliers. English was the dominant strain of the army, leavened by Scottish and Irish stock. Next, perhaps, was the French strain, then the German, both of them slight in the larger whole.

But the difference was not so much of race as of cast. The first cavaliers had been aristocrats of the blue vintage, and the South of '61 remained mediæval, dividing broadly between rich men and poor men, the knights and the villeins. Between them was the merchant class, the doctors, the dominies, measurably Scottish in origin. This social institution had the merits and the weaknesses of mediæval times. There was a gulf between the man who owned a thousand-acre plantation and half a thousand slaves, compared to the farmer who might own one or two slaves, a half dozen, or none whatever. Yet this gulf was not so great in fact as it looked in appearance. In this day when American classes are more strongly defined than they ever were in colonial history, it becomes difficult to make the Southern social institution a matter of easy comprehension. The South never knew the bitterness that marks industrial democracy. The farmer born to his ten acres, or to his 200, did not feel it an affront that his neighbor, a cavalier, should own a thousand. He respected his richer neighbor. There was no such impetuous striving for money and place. On the day that a plantation owner rode over his acres he would stop at the farmer's door to join him in a cold draught from the well, or a nip of last fall's brandy. He knew the farmer's wife and his children. They were very good friends. In need the rich man might befriend the poor one. Both were proud, the farmer in a stricter sense than the plantation owner, who could afford a genial liberality. Thus the farmer responded by "looking up" to this great man, with respect and some affection.

On the first threat of war — that war talked about so long — it was not infrequently styled "a rich man's war." In humble homes of the land the women said to their men, "Don't you go, Jim, it ain't your war. We don't own no niggers." And Jim often answered that he "reckoned he wouldn't." News traveled slowly. The telegraph was a feeble thing, the printed page but little known. Events were preceded by days and weeks of rumor. The war had been talked for a generation. Its final coming was like an event predestined.

Farmer and cavalier fell into the ranks. The social body was one. A flame of pride swept the land, hushing the timid. Such a company had not met in a long while, as this gathering of men, drilling in the roads and meadows of Virginia, or sitting around their campfires, wondering when the war would end. They wanted nothing so much as to meet the Yankees and get the fighting done. Ma and Bud would carry on the farm work as best they could during the summer, and there should be a crop to gather in the fall. Cotton and corn, peas and potatoes. The family will live one way and another, until they can get home again. Where are the "damned Yankees," anyway?

For most of the men it was their first trip away from home. The majority were young fellows, but no large majority. Bearded faces of thirty-five and forty were numerous in the ranks. They were simple men, too, believing in God, in Mary at home by her spindle, in the justice of their cause. They came with Mary's kiss wet on their cheeks, the parson's blessing sounding in their ears. It was a praying army. God would aid them.

A large number had no "book larnin'." They knew little of governments and theories. When the day came that the Yankees were going to dictate the terms of their simple lives, they took down their squirrel guns, put on their "store bought" hats, the hickory shirts and jeans clothes that Mary had made, and started for the nearest place of muster.

April had slipped swiftly into May and May now merged into June. The cleft in Lee's brow grew deeper. No man's spirit quickened more than his at the flame of his kinsmen's beacon. Yet his cares were great, well nigh insuperable. In the evenings — when he would be less observed — he walked through Richmond and the camps, noting the latest arrivals, the temper of his men.

Prodigious things had been accomplished. Raw forces rounded into regiments. Men drilled everywhere. Powder and shot were being found, fabricated, produced from Heaven knows where. The Tredegar Iron Works in Richmond already had cast some small guns, and would become the principal cannon foundry of the Confederacy.

In this critical time, when the 5,000,000 people of the Confederacy roused to defend their homes, the inchoate black mass — the 4,000,000 slaves — looked on with emotions that it would be hard to plumb. After years of whispered talk in plantation cabins, about the freedom that some day might come, it now appeared that the "white folks" really were going to fight over them. Runaways increased as the mass stirred — and who would blame them? There were unrecorded mutterings. Incidents like the John Brown raid, the threat of war, could not leave the mass unchanged. Every man departing for the battlefield carried with him acute anxiety. "Don't you let your Ma get out of sight, Bud, when you go plowing."

So much noise in the world, so much change and commotion, affected the blacks insidiously. When the white men had gone — or some of them — the women left behind saw strange things in the faces of blacks they had known throughout their lives. The heritage of the past peeped from behind the veneer of the white man's ways. Night became a time of alarm — verging to terror — on the isolated farms. Every swinging shutter, every noise of the night — what might they portend? Then to open a door and find a black man standing there. "Hit's only me, Miss Jennie, Uncle Mose."

Maybe it was no more. Yet Southern women lived such lives as they alone might describe. In the main the millions of blacks were better conducted than reason might have expected. Thousands went with the armies, digging intrenchments, laboring to the utmost. There were uncounted instances of bravery and devotion to masters in the field and mistresses at home. The black man, in durance, had not been so unhappy as depicted; neither was he a vicious man. Decidedly the contrary. Yet the exception — the possible — was a large enough factor to become one of the grave problems of the Confederacy.

Organization and equipment of the growing army — to be famous while fame lasts as the Army of Northern Virginia — were largely the work of Lee's hand. Leadership in the field was to be entrusted elsewhere. On June 9 he confided to Mary, "You may be aware that the Confederate Government is established here. Yesterday I turned over to it the command of the military and naval forces of the State, in accordance with the proclamation of the Government, under an agreement between the State and the Confederate States. I do not know what my position will be. I should like to retire into private life, so that I could be with you and the children, but if I can be of service to the State and her cause I must continue."

Again the earnestness to "be of service." Also a new note. He was plainly hurt, and we may divine the hurt. As the vigor of the Confederacy sprang from the strong individual qualities of its people, so they were a source of difficulty among their leaders. It was in the nature of these men that they should aspire to command, and as inevitable that a bidding for place should ensue. After June 9, Lee was half-resolved to enlist in the cavalry company of his son Rooney, who followed his father and older brother Custis, embracing the fortunes of Virginia.

Although the world of today but dimly remembers more than two commanders of the Confederacy — Lee and Jackson — the roster of the Southern captains included tried and able men, worthy of fame. Who, for instance, remembers Albert Sidney Johnston? Yet he was looked upon North and South as one of the ablest — if not the ablest — officer of the old army, despite the reputation of Lee. Opinion might be said to divide between them. Another man of the first reputation was Joseph E. Johnston, no relative of the other, despite their names. Who could overlook Lee's friend, "Dear Joe," when the matter came to choosing leaders?

It was to be August 31 before Congress finally named five full Generals, to rank in this order — Samuel Cooper, Albert Sidney Johnston, Robert E. Lee, Joseph E. Johnston and Pierre G. T. Beauregard. Cooper, as former Adjutant-General of the United States Army, and the Adjutant of President Davis, could properly take first rank. Albert Sidney Johnston was in every way worthy to rank next and no one was better pleased than Lee to see him honored. That emphatically was not the case with "dear Joe." He had held a staff appointment in the old army, ranking as Brigadier-General, and it plainly was unfair to set a Brigadier down among Colonels.

Acrimony extended to other ranks until President Davis was a man sorely tried. He had prejudices upon his own account in choosing men and showed a disposition to defend them against any odds. Among those to suffer from public criticism, but who would retain the President's confidence, Lee was the most prominent. Davis's faith in him marked the President as a man of no mean judgment. His character had a strain of simplicity, and much honesty.

On June 10 the first spark of war burst into flame on Virginia soil. Since mid-April Federal and Confederate forces had gathered strength. Three days less than two months after the fall of Sumter, Brigadier-General Benjamin F. Butler moved out of Fortress Monroe, close to Norfolk, and up the peninsula. Probably the first gun fired in Virginia broke the morning stillness at Gloucester Point, near Yorktown, where British power in America had crumpled eighty years before.

Colonel J. B. Magruder — afterward Major-General — lay between Yorktown and the James, commanding 1,800 infantry and six guns. Butler came out at the head of 4,000 infantry and two batteries. Magruder beat him off handsomely. No more than a skirmish, but this victory cheered the South from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. All signs made plain that the Federals would strike direct for Richmond, via Manassas Junction, thirty-three miles from Washington. Under the eyes of Lincoln and Scott the army of invasion had been trained and equipped to the last buckle and shoe lace. At the end of June, Union forces in all theatres of war numbered 190,000 men and the Confederate strength was half that number, widely scattered in both cases.

Early in July, Lee visited Magruder and the peninsula defenses, to make certain that no immediate threat impended. Then he proceeded to inspect Beauregard's command at Manassas, numbering about 20,000 men, the largest force in the field. Beauregard was a brilliant man, whose destiny had seemed to lead him here, from a Captaincy in the old army, to stand before the whole Federal power. His conferences with Lee were long and detailed. The President's aide sensed that Beauregard would be the man to shape the Confederacy's fortunes in its first contest for life. And his easy suggestions, his habit of leading and pointing out, must have influenced the younger man no little. Lee left him satisfied.

While the major conflict drew nearer, the prelude and fanfare of war continued. Brigadier George B. McClellan moved into Western Virginia from Ohio, and overwhelmed the Confederate force under Brigadier Robert S. Garnett, an officer of promise. McClellan had superior forces and much enthusiasm. General Garnett lost his life in the retreat, when he walked along the bank of a creek under fire to rally his wavering rear guard.

President Davis and the South stirred uneasily. The melancholy news arrived at the moment of peril to Beauregard. Could he hold the gateway? At last, on July 16, the army encamped outside Washington and across the Potomac, moved toward the heart of the Old Dominion. A sad day in the history of this nation. The sons of the men who had given the world a new concept of liberty now took to arms — and liberty again was the cause, each side believing implicitly in the kind of liberty that it understood.

On came the grand army of the Union, bands playing, flags aloft. Everywhere was high confidence. One sharp blow and the Stars and Stripes would wave above Richmond. And nothing between except Beauregard at the crossroads.

CHAPTER V

The Opening Gun — and Victory

ON the morning of July 15 a young man arrived in Washington, apparently come from no particular place, and walked leisurely to a home near the White House. Somewhat timidly he rang the bell. Plainly he was a modest young man, who asked the negro servant if he might see "the lady of the house."

When he was ushered in, and the servant had gone, he thrust a cipher message into the woman's hand — merely reading "trust bearer." The woman — Mrs. Rose O'Neal Greenhow — looked at him closely, then spoke low into his ear, "Orders are issued for McDowell to march upon Manassas tonight. Go!"

The young man left as leisurely as he had come, walked down the street to call upon another citizen of Washington, and soon rolled through the capital in the citizen's buggy, toward the east. A half hour more and his buggy careened along the roads of Maryland. Another hour and he had reached the house of a friendly ferryman. There he must wait, through the long day. Patrol boats were abroad in the river — suspicious. Finally, when shadows lay heavy near the banks and verged to the middle, his ferryman bore him over to the Virginia side.

Hot haste, now! Summon couriers. Away with the news. Beauregard has it between 8 and 9 o'clock. His outposts are ordered to fall back at the first flash of powder. At last McDowell is going to undertake his appointed task. West Point classmates, one against the other.

From the first day of conflict the Confederate intelligence service proved one of its ablest arms. Beauregard, sitting in his lines at Bull Run, might read the Washington papers and remark, "Well, I see my old friend McDowell is getting on." Daily the Washington papers had reached him, bearing accounts of the troops arriving, the guns and cavalry moving, until he knew the forces before him almost to a man. Doubtless the Federal intelligence men did something of the kind for McDowell, although Richmond was a hundred miles away and its papers less well informed. This was only an elementary part of the work carried on by Confederate observers. The secrets of Lincoln's councils were its object, and one of those messages that change the course of history had now come into the hands of Beauregard.

He held a fairly strong position, covering the junction of two railroads, accessible by turnpikes and country roads. On the report of McDowell's advance he retired slightly to the southern bank of Bull Run, a small stream east and north of Manassas Junction. Beauregard's force numbered about 21,000 men. But he would not make a hasty appeal for troops. Toward the end of June he had advised Davis and Lee to reinforce the troops at Manassas and move against McDowell. The President decided that the plan was "brilliant and comprehensive," yet he rejected it. This comment had the sound of Lee, standing at the Presidential elbow.

Beauregard would not hastily ask for reinforcements. Neither did the Federal advance appear on the night expected. It was noon of the next day before McDowell moved. On came the grand army of the Union from its fortified lines at Alexandria, guarding Washington, across the river. Bright new banners caught the sunlight with a silky sheen. Blue uniforms were new as well, and buttons shining. Swaying lines of bayonets, wickedest creation of man, gleamed in the July sun. Brass cannon shone dully.

Pause, reader, whatever your affairs, and stand beside the road to watch these columns pass. America never saw such an army before, 35,000 strong. Washington had no more at his greatest strength in scattered commands. Here are 35,000 men in a compact mass, moving to destroy another mass, made up of men who think and feel as themselves.

Consider the aspect of these men from a dozen States, as they march along, stirring a fog of dust. The larger number have been drawn from militia organizations in big Northern cities. Most of them have slight individual interest — if any — in questions of secession or justice to white man or black. They have gone to war because their militia commands joined en masse; or their friends joined and they wanted to "see the fun"; or the war spirit caught them in its swirl and fury.

On this hot July day an observer might think that some of them have come for a lark. There is the 79th New York, in kilts; the 11th New York in Zouave suits; men from Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Ohio in strangely different, often gaudy uniforms. The men themselves are mostly young, like the Confederates, but there are seasoned men among them, and many a patriot of the old strain. Stolid figures sitting on caissons, arms folded, will be regulars; also the cavalrymen adding their jingle to the concert of war.

In a word, it is "Lincoln's three months' army," and the nation behind it clamors for a decision. The men are no less anxious. Within a few days or a few weeks their enlistments will expire. In the very hour of battle the 4th Pennsylvania Infantry and Varian's New York Battery will decide that it is time to go home, and leave the field, discharged. Scott wanted to send the three months' men home again, and build up an army of the three years' men, already called. But everybody knew that Scott was old, and old men have a crotchety way of being overcautious.

Maybe that is the affliction of McDowell. Anxious Scott has warned him to be careful; whatever he does — be on guard. Lee has assembled a powerful army, trained and armed in some magical way. Beware of him. Though he is not upon the field himself, because Davis keeps him in Richmond, he has Beauregard there. And Beauregard is a very devil of a man to meet anywhere, the straight-backed, proud, Louisiana Frenchman. His black moustache and curling hair, with the military imperial on his chin, no less than his commanding eye and martial manner, proclaim his race. From a plain Captain in the old army he has become Brigadier in the new, a story-book soldier, if one ever lived. Moreover, he will fight. Make no mistake upon it.

Sturdy McDowell, the big, handsome, clear-eyed man, moves cautiously. Southern armies had benefited by advertising in Northern papers. They were estimated at three to four times their strength, and armies imagined where none existed. Public prints contained accounts of "ferocious Louisiana tigers," the prowess of the "black horse cavalry," and the peril of "masked batteries," especially batteries. On two or three occasions in the first blushes of conflict Northern forces encountered batteries unexpectedly. And McDowell moved to Bull Run, expecting a masked battery behind every thicket of pines. His instructions to officers noted that, "It would not be pardonable in any commander to come upon a battery or breastwork without knowledge of its position."

No need to wonder that the grand army should move slowly. When Lee visited the position at Manassas he conferred long with Beauregard about plans and commanders. It has been said that one of Lee's greatest possessions was a knowledge of the officers he left in the old service. Not especially complimentary to them, but the remark embraces elements of truth. Lee comprehended men, knowing well the weaknesses of Southern as well as Northern officers. Assuredly he told Beauregard that McDowell was a careful man, who would be most careful under Scott's guidance. Beauregard knew McDowell, too. Between Lee and Beauregard he was appraised, measured and weighed.

Yet Brigadier Beauregard did not wish to read another of Lee's polite comments on his plans, "brilliant and comprehensive," though returned with thanks. He waited until the 17th before telegraphing Davis, "The enemy has assailed my outposts in heavy force. . . . Please inform Johnston of this, via Staunton, and also Holmes (Brigadier T. H.). Send forward any reinforcements at the earliest possible moment, and by every possible means."

Let Richmond read that message and take such action as it might. If Johnston would only come, and Holmes hurry . . . but Beauregard would stand, no matter who came, or who failed. The play of events can be seen in a few terse messages.

Davis, waiting in Richmond, debated before he acted. Debate with others—above everything, debate with himself — was the man's curse. Upon this critical day Lee waited in constant attendance. Working with his aide-de-camp, Walter H. Taylor, he had prepared a large scale map of the Manassas front, showing connections to the Shenandoah Valley, and lines of approach from Richmond.

On this day Taylor kept the map under his arm, ready for the President's bidding. Several times he consulted it, going over the ground painfully, calculating the chances that Johnston must run in coming from the valley. Suppose that the Federals had another, perhaps a larger force, ready to thrust down the valley when Johnston moved? What then?

Lee spent the day answering questions, in his patient way; trying to anticipate probabilities. Captain Taylor, afterward Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor, and a soldier of parts, offered suggestions as opportunity permitted. But Davis found himself in that place which the philosophers of old called "the awful seat of power." Should he — or should he not? And if not, what then of Beauregard?

Lee himself had calculated the chances. McDowell's approximate force was known. The Federal commanders as yet could not stamp upon the ground to summon armies. Beauregard would hold his own with some support; maybe win victory, with support enough. Point by point he explained to Davis, but, in his reserved way, would not assert his opinion.

Throughout the long, anxious day the President's adviser and his aide-de-camp followed in the footsteps of Davis, trying to help him resolve his mind. Had he named Lee Commander-in-Chief that day, what a day for the Confederacy. But Davis had not even a chief of staff in the present-day understanding. He literally was Commander-in-Chief, a mistake not omitted by Lincoln.

Long ago it was said that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," and Davis reasoned from his army experience—really of limited degree — that he was as able as any man to direct the Confederate armies. A viewpoint afterward modified, but never surrendered.

When Lee and Taylor left the President his decision apparently had been deferred to the next day. Then, suddenly, in the quiet of his study, he seizes a pen and writes to Johnston — momentous telegram.

> Gen. Beauregard is attacked. To strike the enemy a decisive blow all your effective forces will be needed. If practicable, make the movement, sending your sick and baggage to Culpeper C.H. (Court House) either by railroad or by Warrenton. In all the arrangements exercise your discretion.

Assuredly Lee had no part in framing that message. Johnston, a thorough-going soldier, if a hard-headed one, took the measure of discretion, leaving a handful of infantry and some cavalry to burn powder under the nose of Major-General Robert Patterson, his checkmate at the outer end of the Shenandoah Valley. Later he was to write a report in which he said, "About 1 o'clock in the morning of July 18, I received from the Government a telegraphic dispatch informing me that the Northern army was advancing upon Manassas, then held by General Beauregard, and directing me, if practicable, to go to that officer's assistance, after sending my sick to Culpeper C. H. In the exercise of discretion conferred by the terms of the order, I at once determined to march to join General Beauregard."

Thereby arose a controversy long and bitter, extending throughout the war to this present page, sixty-eight years later. Johnston had about 2,000 men sick, afflicted by measles and mumps. To dispose of them quickly and safely was no slight problem at that critical moment. Davis objected to the phrase "after sending my sick" and had it erased from the report.

Whatever Johnston thought of the Presidential order, he seems to have thought less of any danger from Patterson, despite his 15,000 men. J. E. B. Stuart was to demonstrate near the Union lines. Then veer off and leave a screen of men before the enemy, riding to join Johnston.

By noon of the 18th his first brigade was on the road. Who is this stern, straight-nosed, black-bearded man in command of the advance? Thomas Jonathan Jackson. Observe him well, reader. He will be heard from again and again in this war. Already the army has named his troops "Jackson's foot cavalry." Today they will demonstrate their right to it.

By 10 o'clock on the night of the 18th they have forded the Shenandoah, crossed the Blue Ridge and reached the town of Paris, seventeen miles in all. Before daylight of the 19th they move on six miles to Piedmont. Beauregard has rolling stock waiting. At 1 o'clock they are in Manassas, thirty-four miles away, ready for battle.

With the other brigades moving and Johnston himself on the way, Scott's anxiety grew acute. That old soldier sensed the game of chess. On the 17th he divined how matters went, and telegraphed Patterson, "McDowell's first day's work has driven the enemy behind Fairfax Court House. Do not let the enemy amuse and delay you with a small force in front while he reinforces the Junction with his main body."

Next day Scott asked again, "Has he not stolen a march and sent reinforcements toward Manassas Junction?" But Patterson answered confidently, "The enemy has stolen no march on me. I have kept him actively employed and, by threats and reconnaissances, caused him to be reinforced. I have accomplished, in this respect, more than the General-in-Chief asked, or could well be expected

JACKSON
as a Lieutenant in the Mexican War.
From the collection of Frederick H. Meserve

THOMAS J. (STONEWALL) JACKSON,
Photographed in 1862.
From the collection of Frederick H. Meserve

in face of an enemy far superior in numbers." Vanity of man!

In this day of armies controlled by a headquarters staff, the extent of movement and independence in '61 is astonishing. If Scott had his bad hours over Patterson, Davis was troubled by Johnston, never a man of words. On the 19th Adjutant-General Cooper telegraphed Beauregard:

> We have no intelligence from General Johnston. If the enemy in front of you has abandoned an immediate attack, and General Johnston has not moved, you had better withdraw your call upon him, so that he may be left to his full discretion. All the troops arriving in Lynchburg are ordered to join you. From this place we will send as fast as transportation permits. The enemy is advised in Washington of the projected movement of Generals Johnston and Holmes, and may vary his plans in conformity thereto.

Surely a pleasant bit of encouragement for a man about to face battle. Whatever Richmond may have thought, and Scott have guessed, it was the 20th before Patterson telegraphed his commander the truth, humbly enough, and just learned then, "With a portion of his forces Johnston left Winchester by the road to Millwood on the afternoon of the 18th. His whole force was about 35,200."

As a matter of Johnston's own painstaking statement, he brought 8,340 men and twenty guns to Manassas. Holmes arrived from Acquia Creek farther east with 1,265 men and six pieces of artillery. That night of the 20th Beauregard had 29,188 rank and file and fifty-five guns, the larger number six-pounders. A few were twelve-pounders and a few others three-inch iron rifles forged in Richmond by Lee's new ordnance foundries.

While Patterson counted shadows for men, and Johnston moved to the field, McDowell tarried. Never did General tarry longer. Lee had read him well. Starting at noon on the 16th the Federal army, had it made anything like the effort of Jackson's "cavalry," would have faced the Confederate lines on the 17th. Instead the movement gained no more than five miles, looking for batteries. On the 18th its slow advance continued.

Back in Washington the board of strategy had elected to attack Beauregard's right, crush that flank, and move on to Richmond. It was precisely the manœuvre that Lee and Beauregard foresaw, and which Beauregard wanted to anticipate by an earlier attack. His forces held about seven miles of ground behind the creek of Bull Run, from a little beyond the Stone Bridge on the west to a point east of there. The Run could be forded at several places and was not a serious obstacle. But here the Confederacy would stand. And here a small action ended favorably on the 18th.

Next day Johnston's men began to arrive, in long, heavy trains. Brigadier-General Daniel Tyler, one of McDowell's commanders, was a railroad man and his ear detected the labored exhaust of trains coming from the direction of the Shenandoah. Tyler listened to those overburdened engines until he decided that Johnston's whole army was moving into Manassas. McDowell thought him in error. Scott had promised that Patterson would hold Johnston, and should Johnston move, Patterson would be "on his heels." Yet Tyler could not doubt his ears. On the 20th he reported more engines pulling heavy loads. Again his commander ignored him.

It was in the early Sunday morning of July 21 that McDowell took his post at the junction of the Warrenton Turnpike and a country road running westward to Sudley Springs ford. There he waited, his staff around him, waiting under the bright summer moon to see the attacking regiments swing past, a proud commander, as well he might be. McDowell had given up the plan of attack where Beauregard expected him and decided to strike the Confederate left, lightly held, instead of the centre and right, strongly posted.

No longer ago than noon of Saturday, McDowell's engineers had reported the country road as practicable. It was a "concealed road," or so it became in dispatches.

Really a winding country road parallel to Bull Run and gradually bending toward that stream. His engineers estimated the distance to be marched at six miles, but it proved nearer ten. McDowell directed that his troops should move on Saturday night and camp in the woods. They would have a shorter march in the morning. Other officers prevailed upon him to start from the camps on Sunday, insuring a night's sleep and hot coffee in the morning. McDowell consented.

Thereby he committed one of his major mistakes. In the general anxiety to be afoot early and get the war ended, his men were under arms by midnight of Saturday. They moved between 2.30 and 3 o'clock, yawning and tired. Then there was confusion at the junction of the roads, a mass of men crowding into the ferry road. The head of the column was deep in the woods when daylight came. And the hot coffee miles behind. A poor breakfast for so eventful a Sunday.

The Warrenton Turnpike yet runs its peaceful way from Centreville to Cub Run, two miles away, then to Bull Run, two miles farther. Such miles they were, on this 21st of July, 1861. While McDowell, with five brigades, marched along the country road, Tyler, with three others, pushed down the turnpike to Bull Run for a demonstration.

On went McDowell, his regiments plodding steadily in the dusty road. This dust rose and formed a compact mass over the green tree tops. Colonel Nathan G. Evans, commanding Confederate forces across Stone Bridge and opposite Tyler, saw the mass and wondered. He was a curious man, and never entirely took his eye off the pathway of dust, although matters were developing on his own front.

Still the flanking army plodded on. It was hot and getting hotter. Thousands of men in the ranks were city-bred, unaccustomed to long jaunts with numerous pounds on their backs. They began to fall out. Regiments had to be halted five minutes. That stopped the column. Time fled.

Beware, McDowell! Does no voice whisper that peril lies along the way? Your army of 18,000 men is strung out for miles, getting weary and footsore. Suppose the Confederates should strike you now? Impossible! Perhaps. But think upon it, man.

McDowell thinks — and acts. The last brigade is ordered to stop. If anything should happen, it will be in the rear to help. Nothing will happen, of course; nothing disastrous, but it is as well to be careful. Yonder comes a dispatch rider, dashing along the road's edge, half among the soldiers, half among the trees. He must bear good news. McDowell tears and reads, this greeting from Scott, "It is known that a strong reinforcement left Winchester on the afternoon of the 18th, which you will also have to beat. Four new regiments will leave today, to be at Fairfax Station tonight. Others shall follow tomorrow. Twice the number if necessary."

Reinforcements for the enemy — new regiments — tonight! Nay this very hour is the time of need. And the accursed country road seems as though it has no end.

Johnston and Beauregard waited on a hill behind their lines, to the Confederate right, miles away. It was Beauregard's renewed plan, and Johnston agreed, to cross Bull Run that Sunday morning, where his strength was greatest. Then he would try to roll up the Federal forces in front, turning their flank if possible, getting between them and Washington, also if possible. Ambitious man — Beauregard, given to conceptions of war upon a mighty scale. A man who delighted in movement and manœuvre. Give him his way and he would outflank, befuddle and overwhelm the enemy. What is of more consequence, he might have accomplished nothing less than his whole grand conception on this Sunday morning of July.

The day of Manassas — or Bull Run — was one of magnificent "ifs." Never was battle fought with more surprises, mistakes or possibilities. While Johnston and Beauregard waited on the hill behind their lines, fortune never knew a more favorable time than that exact moment to do the exact thing Beauregard proposed. McDowell, smitten on his left, must have turned back from the country road. The mind darkens at thought of the confusion then. Only three brigades opposed the Confederate centre and right, which meant the Federal left. Roll up those brigades, take Centreville, cut off McDowell, push on to Washington.

If the Federals made mistakes, the Confederates blundered into almost as great, though less damaging, and perhaps more pardonable in a raw army. The Confederate plan was sound, the Federal perilous. Confederate errors were by omission, the Federal by direct commission.

At 5 o'clock on that fateful Sunday morning Beauregard dispatched orders for the Confederate right to move. But the order to his brigade commander on the far right never reached him. Another commander misunderstood his instructions. Alas, Lee, you never foresaw that!

Two other brigades moved across the stream. There was the Confederate right, half over, half on the other side. Let us suppose that the three Federal brigades had been strengthened by McDowell's 5,000 reserves, smoking their pipes at Alexandria. The second magnificent "if" did not eventuate. Beauregard and Johnston waited on their hill behind the centre, oblivious that orders were lost and misunderstood. In this early period of the war trains ran late, wrecks littered the railroads, messages were delayed and lost.

As the morning sun cleared away the night's shadows, the first gun sounded, its raucous note breaking the morning quiet. Hark to that gun! Surely the Federal left never lay in its direction. The sound came from Stone Bridge, miles to the Confederate left. Beauregard's alert head snaps that way. He listens. Again the gun! A long-barreled, rifled Parrott cannon, "throwing an enormous thirty-pound shell," bigger than anything in the Confederate army. And it is firing on Evans, almost the last outpost to the left.

Here was the third of those portentous "ifs." Had Tyler's military sense proved as keen as his ears he would have pushed across the bridge and swept Evans away. But

Tyler s division had been in action on the 18th and came away worsted. Besides, he had his orders, about "masked batteries." He had heard that the bridge was mined and the woods bristled with guns at the other end. So the thin command of Evans held three brigades stationary, while the long range gun battered the woods around him. Confederate cannon could do no better than hold their iron tongues, with the Federal guns safely out of range.

The glances of Beauregard and Johnston crossed and held fast, at that sound. Scouts arrived, reporting the movement to Stone Bridge. Suddenly the brazen note increased in volume, on a harsher scale. Not one gun, but a battery, trained upon Evans. Swift, then, were the orders, bringing back Confederate forces over the stream. By 7 o'clock that bearded man Jackson is on the move, with him Brigadier Barnard E. Bee, pushing toward Evans.

Wreaths long have rested upon the brows of Johnston and Beauregard. Let not Evans be forgotten when the scroll of fame is written. He has a sharp eye, and wonders what force can be moving across Bull Run to stir such a cloud of dust. Here comes a picket outpost, to tell him. A blue host is passing there!

Without word or order from any man, Evans leaves Stone Bridge, defended by four of the thinnest companies in his thin brigade. He speeds the word to Beauregard and Johnston. Another great "if." Should Tyler press forward now, who will stop his coming? But he reasons that the Confederate guns are "masked," as they do not reply to his own. He will not run the risk of crossing. Evans knows that he will not — or hopes it devoutly. His four companies are to move around in the woods and fire like thousands. And Evans hastens away, with his two six-pounder guns and perhaps a thousand men, to oppose McDowell's army.

At last the Union advance is over the Sudley ford and resting in the woods. Resting, filling canteens, rubbing blistered feet. It is hot! But the advance is over at least and that most damnable of roads lies behind. Unobserved, Evans takes his place across the Sudley road about 8.30, his toy guns and his thousand men confronting the Federal army, 18,000 strong, twenty-four guns. Part of them are regulars of the old army. No light matter, Evans. The Federal advance is but three miles away and will pass your post as inevitably as the day.

Down the Sudley road Federal soldiers are tying their shoestrings a last time, easing the straps of haversacks. If it only were not so hot! Who would wish to live in this blistering country? Might as well let the enemy have it. But McDowell and his 18,000 have come upon another mission. They get under way, Ambrose E. Burnside leading two brigades and an extra regiment. The long miles slip away faster on this side the Run. Men's hearts are beating, eyes glisten. Soon, very soon, they will be in the rear of the Confederate left. Then watch the rebels run!

What harsh sound smites the morning stillness, when good folk should be going to church? Nothing less than the bark of a toy gun and the splatter of bursting canister. Rebels! Aye, rebels indeed. Mark well the spot where they stand, that thousand men, strung across your road, with a toy gun on either end of the line.

Burnside is a West Pointer, too, and one day will command the Union army in Virginia. Today he leads his brigades, and is anxious to pass. While the thin Confederate line lies flat or hides among the pines, and the toy guns bark at the foe, Burnside moves. The 2d Rhode Island comes gallantly up the road and deploys on either side, in the first charge of the war, coming steadily into the short range of Confederate smooth bore muskets. Then! Fire rends the woods and the blue line. The toy guns cough and snort in frenzy. The 2d Rhode Island shudders, closes up, tries again. Again that fire of death.

Had Burnside been a commander of the World War he would have formed one long, strong line and swept the woods. He was a commander of '61, fighting his first battle. So he threw forward one regiment, then another, while his men met disheartening loss without getting in reach of the woods. Even the eight rifled guns backing the infantry failed to break the line.

Brave Evans! You were a soldier. Yet the pressure is closing upon your thin line. The Parrott guns are getting a better range; the line dissolves. By this time Bee and his men are no more than a half mile behind, taking position on a plateau. A little way behind is that silent Jackson. And behind him regiment after regiment marches. Johnston is on the move, and Beauregard. A day of marching.

Evans thinks that he can hold on if Bee will only join him. He demurs. Evans pleads. Courier after courier plunges across the open country between. Burnside is doing better, too. His guns sweep across Evans' woods to stop reinforcements. Bee decides, though, to cross. They do it smartly, over the open and through the woods, into line by the side of Evans. The Federal fire is getting hotter every minute. But the Federals themselves feel the increased fire from the hill. The line has not budged, an hour or more has been gained. Is this the vaunted Federal power? Not entirely. It is the worst of mismanagement. Where is McDowell? Where the rest of the 18,000? Where are the other guns? For that matter, where is the regular cavalry?

Burnside bares his arm for a last try; the Confederates give way about 11 o'clock, retiring across the open. Regular army batteries are warming to the day's work, and pour in canister as the gray line goes back. The line breaks, masses together, confusion seizes it. A long half mile, that run under canister fire. And the canister is breaking at the end, growing to a shower of death. Men shout wildly to one another, giving unheeded advice. Back they go, up the slopes of rising ground to the plateau. There, on the farther side, is a line in gray, immobile. The fugitives rush toward it, break around the ends. Bee pauses before a man in the centre and cries, breathless, "General, they are driving us back." The man in the centre answers, "Then, sir, we will give them the bayonet."

Bee wheels, crying to his men, waving his sword, "Stop! Stop! There stands Jackson like a stone wall."

Immortal line.

The fugitives stand, dividing beyond and behind the lines of Jackson. Officers rally them. Johnston and Beauregard arrive. The excitement subsides. And it is time. Blue lines pour through Evans' woods. Their guns are thundering a steady roar. Canister breaks in fluffs of white smoke.

Now Virginia, stand firm! Courage, Carolina! Hold hard, Georgia! Here comes the blue line, really a blue mass, rolling across the open. Confederate guns rake it as it comes. The mass disappears for a moment on the slopes, under the overhanging plateau. Perhaps it was a vision, and will not appear? Nay, a living wave rises above the crest and comes on till Jackson speaks the word.

If death had riven the line over the valley, death blasts this advance in blue. It crumples, men lie still or scream in pain, crawling away if they can, trying to reach the crest. "Hold your fire," orders Jackson.

A great many things happened about 11 o'clock. McDowell decided at last that Tyler should be stirring around Stone Bridge, and ordered him to cross, almost directly in the rear of the Confederate advance. But Jackson's stone wall would be standing in its place to this day had the battle depended upon Tyler's crossing, for he has not come to this hour. Every resource of the Federal power was wasted.

With Jackson as the keystone, Confederate power stiffened. Cavalry, artillery and infantry arrived, extending the front right and left, especially left, where that smart soldier Beauregard perceived an opportunity.

A signal officer, studying the field through his glasses, saw a new pillar of dust far to the northwest. He watched it a while, idly, seeing the pillar come nearer and grow in volume until it hovered above the field, an ominous threat. Johnston saw it, too. Patterson! Patterson arriving in the very crisis of battle, "hard on his heels," as Scott had promised McDowell. Unless the day was decided before Patterson arrived, all might be lost. The anxious hour that followed, while scouts winded and lamed horses to discover the nature of the cloud, ended in relief. The dust of Johnston's own wagon train; Patterson dozed safely in the valley, sixty miles away.

McDowell marshaled his forces for another effort. No slight affair of a regiment or two, but with every gun and man that he could bring to bear. Between mid-day and two o'clock Beauregard assembled 6,500 men and fourteen guns to meet the remainder of McDowell's force, possibly a thousand short of its original 18,000, with its twenty-four guns intact. The odds were improving.

As both sides strained for a new effort, two companies of Stuart's cavalry slipped through a patch of woods into Sudley road, spreading consternation. The men in the road were city-bred, or most of them were, unused to horses. In that wild rush of Stuart's men, the rearing horses and falling sabers threw the column into disorder, almost into rout. For the first time in the war Confederate cavalry had a chance to show its mettle, doing more damage to Federal morale than Jackson, standing on his hill.

At last the waiting is ended. There comes the blue mass again, up the slope, over the crest. At the right of the plateau stands a small wooden house, home of the freed negro Robinson. To the left, some distance away, is the Henry homestead. Federal troops burst into both houses, but those who enter one room of the Henry house fall back appalled. There lies Mrs. Judith Henry, bedridden by age, wounded by shrapnel. In the first stage of the battle she was carried to a ravine nearby, then brought back again. Federal soldiers find her alone, weltering in blood; attend her as best they can.

Death must have other winnowings. The advance clusters around the two houses, pushing forward. There is fighting on either side of the hill, but here is the crisis of the day. Every man knows that the plateau will decide the issue. Jackson decides that the time has come. "Fix bayonets," sounds along the line. The stone wall is going to move. It does, suddenly. Before the Federal force can catch its breath, the gray phantom is upon it, bayonets fixed. Old soldiers look away. An unpleasant way to die.

Down the slopes goes the advance, crumpled up, thrown back, though not for long. McDowell has only fairly begun. His next charge retakes the houses and brings two batteries of the regular army onto the plateau. They are lodged on the rim, and open fire. Deadly fire, too, sweeping the stone wall, so many yards this volley, then moving on, so many yards again.

Jackson sees the peril. Beauregard sees it. And Johnston as clearly as any man. Those batteries must go. But where the men to do it? One of the magnificent "ifs" eventuates. E. Kirby Smith, leading a belated brigade of Johnston's men, just arrived from the valley, reaches the field. Beauregard throws them into the fray, 2,000 fresh troops, Kirby Smith leading, but soon shot down. Beauregard himself is in the last charge. Far on the right of the Federal line the Confederate left is bending it back. There goes the line on the plateau — a heavier gray line now — sweeping to the houses and beyond, overwhelming batteries, killing gunners. Another minute and the enemy's guns are playing on their own backs, where the blue mass flees across the valley. Confederate artillerymen serve the guns in a fever of haste, raising the sights as the mass retires. The great and historic retreat has begun.

Mrs. Henry, attended by men in gray, is wounded five times and lives two hours more. "I am willing to die, if my country is saved," she said.

The retreat began about 4 o'clock. There was no panic, only incidental disorder. After the last Confederate charge the blue line dissolved. Men dropped their muskets and started toward the rear. Old army officers waved sabers and called their men to the colors. McDowell's army had completed its fighting for that day. Part of it streamed across Stone Bridge on the Warrenton Turnpike, bound for Centreville and points beyond. The larger mass moved toward the ford.

Confederate infantry closed in upon the far left for a time, without driving the mass into confusion. Stuart's cavalry was cutting off stragglers and occasionally driving home a charge. But in one way or another the greater part of the mass got over the Run and had a fair opportunity to escape. Now took place the Confederacy's greatest sin of omission. There was confusion over orders for the pursuit, even differing views.

Where are you, great Robert? Come now, this very hour and moment, in this very nick of time, to gather these forces and launch them after the foe. Almost two-thirds of the army has not been in battle. Let them march, and march swiftly. Send the right across Bull Run, straight to Centreville. Throw the left over Sudley Ford and Stone Bridge. Press forward from every corner and quarter. Get the light guns under way, speed the cavalry. March, ride, fight, for this is the golden hour of the Confederacy.

But great Robert is in Richmond, where Davis had kept him, and remains there in the critical hour, though the President fast approaches Manassas as the retreat begins. Why did Lee remain behind when his eager spirit chafed to be upon the field?

At this late time who shall put together the political puzzle in Richmond? Lee may have thought that the President would prefer glory alone — if the day was to end in glory. Lee was not the man to go uninvited. His hand had forged the weapon which others wielded. Let them wield it — and wield it well.

It is two miles from the Stone Bridge to Cub Run and a wooden bridge. A short distance this side, the country road that caused McDowell poignant grief joins the Warrenton Turnpike. While Confederate forces are ordered to pursue, then to return; while some of them actually do pursue, Confederate guns get the range of Cub Run. They are Confederate guns now, but recently Federal guns, the Parrotts, "throwing an enormous thirty-pound shell."

One of the first shells kills or maims the artillery mules that moment on the bridge, upsets a gun or two, spreads panic in the packed masses waiting to cross. Another shell — consternation. Panic seizes the army on the turnpike. Every minute it is augmented by troops pouring in from the country road. Other shells fall in the woods along that road. There is only one bridge to cross the small Run. Men plunge into the stream and drown, knowing they cannot swim. Others abandon their arms, if they have carried them so far; throw away knapsacks, hats, cartridge belts, even the heavy army shoes. Hundreds clamber over the upset guns and the kicking mules, rather than pause to clear the way.

The fact is hard to credit in this day of mechanical war, but the gentry of Washington rode out in their carriages, behind handsome pairs and an occasional four, "to see the rebels run." For days before McDowell's advance, the socially elect of Washington planned to attend. Passes through the lines were prizes of the ballroom. When word reached the capital that McDowell poised his blow, roads from the capital were filled with equipages. Some of them arrived as early as Saturday. Half of Congress was on hand. Federal headquarters might have been an improvised Capitol. Gloomy Lincoln, anxious Scott, were reported on the field. Ladies in crinolines sat in their carriages, nodding beneath their sunshades to heroes in blue and statesmen in black.

A number of these onlookers, upon the grim field of Ares, ventured as far as Cub Run in their carriages, where they waited in the shade of the road for the Confederate lines to break, hoping to see the rout. Great was the dismay when blue masses appeared at the bridge and powder-blackened men hastened by, their uniforms in ruin, their eyes cast down or wide in alarm. The carriages fell into line as best they could. Then came the shells — panic.

That slow-moving mass back in the country road and down the turnpike became a fleeing army, than which there is no phenomenon more strange. Stuart's cavalry cut into the road, waving red sabers and crying wild cries. The flight quickened, turned into a foot race for those who could run. Why run when there were horses to be ridden?

Fugitives fell upon the ambulances, the ammunition wagons, the guns they had saved, cutting horses and mules from the traces — to mount and ride. Then they turned to the carriages, cutting traces. Frightened, screaming women were left along the road in horseless vehicles.

Here and there an officer prevailed. Groups of men kept order and self-respect. But in the mass the Union army was fleeing, an event unequalled in American history before or afterward. Had the Confederates seized opportunity while opportunity beckoned they could have taken this army intact, to the last man. The appearance of one brigade firing blank cartridges would have been enough. As it was, the rout pressed on, bound for Centreville, Alexandria and Washington. When the head of the fleeing mass came up with the reserves around Centreville and beyond, there were determined efforts to check the rout. But useless efforts. The reserves were in bad shape. Every new body of men coming from the South was reported to be the Confederate advance. It would arrive any minute — overwhelming — 50,000 men — maybe 100,000 — any number that fear could call up. The reserves slipped away from their companies until the whole army, at least 30,000 strong, fled along the roads to Alexandria as though the devil pursued.

Great had been the preparations for victory. At Centreville Confederate forces found a dinner table set for fifty persons, with the silver and napery yet in place. Nearby were "twenty baskets of champagne." One wonders how many bottles constituted a basket, and if there was ice to cool the wine. No doubt it tasted well after the day's labors.

Jackson alone seems to have sensed that this was the hour when all things became possible. He told Davis, arrived on the field, that he "could take Washington in the morning with 5,000 fresh troops." And there were perhaps 18,000 who had not fired a gun. Both Beauregard and Johnston made gestures at pursuit — no more than gestures. Davis does not seem to have suggested any further action. He rode about the field with Johnston while the

Confederate forces performed their task of gathering the wounded. Others ran jubilantly over the field collecting muskets, ammunition, clothing, whatever came to hand.

The loot of Bull Run has been placed at fabulous quantities. Had it not been for that same careful Joe Johnston we might never have known the truth, but he sets it down in this way — twenty-eight guns, 4,500 muskets, half a million cartridges, one garrison flag, ten regimental colors, sixty-four artillery horses and twenty-six wagons. So history may know the facts, including the last wagon. Neither the stores captured nor the casualties in the least indicate the importance of this victory.

And Johnston wrote, with a fine magnanimity, "The Northern army had the disadvantage, a great one for such undisciplined troops as were engaged on both sides, of being the assailants, and advancing under fire to the attack, which can be well done only by trained soldiers. They were much more liable to confusion, therefore, than the generally stationary ranks of the Confederates."

One brigade did not fall into confusion, and sturdily held the rearguard. Who is this dour, bearded man in command of it? William Tecumseh Sherman, who also will be heard from many times in this war, and come to be execrated for his ruthless ways. But that dour Sherman does his work well in covering the host behind him. It rolls on and on, wearily, by turns depressed and alarmed. The crack of a muleteer's whip is enough to startle it into flight.

After marching all day, McDowell's army marches all night. And, finally, it trickles into Alexandria, defeated, hungry, dirty, disorganized and dismayed. Thousands of homesick volunteers continue across Long Bridge into Washington, bound for the North, only to be rounded up by the provost guard and kicked into camp. Another swarm of fugitives crowded onto steamboats at the Virginia shore, threatening to swamp them. On the morning of the 22d McDowell rode up to Arlington, his old headquarters, and dismounted in a pouring rain. His campaign of six days had ended.

Lee wrote to Mary:

> That, indeed, was a glorious victory, and has lightened the pressure upon us amazingly. Do not grieve for the brave dead, but sorrow for those they left behind—friends, relatives, and families. The former are at rest; the latter must suffer. The battle will be repeated there in greater force. I hope God will again smile on us and strengthen our hearts and arms. I wished to participate in the former struggle, and am mortified at my absence. But the President thought it more important that I should be here. I could not have done as well as has been done, but I could have helped and taken part in a struggle for my home and neighborhood. So the work is done, I care not by whom it is done. I leave tomorrow for the army in western Virginia.

CHAPTER VI

His Career in the Balance

THE moment that Manassas was fought and won, President Davis turned his attention to northwestern Virginia. The rout and death of Garnett made it imperative that the gateways to the West should be strongly held. Scattered forces then in the field were no military obstacle to a concerted effort from beyond the mountains. Happily, that movement had not developed in the critical days before Manassas. The blue host might be expected any day. President Davis summoned Joseph Johnston to gather the remnants of Garnett's forces and re-erect a barrier against invasion.

Johnston, that strong-willed man, demurred. His place was in the field of action between the Potomac and Richmond. What commander ever wanted to leave the field of victory? And he had slight confidence in the President as a strategist. He did not decline the command of remote outposts, but he demurred, and Davis let him prevail. Yet the President instantly must have a capable commander in western Virginia; a man of authority and capacity. The Presidential eye rested upon Lee. Would he go?

And go without a word. Joe Johnston, his "dear Joe," might demur. Lee packed his bags and left for the front. This natural and orderly compliance becomes noteworthy for the reason that not only commanders of Johnston's rank, but Brigadiers and others of lesser rank, to some extent dictated the assignments of their commands. Appointments were made for political reasons no less than military, to rally recruits around popular figures. It was the great fortune of the Confederacy that a considerable number of such officers were capable soldiers.

Lee traveled by way of the railroad to Staunton, thence to Huntersville and Valley Mountain on horseback. The situation he had come to correct was indeed serious. McClellan's campaign bore grave political consequences. For a hundred years eastern and western Virginia had disagreed. In origin, outlook and interests they stood apart. The country had been settled in the main by Irish, Germans and Scots in about that order. Squatters built shanties on the estates of eastern landholders and declined to move, pay rent or work for the owners.

Only nine of forty-six delegates from the western part of the State voted for secession. Negro labor was unsatisfactory and unpopular, in the rugged mountain country. Having neither sentimental bonds nor economic interests of a kindred nature, the victories of McClellan gave ready form to a movement for separation. Before Manassas was fought, an independent government had begun the conduct of affairs beyond the Alleghanies, with the Confederacy powerless to extend its gray arm so far. Finally this disaffection resulted in the admission to the Union of a new State, West Virginia, confirmed to membership in the fraternity on June 20, 1863.

Lee arrived at the moment of '61 when worst needed, bringing exactly the calm, detached mind required for such work. Davis had said that Lee would reclaim western Virginia "if any man could do it." But Lee, like Washington before Boston, might have answered, "I know the unhappy predicament I stand in. I know that much is expected of me."

The press of Richmond hailed his going as a sure counter stroke. Garnett would be avenged, the territory regained. It was rather a vague world to most Virginians, somewhere across the mountains. Brigadier-General W. W. Loring preceded Lee into the country by a few days and expected to be maintained at the head of the department. Lee's arrival irked him.

The considerate Lee refrained from pitching his tent at Loring's headquarters, and left the signing of army orders to the Brigadier, showing the patience and forbearance that marked his whole army life. Yet he vigorously took hold of the army and its strategy, in the larger aspects. His coming had the effect of cheering the troops. In this first campaign he strikingly revealed his rare quality for stirring men's spirits.

The situation was desperately bad. True enough, McClellan had been called to Washington the day after Manassas, taking with him a number of the troops in western Virginia. At thirty-four he was installed in command of McDowell's unhappy army, hailed as the "young Napoleon," who would repeat in old Virginia what he had achieved in the western theatre.

Lee had no means of knowing how large a force McClellan left behind. It was supposed to greatly outnumber the Confederate army, though, in truth, there was a difference of no more than some odd thousands. The difference lay in the flush of victory and the strong Federal positions.

Lee himself has left a graphic history of this campaign, told in letters to his family. They are remarkable letters, rounded in phrase and thought and written to his closest intimates, yet in a tone that makes them enlightening history. On August 4, 1861, he informed Mary, who had gone to her White House on the Pamunkey, in a letter written from Huntersville:

> I reached here yesterday to visit this portion of the army. The points from which we can be attacked are numerous, and the enemy's means unlimited, so we must always be on the alert; it is so difficult to get our people, unaccustomed to the necessities of war, to comprehend and promptly execute the measures required for the occasion. . . . The soldiers everywhere are sick. The measles are prevalent throughout the army. You know that disease leaves unpleasant results and attacks

> the lungs, etc., especially in camp, where the accommodations for the sick are poor. I traveled from Staunton on horseback. A part of the road I traveled over in the summer of 1840 on my return to St. Louis after bringing you home. If any one had told me that the next time I traveled that road would have been my present errand, I should have supposed him insane.
>
> I enjoyed the mountains as I rode along. The views were magnificent. The valleys so peaceful, the scenery so beautiful! What a glorious work Almighty God has given us! How thankless and ungrateful we are!

There was much sentiment in the man, tenderness, a yearning for the beautiful. In the midst of his tedious, exacting task, he paused to place exclamation marks in their exact grammatical positions; to reflect on the beauty of mountain scenery and the beneficence of that God to whom he turned unfailingly.

Lee found himself at the head of a miserable army, balked by nature and circumstance. But his calm endured, even took on a graver cast. The mind's eye evokes a picture of him, writing on his camp table to Mrs. Lee, from Valley Mountain, August 9:

> I have been three days coming from Monterey to Huntersville. The mountains are beautiful, fertile to the tops, covered with the richest sward and blue grass and white clover. The enclosed fields wave with a natural growth of timothy. This is a magnificent grazing country. . . . It has rained, I believe, some portion of every day since I left Staunton. Now it is pouring. Colonel Washington, Captain Taliaferro and myself are in one tent, which as yet protects us. I have enjoyed the company of our son (Rooney) while I have been here. He is very well and very active, and as yet the war has not reduced him much. He dined with me yesterday and preserves his fine appetite. To-day he is out reconnoitering, and has the full benefit of this fine rain. I fear he is without his overcoat, as I do not recollect seeing it on his saddle. I told you he had been promoted to a Major in the cavalry, and he is the commanding cavalry officer on this line at present. He is sanguine, cheerful, and hearty as ever. I sent him some cornmeal this morning, and he sent me some butter—a mutual exchange of

> good things. The men are suffering from measles and so on, as elsewhere. Send word to Miss Lou Washington that her father is sitting on his blanket sewing a strap on his haversack. I think she ought to be here to do it.

A smile at the end. Lee practiced considerable literary skill without attempting it. He had a way of mixing close observation with figures of speech and fancy. Usually the tone of his letters is buoyant, hopeful; occasionally tender and sweet; or grave and repressed. When he writes on a sympathetic theme, words and ideas flow easily. When the subject is unappealing his words grow long and the ideas barren. Only at long intervals does the tenor of his letters sink to discouragement or doubt. The exceptions in which they take on a sharp, commanding tone are so rare as to show how deeply he was moved. He wrote voluminously, abbreviated considerably, and commonly signed as "your humble and obdt. servt."

Through four years of war he wrote copiously, sitting at his camp table, laden with maps and documents. Every letter is carefully done, in a bold, angular hand. The paragraphs are long and have only a remote grammatical relation to divisions of subject. But he was a man careful of his commas, injected as an engineer might put another thumbtack into his plan.

The letters are remarkable, considering their private character, yet penned with a vividness that rouses interest after the flight of years. And the unassuming Lee never supposed that one day historians would turn his musty pages, piecing together his own story of the Confederacy.

Though McClellan had departed before Lee's arrival he left behind a capable commander well known to the Confederate leader, Brigadier-General William S. Rosecrans. Another Federal Brigadier, John F. Reynolds, held a position in Cheat Mountain Pass, where the Staunton and Parkersburg turnpike crossed the mountains. Everything beyond was in Federal hands, while the Confederate advance held the eastern side, precariously. The turnpike was the one practicable route of advance.

At the first estimate of this position Lee comprehended that he could not take it by assault, unless he had the best of fortune and suffered a heavy loss. The Federals had eight to ten thousand troops at the crest of the pass or in reserve nearby. The mountain was of singular formation, its three summits following one another. Reynolds' engineers built a fort on the middle summit, supported by flanking outworks of earth and logs, a line of felled trees pointing forward, their limbs sharpened to ward off attack. The pass was impregnable by any power of assault at Lee's disposal.

But in the midst of rainy weather that turned country roads into bogs, in command of an army reduced one-third by illness, and worried by differences among his lieutenants, he determined to begin an offensive. In this, his first independent command of the wearing struggle between North and South, he resolved upon a policy never to be abandoned — always to strike the enemy. Yet Lee was a wary commander, who never resorted to bludgeon blows if another method could be found, partly because of limited forces and partly by reason of his instinct for manœuvre.

Looking up to the fastnesses of Cheat Mountain Pass he decided that the position might be turned and overwhelmed, if the rough mountain walls could be scaled. A bold plan, typical of Lee's military mind, which differed in every respect from his reserved, repressed, gentle character. To attempt the scaling of Cheat Mountain was to risk a measurable portion of his army and perhaps open the turnpike into a defenseless Virginia. Upon this plan Lee resolved.

Maps of the country were deceptive. Confederate engineer officers held contradictory views. Lee, no mediocre engineer himself, sought eagerly the means to a bold end. A citizen surveyor appeared, friendly to the Southern army, who thought that he could reach a point overlooking the Federal position. No pen has preserved the name of this volunteer, who climbed the mountainside and brought back a description of its defending works.

Now the Confederate camp lost its lethargy; the ill forgot their woes. Every officer wanted to lead a party up the mountain. Lee selected one man, Colonel Albert Rust of the Third Arkansas Regiment, a stirring, enterprising man, for a second inspection. His report confirmed the surveyor's; Lee made ready to attack. Twelve hundred infantry were entrusted to Rust for a night march and early morning assault. Brigadier-General H. R. Jackson was to advance along the turnpike and burn powder under the enemy's nose, drawing him out, if possible; diverting his attention at least. Brigadier Richard H. Anderson had the longest march to reach a point west of the pass, where he might cut off retreat or halt reënforcements.

In no other action of the war was there more careful preparation. Lee worked over every foot of the ground on his available maps, measuring distance, calculating time. Officers were groomed until every one knew his part. An address to the army urged its utmost effort. The attack would take place at dawn of September 12.

Rust's men had to clamber up the mountain, guided only by the compass and their leader's recollections, hindered by the pouring rain. They came into position a little before daylight, tired and drenched. General Jackson waited in front of the pass. Anderson waited on the flanks of Cheat Mountain. Their signal was to be the musketry of Rust.

Daylight came, a half hour passed. Not a shot sounded. The officers under Rust gathered anxiously around him. He found the Federal position stronger than expected and held by larger numbers. While his men waited in the morning drizzle, shivering and hungry, Rust debated. Of the officers in his column he alone knew the details of Lee's plan. In the crisis, enterprise deserted him. A letter written by Lieutenant-Colonel G. W. Hansbrough reveals this wet council of war.

"I shall never forget," he wrote, "the appearance of the officers composing this council; Fulkerson looked pale and worn, but intrepid; Taliaferro stern but indifferent. The latter soon broke off the deliberations by saying, 'Well, if we have to fight these people, let's do it at once.' Immediately the rear of the column was deployed around to the right, while we who had led the file remained to the left; and there we stood anxiously awaiting the word to advance to the assault. This word never came."

Dismayed by the delay, and hoping to gain time for Rust, perhaps delayed in the storm, Jackson attacked along the turnpike in the wreaths of morning fog. The Federals awakened to the hue of war. A Confederate attack had been their last thought. Lee's plan was in the palm of fortune. But the aroused Federals came out of their works and struck back around the mountain flanks. Lee, moving from one command to another, praying in his heart for Rust to begin, escaped an enemy patrol by yards. A little later his aide, Colonel John A. Washington, was killed from ambush. The plan wavered perilously.

Anderson obeyed his orders to the letter and never opened fire, withdrawing in time to make good his retreat. Rust's water-sodden men crawled down the mountain, glowering behind the back of their leader, who failed in his moment of glory. All of the columns returned to camps that had been struck in preparation for the advance. Baggage wagons were loaded and on the road. There was no fire, no tents, no dinner. What army has fared worse?

Five days later General Lee wrote feelingly to Governor John Letcher of Virginia, from his old headquarters at Valley Mountain, the letter dated September 17:

> My dear Governor: I received your very kind note of the 5th instant, just as I was about to accompany General Loring's command on an expedition to the enemy's works in front, or I would have before thanked you for the interest you take in my welfare, and your too flattering expressions of my ability. . . . I was very sanguine of taking the enemy's works on last Thursday morning. I had considered the subject well. With great effort the troops intended for the surprise had reached their destination, having traversed twenty miles of steep, rugged mountain paths; and the last day through a terrible storm which lasted all night, and in which they had to

> stand drenched to the skin in the cold rain. Still their spirits were good. When morning broke, I could see the enemy's tents on Valley River at the point on the Huttonsville road, just below me. It was a tempting sight. We waited for the attack on Cheat Mountain, which was to be the signal. Till 10 A.M the men were cleaning their unserviceable arms. But the signal did not come. All chance for a surprise was gone. The provisions of the men had been destroyed the preceding day by the storm. They had had nothing to eat that morning, could not hold out another day, and were obliged to be withdrawn. . . . It is a grievous disappointment to me, I assure you. But for the rainstorm, I have no doubt it would have succeeded. This, Governor, is for your own eye. Please do not speak of it; we must try again. . . .

On the same day he wrote to Mary in plainer language, saying, "I cannot tell you my regret and mortification at the untoward events that caused the failure of the plan. I had taken every precaution to insure success, and counted on it; but the Ruler of the Universe willed otherwise, and sent a storm to disconcert the well-laid plan."

Not an aggrieved word against Colonel Rust; only "the storm" defeated him. Neither did Lee summon the Arkansas soldier to court-martial. Doubtless he thought the Confederacy in no plight for an acrimonious trial. Already he had smarted under the complainings of the Richmond press, asking when he was going to drive the Yankees out of western Virginia.

The moment word reached the capital that he had tried and failed, the storm of newspaper criticism broke upon his head. Wars were conducted differently then. Except on the greatest occasions, there were no communiqués about operations, and only when successes could be reported. The news gathering of correspondents was limited and only moderately reliable. A movement in the field was followed by days of rumors, gradually reduced to a semblance of the facts. It was said in Richmond that Lee's forces were scattered, impotent. A powerful Union army was pouring over the mountains, had reached Staunton —

or would tomorrow. Rumor succeeded rumor, each one bringing Lee into deeper disfavor. The press styled him "Evacuating Lee" and leveled tragic gibes at his fame.

The public discussed him freely, saying that he was "a showy West Pointer," but evidently not much of a General in the field. Furthermore, he had depended upon his "historic name" instead of fighting. Fickle, fickle public, that met him as a deliverer in April and scorned him in September.

There was new action afoot. The army before Cheat Mountain had scarcely settled down to deliberate its ill fortunes, than Lee received word of new, imminent danger. General Rosecrans, an active, combative man, took advantage of the *faux pas* to move part of his reserves in a southwesterly direction to the Kanawha Valley, and there attacked one of two Confederate forces.

Both were commanded by Brigadiers, one of them Henry A. Wise, the other John B. Floyd. Wise had entered the valley in August, while Lee was engaged at Cheat Mountain, and moved to a position on New River. Floyd held a position on Gauley River, each in supporting distance. Nothing resembling a strategic plan prompted the movements of these forces. They were part of the troops promised to Lee, yet their Brigadiers operated almost as free agents. And Lee, engrossed in his plans to carry Cheat Mountain Pass, had exercised only ceremonial control.

In mid-September Floyd saw that Rosecrans meant to attack him and called Wise to his support. Wise delayed, almost flatly declined, and Floyd had to meet the attack single-handed. Rosecrans came down upon him in force, but gallant fighting saved the day. Slowly he fell back, wounded and pursued.

When Wise finally did move to join Floyd the Confederate forces were ready to come to grips themselves. They retired together until renewed dissension broke out between the commanders. Lee arrived at this moment, on September 20, to find Floyd at Meadow Bluff and Wise miles in advance, encamped on the top of Little Sewell

Mountain. Rosecrans pushed forward to attack both, in detail if possible.

Lee, the patient, had borne too much. His temperate speech took on a cutting edge when he ordered Wise to mass the troops so that, "We may conquer or die together." An exceptional speech for Lee. "You have spoken," he said to Wise, "of want of consultation and concert. Let that pass till the enemy is driven back. I expect this of your magnanimity. Consult that and the interest of your cause, and all will go well." Wise returned a fine, soldierly answer, "Just say then where we are to 'unite and conquer or die' and I will delight to obey you."

Though Lee had charged Wise in stern terms, he thought him the better strategist of the warring Brigadiers, and ordered Floyd to the mountain top. Their joint forces were no more than in position when Rosecrans appeared on the opposite crest of Big Sewell Mountain. The armies held parallel ranges, a deep valley between. Loring came up in support of Lee, who thought Rosecrans would attack, and waited for him to attempt the difficult operation.

Rosecrans, an able officer, saw how securely his foe was posted. There were picket actions in the valley, each side feeling the other's strength. The rainy weather continued, the cold of the mountain nights grew intense. One morning there was snow on the pickets' caps. Lee, writing to Mary on October 7, proved an admirable correspondent, describing in a terse, colorful manner the events under way:

> The enemy was threatening an attack, which was continued till Saturday night, when, under cover of darkness and our usual mountain mist, he suddenly withdrew. Your letter, with the socks, was handed to me when I was preparing to follow. I could not at the time attend to either, but I have since; and as I found Perry (a negro from Arlington) in desperate need, I bestowed a couple of pairs on him as a present from you; the others I have put in my trunk, and suppose they will fall to the lot of Meredith (another servant from the White House), into the state of whose hose I have not yet inquired. Should any sick man require them first he shall have

> them, but Meredith will have no one near to supply him but me, and will naturally expect that attention. The water is almost as bad here as in the mountains I left. There was a drenching rain yesterday, and as I left my overcoat in camp, I was thoroughly wet from head to foot. It has been raining ever since, and is now coming down with a will; but I have my clothes on the bushes, and they will be well washed. The force of the enemy, estimated by prisoners captured, is put down at from seventeen to twenty thousand — General Floyd thinks eighteen thousand. I do not think it exceeds nine or ten thousand, but it exceeds ours. I wish he had attacked, as I believe he would have been repulsed with great loss. The rumbling of his wheels, etc., was heard by our pickets; but as that was customary at night in moving and placing his cannon, the officer of the day, to whom it was reported, paid no particular attention to it, supposing it to be a preparation for an attack in the morning. When day appeared the bird had flown, and the misfortune was that the reduced condition of our horses for want of provender, exposure to cold rains in these mountains, and want of provisions for the men, prevented the vigorous pursuit of following up that had been prepared. We can only get up provisions from day to day, which paralyzes our operations. I am sorry, as you say, that the movements of the armies can not keep pace with the expectations of the editors of papers. I know they can regulate matters satisfactory to themselves on paper. I wish they could do so in the field. No one wishes them more success than I do, and would be happy to see them have full swing. General Floyd has three editors on his staff. I hope something will be done to please them.

Rosecrans having left to Lee the somewhat empty honor of holding the field, and there being no pressure from other quarters, he led his troops to the more hospitable valleys at his back, where it might be hoped the rain eventually would cease. Sitting within the walls of his dripping tent, he wrote numerous letters, and considered the field of war.

Beyond any doubt his campaign to retrieve western Virginia had failed. Between the end of May and the latter days of October, Union arms had separated a large section of the State from eastern Virginia, including a fairly numerous population and vast natural wealth. The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad was definitely under Union control, insuring swift movement from the seaboard to the West.

The manœuvring of small forces had achieved greater results for the Union in western Virginia than the battle of Manassas achieved for the South. Manassas must be fought again, on a dozen fields, while the Union power in the conquered territory never was questioned. Painful reflections for Lee, who desired so earnestly to strike a blow for the cause. And he could not fail to know that the consequences would be charged to him alone.

Several of his officers have preserved their impressions of Lee in those wet, cold days while he prepared to move camp. Keeping to his tent, deep in his papers and writing, he dined sparingly with first one, then some other member of his staff. They recall that the table service consisted of a few tin plates, cups and coffee pot, and the "silver" of the basest iron. It will be remembered that these were the early days of the war, when officers carried china and Sterling in their baggage. The plain Lee dined from tin.

Dinner in his tent then and afterward was a decorous affair. If there happened to be a camp chair and a keg at hand, the visitor must take the chair. Sometimes there was a group of a half dozen officers and dinner would be served outside. In either event Lee sat at the head of his table. No meal was eaten without his pious invocation to bless the meal and the diners. His abstention from liquors made the meals rather dry in character. His own favored drink of buttermilk was generally in evidence. At intervals he would drink a glass of wine. And his officers refrained, not wishing to offend his strict views about sobriety.

If the campaign in western Virginia failed to give him victory it had one notable result, bringing together a famous horse and man. What other war horse ever bore a name more celebrated than Traveler? Not since Alexander rode Bucephalus had such a steed of war appeared on the page of history. Who remembers a horse of Napoleon, Wellington or Prince Eugene? Yet the fame of Traveler is hardly less than that of his master. He was a dark iron-gray, sixteen hands high, with a tail that swept the ground. An intelligent, high-bred horse, that walked daintily, bearing his master as though he knew the kind of man astride his back. Once more we may call upon Lee for a description. He wrote to a painter who had asked for a description of Traveler:

> If I was an artist like you, I would draw a true picture of Traveler, representing his fine proportions, muscular figure, deep chest and short back, strong haunches, flat legs, small head, broad forehead, delicate ears, quick eye, small feet, and black mane and tail. Such a picture would inspire a poet, whose genius could then depict his worth and describe his endurance of toil, hunger, thirst, heat, cold, and the dangers and suffering through which he has passed. He could dilate upon his sagacity and affection and his invariable response to every wish of his rider. He might even imagine his thoughts through the long night-marches and days of battle through which he has passed. But I am no artist, and can only say he is a Confederate gray.

Truly a picture, this gray horse of the black mane and tail, bearing the man in high boots, gray uniform and broad gray hat. Traveler was five years old and lived to pass through the whole epic of '61-'65 and even to survive his master, who died in 1870. But for a short time only. Then Traveler crossed over to the invisible shore, where he perhaps bears again his old commander.

Lee had scarcely begun to move his troops and make things tight for the winter when Davis recalled him to Richmond. Almost to a day McClellan was appointed Commander-in-Chief of Federal armies in the field, the veteran Scott stepping down to make way.

The "young Napoleon" took his power cautiously. He would not be hurried. Lincoln, the press and people, had hastened McDowell, and knew the consequences. Although Federal armies grew swiftly there was no movement in Virginia. Johnston remained at Manassas, his outposts pushed forward to the Potomac at will.

The three brief months of Lee's absence from the capital had produced impressive changes. After Manassas the first high note of the Confederate spirit dropped to a lower pitch. Unwarranted confidence followed the victory. Instead of tolling church bells, calling the city to prayer and fasting, there was revelry behind darkened windows. Daily the army heroes arrived on furlough — upstanding, dark men wondrously handsome in their gray coats and shining boots, with the touches of red and gold about their collars.

Little wonder that the belles of Richmond sighed behind their fans. By day they might be seen riding through city and country with these gallants in gray, black Bob sitting on his box in front, flecking the reins and cracking the whip over sleek horses. By night the capital was gay with dinners; the wines of old France gurgled from long-necked, cobwebbed bottles, some of them hidden in their cellars since Washington's time. The sound of the fiddle and the bow swayed the city; of tinkling banjos, melancholy guitars and tuneful harpsichords. The mistresses of Richmond, the men in gray, filled every ballroom to the music of the stately minuet, the bowing waltz. Youth was young, hearts aflame.

Another class of men emerged in this fall of '61, seen for the first time; the profiteers who grasped for army contracts or commanded stocks of goods. Thus early Confederate money began to undergo the gyrations that became fantastical. But it was the medium of commerce and could be converted into the products of the country. As army demands reduced rail service, Richmond and other cities suffered from a lack of everything abundant in the country. And the country could get but little from the cities.

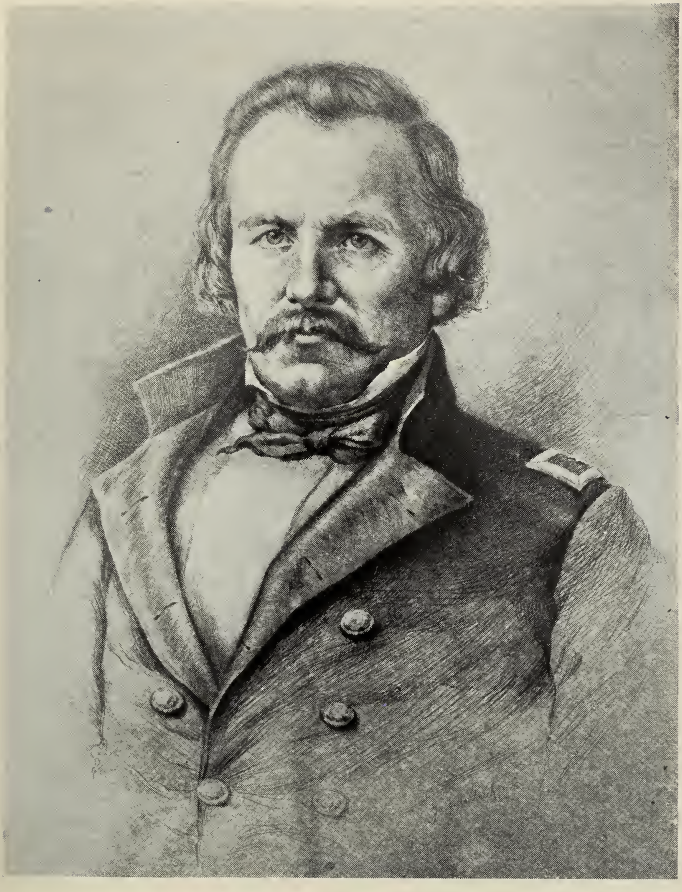
Such opportunities never went amiss in any land. Profiteers doubled and trebled their capital. With prices climbing upward the masses of people caught this speculative fever. There was speculation in everything — land, houses, slaves, money, cotton, tobacco, the future itself.

The cautious endeavored to amass as much Confederate money as possible, and then convert it into Federal greenbacks. Banks and money changers openly quoted Federal notes at substantial premiums, keeping their windows full of this enticing currency. Congress was asked to prohibit the trade, but never took lasting action.

The involved financial history of the Confederacy is an unwritten chapter of the great conflict. In February the government had obtained $15,000,000 by a public loan. Some odd millions of Federal currency were seized on the change of government. The banks supported the Confederacy as best they could — on the whole — but exhausted their gold and stopped paying specie. States as well as the government issued paper money; not only States, but cities, railroads, turnpike companies, lumber companies, enterprises of all degrees. Often the privately issued money bore a higher value than the official currency. This deluge of paper represented a range of units, from a few cents to thousands of dollars. The lesser notes came to be known as "shinplasters" and no doubt served that purpose well. In the country a system of barter sprang up, by which articles of common use found a divisor in other goods. A new ten-penny nail passed current as a five-cent piece.

While this confusion increased, the Confederate government made efforts to find money and means for its armies. Distilling was discouraged among the States, but largely practiced by the government, one of the principal sources of the sinews of war. Against the darker background stands out in a clear light the donations by States, churches and citizens. The women in one community would donate their wedding rings; those of the next give up their diamonds. The plate accumulated in two centuries of culture went into the melting pot. Mary Browning of Georgia proposed that the women of the Confederacy should cut their hair, to be sold abroad. And that was a day when woman's hair was her "crowning glory," looked on almost sacredly.

This, and much more, Lee observed upon his return



Albert Sidney Johnston,
ranking field commander in 1861, slain at Shiloh, 1862.
From a drawing by Jacques Reich in the Confederate Museum, Richmond.

to Richmond. What were his thoughts then? He found himself assailed bitterly. "Evacuating Lee" was the jest of the press. But we may believe that his inward calm went unruffled. He was not the kind of man to be disturbed by jests, or to wish for vengeance. He had in his nature a lofty detachment that served him well in these troublous days.

It was harder to face the eye of Davis, to read there the unasked question. In the end Lee confided to him the reasons for his fiasco at Cheat Mountain, and detailed the miseries of his wet campaign, his army afflicted by measles, his subordinates by vanity.

"He came back," said the President, "carrying the weight of defeat, and unappreciated by the people whom he served; for they could not know, as I knew, that if his plans and orders had been carried out, the result would have been victory rather than retreat. They did not know it; for I would not have known it, if he had not breathed it in my ear only at my earnest request, and begging that nothing be said about it. The clamor which then arose followed him when he went to South Carolina, so that it became necessary to write a letter to the Governor of that State, telling him what manner of man he was. Yet through all this, with a magnanimity rarely equalled, he stood in silence, without defending himself, or allowing others to defend him; for he was unwilling to offend any one who was wearing a sword and striking blows for the Confederacy."

Affairs along the Carolina and Georgia coast drifted perilously. The Union blockade settled upon the land and lodgments at various points made it possible to keep up raids and forays. Davis again had wished for a man of Lee's measure to meet the situation and fortify the coast. But the day it was reported that he would take command there, a round robin passed from officer to officer in the southern department, protesting against such a commander. Davis tore it up indignantly and told them to "be damned."

There was a bigness about this man Davis that makes him likable. He has been called stubborn, contradictory, meddlesome and what not, and perhaps he was afflicted by each malady at times, yet he was a man of honesty and character. Who else could have been blamed for all the ills of the Confederacy and preserved a tithe of fame?

The President now entrusted another exacting task to Lee. Traveling to the South early in November, he established headquarters at Coosawhatchie, S. C., between Savannah and Charleston, and from there undertook a survey of the coast.

The usual paucity of every needed thing embarrassed him. There were neither guns nor ammunition, boats nor soldiers in sufficient numbers. He put forth prompt and urgent efforts to supply fortifications. In this work his engineering skill had a pleasant task. Though hampered by the need of every article, he strengthened the works about Charleston in such a way that Beauregard later was able to make a splendid stand there. Not until the final collapse of the Confederacy did Charleston and Savannah fall into Federal hands.

While occupied with this work Lee observed and reflected much upon the course of the Confederacy. Yet in none of his letters, nor in the recollections of his officers, is there any intimation that he would wish to be elsewhere, to have a larger part in the direction of the war. Only once does he speak of "another forlorn hope." Then, as ever, his duty was the foremost thought. He found it close to hand and applied himself to it.

That Christmas day he wrote a letter to Mary, typical of the man and expressive of his outlook then:

> I could not let this day of grateful rejoicing pass without some communion with you. I am thankful for the many among the past that I have passed with you, and the remembrance of them fills me with pleasure. As to our old home, if not destroyed it will be difficult ever to be recognized. Even if the enemy had wished to preserve it, it would almost have been impossible. . . . In the absence of a home I wish I could purchase Stratford (the property of his half-brother Henry). It is the only other place I could go to now acceptable to us. . . . It is a poor place, but we could make enough corn-

> bread and bacon for our support, and the girls could weave us clothes. You must not build your hopes on peace on account of the United States going to war with England. The rulers are not entirely mad, and if they find England is in earnest, and that a war or the restitution of the captives (Confederate commissioners taken from a British ship) must be the consequence, they will adopt the latter. We must make up our minds to fight our battles and win our independence alone. No one will help us.

A clear view, soundly stated, when the South fervently believed that England would intervene. This hope had gained force from England's demand that the Confederate Commissioners to her court, Mason and Slidell, should be restored. A Federal man-of-war removed the Commissioners en route, bringing sharply to issue the right of search. As Lee foresaw, the Union government backed down, restoring the Commissioners.

Another Christmas letter to his daughter Agnes, illumines that day over the span of years:

> Having distributed such poor Christmas gifts as I had to those around me, I have been looking for something for you. Trifles even are hard to get these war-times, and you must not therefore expect more. I have sent you what I thought most useful in your separation from me (evidently money), and hope it will be of some service. Though stigmatized as vile dross, it has never been a drug with me. That you may never want for it, restrict your wants to your necessities. Yet how little will it purchase! But see how God provides for our pleasure in every way. To compensate for such "trash," I send you some sweet violets that I gathered for you this morning while covered with dense white frost, whose crystals glittered in the bright sun like diamonds, and formed a brooch of rare beauty and sweetness which could not be fabricated by the expenditure of a world of money. May God guard and preserve you for me, my dear daughter. . . .

CHAPTER VII

Lee Saves the Confederacy

EIGHTEEN hundred and sixty-two opened ominously for the Confederacy. Five slow months had passed without the Federal army venturing upon any great engagement, but there were signs that Lincoln and the Union would make a second attempt. Manassas had been a bitter experience. The President's position was dubious. He looked hopefully, but with misgivings upon McClellan, the young Napoleon, drilling and manœuvring around Washington.

If the Federal power proved abortive, the Confederacy failed to make any offensive use of the months following Manassas. Small engagements in the autumn of '61 were favorable to Confederate arms, notably in the vicinity of Washington, adding to Lincoln's anxiety and Confederate prestige. During the passing months Southern armies were strengthened by men and equipment, but the number of men ready for the ranks exceeded the supply of arms.

Along the Atlantic coast, around into the Gulf, a cordon of warships suppressed Southern trade. Cotton was piled high in the seaports, awaiting the dark night when a few hundred bales might find their way to sea in a blockade runner. These ghosts of the sea plied to Canada, the West Indies and Europe, bringing back rifles, cannon, ammunition, or luxuries that yielded fortunes. And the Confederate navy's raiders began to make their presence known at sea.

With undefeated armies, and better organized government, the Confederacy yet was in a precarious state. At the west, no less than the east, peril threatened. A man named Ulysses S. Grant appeared in Tennessee, showing a certain dogged quality that was to bring the Union its first success of '62, a flush of elation. On February 6 Fort Henry fell, and ten days later Fort Donelson, involving the capture of 15,000 men and large stores. Of greater moment was the opening of the Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers, the loss of Nashville, and a broad section of the state. McClellan's earlier success in western Virginia was repeated, with damaging effect. Albert Sidney Johnston's effort to hold Kentucky had failed — even a third of Tennessee lost, though he was not upon the ground or there had been no surrender.

Lee, watching from his remote seaboard, saw the course of events. But there is no hint in his correspondence that he thought himself able to do better. His problems were numerous and pressing. On February 8 he wrote to Mary, back at the White House on the Pamunkey:

> I wrote you the day I left Coosawhatchie. I have been here ever since endeavoring to push forward the works for the defense of the city (Savannah). Guns are scarce as well as ammunition. I shall have to bring up batteries from the coast, I fear, to provide for this city. Our enemies are trying to work their way through the creeks and soft marshes along the interior of the coast, which communicate with the sounds and the sea, through which the Savannah flows, and thus avoid the entrance to the river, commanded by Fort Pulaski. Their boats require only seven feet of water to float them, and the tide rises seven feet, so that at high water they can work their way and rest on the mud at low. I hope, however, we shall be able to stop them, and my daily prayer to the Giver of all victory is to enable us to do so. We must make up our minds to meet with reverses and overcome them. But the contest must be long, and the whole country has to go through much suffering. It is necessary that we should be humble and taught to be less boastful, less selfish, and more devoted to right and justice to all the world.

The double blow in the west, followed by a descent upon the coast of North Carolina, disturbed him. His soldier's instinct grew anxious to strike back somewhere, somehow. Writing to Mary again on the 23d, he said:

> The news from Tennessee and North Carolina is not at all cheerful. Disasters seem to be thickening around us. It calls for renewed energies and redoubled strength on our part. I fear our soldiers have not realized the necessity of endurance and labor, and that it is better to sacrifice themselves for our cause. God, I hope, will shield us and give us success. I hear the enemy is progressing slowly in his designs. His gunboats are pushing up all the creeks and marshes to Savannah, and have obtained a position so near the river as to shell the steamers navigating it. I am engaged in constructing a line of defense at Fort Jackson, which, if time permits and guns can be obtained, I hope will keep them out.

It is to be noted that Lee's defensive plans helped preserve Charleston and Savannah until the last days of the Confederacy. While he guarded the southeast, General Johnston confronted any enemy that might appear from Washington. His army suffered through the fall and into the winter from the epidemic of measles and mumps that had beset Lee. Though Federal guns in the southeast might disturb Lee, Johnston's at the north worried Lincoln equally. The army gathering around Washington did not prevent Confederate forces from mounting heavy guns at the mouth of Occoquan Creek, below the capital, effectually closing the Potomac.

On March 1st, McClellan commanded 185,000 men and wanted a hundred thousand more. Lincoln chafed, but McClellan had done a monumental thing in organizing the new Army of the Potomac. Any one could see that it was a better army than McDowell's old command. Maybe the young Napoleon would justify himself, though Lincoln looked toward the Potomac every time a Confederate gun echoed across the river.

McClellan is one of the likable figures of the Federal army. Critics speak of him caustically — which, to be sure, is the mission of critics. It is within the possible that he was more cautious than a commander should be; yet the lesson of Manassas was not easily forgotten. It is certain that he had respect for his foe, and a tendency to overestimate his strength. He put the forces in northern Virginia at "not less than 150,000 strong, well drilled and equipped, ably commanded and strongly intrenched." This, when Johnston's army was stricken by measles and mumps, holding a wide sweep of country, poorly clad and equipped. When McClellan had 185,000 men and 465 field guns, the greatest Conferedate strength in striking distance was 47,000 men and 175 guns.

In March the breath of spring stirred through Virginia; to be a red spring. The daisies were putting out their petals, the jonquils beginning to smile, as the mass in blue moved on the banks of the Potomac, a Herculean thing. President Davis prudently ordered, and Johnston carried out, a retiring movement to a line behind the Rappahannock, the first of Virginia rivers south of the Potomac.

This movement carried the day for McClellan's plan to invade Virginia from Fortress Monroe, at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay. Among other pleasant names, he was called the checkerboard soldier. A natural perspective, in his case. Nature fashioned Virginia for military manœuvres, from the mountains in the west to the rivers, swamps and bays of the coast. McClellan believed that he saw an easy way to reach Richmond, storm its defenses and end the war, anticipating Grant by more than three years. Moreover, he came within the narrowest margin of his goal that almost any commander ever achieved, to fail in the end.

When McClellan's mass shook itself into motion Confederate outposts reported an endless parade down the northern bank of the Potomac — men, guns, wagons, cavalry — bound for Monroe. As Johnston fell back the Occoquan guns fell with him. The Potomac was black with transports. Unexpectedly Davis summoned Lee to his side in the old post of military adviser.

He returned on March 13 to find Richmond an anxious capital. Its citizens might not understand the military problem, but they could see the blue forces gathering upon Virginia soil. Lincoln, too, changed the Union command. McClellan commanded the army gathering at Fortress Monroe, for invasion by the peninsula, but Lincoln himself undertook to direct the other armies threatening Virginia.

Lee studied the checkerboard as well as McClellan. Although his position again was uncertain, a different Lee emerged in these days from the quiet soldier the army had known. Some of his patience and restraint fell away. He asserted principles of war that few men could dispute. Without holding the helm of the Confederacy, he put a steady hand upon the President's arm. And honest, well-meaning Davis sensed that this Lee was no common man.

"Prince John" Magruder, whom we saw last in Mexico, held a line across the peninsula from the York River to the James, opposing McClellan. With his 12,000 men he confronted a host. McClellan must reckon first with "Prince John." And another obstacle — a most unexpected obstacle — the iron-clad *Virginia,* first armored warship to engage in battle.

Occasion has been taken to remark upon Confederate energy and originality in war. One accomplishment was the *Virginia,* better known as the *Merrimac.* When Federal forces evacuated Norfolk, they sank and partly burned this screw frigate. Commander John M. Brooke, C.S.A., conceived the plan of raising and armoring her, and spreading ruin along the coast. The story of how the damaged ship was repaired, and the first iron plates rolled in the South were bolted to her sides; of how the damaged engines were persuaded into operation, and how she finally steamed forth to challenge the Federal navy, is an epic of the war awaiting its poet.

On March 8 the *Virginia* attacked and sank two warships; and incidentally scrapped the British navy. By a dramatic combination of chance, another iron-clad arrived in the Bay that night, the *Monitor,* conceived by John

Ericsson, a low-lying craft with revolving turrets. *Monitor* and *Virginia* met in fair combat and the *Monitor* retired, never again to venture battle. But her presence saved the Federal fleet. Since the strange ways of fame have been remarked upon — is it not strange that Ericsson ranks among the great of his age, while Brooke is forgotten?

Back in Richmond, Lee once more saw Mary and his children. She clung to the White House on the Pamunkey, though it soon might lie in the path of McClellan. Robert, eighteen now, could be restrained no longer. He would enter the army, following his brothers Custis and Rooney. His father wrote to the mother, March 16, three days after arriving in Richmond:

> I went with him to get his overcoat, blankets, etc. There is great difficulty in getting what is good. They have all to be made, and he has gone to the adjutant general's office of Virginia to engage in the service. God grant it may be for his good. I told him of the exemption granted by the Secretary of War to the professors and students of the University, but he expressed no desire to take advantage of it. I must now leave the rest in the hands of our merciful God. I hope our son will make a good soldier.

The day after his letter, McClellan's first cohorts arrived at the fortress. "Prince John" telegraphed Lee that a council of his officers had decided against fighting on his line. It lay in low, unhealthy country, and if finally abandoned would involve a hazardous retreat. Lee immediately and urgently directed him to hold on. Johnston would come to his help; McClellan should be delayed if not halted.

But Johnston had no liking for a peninsular campaign. If his 50,000 men went to the help of Magruder, they would have to fall back sooner or later on Richmond, or fight the great battle of the Confederacy on the lower peninsula. In a retreat they would suffer from loss of morale, as well as sickness and the enemy. Better draw every man and gun to Richmond.

"McClellan's army," he told the council of war called by Davis, "should be encountered in front of Richmond by uniting there all the available forces of the Confederacy; the grand army thus formed, surprising that of the United States by an attack, when it is expecting to besiege Richmond, will be almost certain to win."

Any reasonable man might think Johnston right. Lee thought him wrong. The time gained on the peninsula would be worth the sacrifice. In the end Davis decided for Lee. Johnston started for Magruder's lines. The friendship of many a campfire bore a stern test, when the level glances of the two men met and held, across the President's table.

In the midst of this planning and counterplanning, something happens in the Shenandoah valley. Jackson, the restless man, cannot stand idly by while the masses of war are clashing elsewhere. No one threatens to attack him. He will attack on his own account — no matter whom. He has two small brigades, forty miles south of Winchester in the Shenandoah Valley, and is lost to sight in the shadow of events. He hears that the Federal army corps checkmating him — commanded by Major-General Nathaniel P. Banks — is ordered to Manassas, leaving him control of the valley.

Satisfaction enough, it would seem, for any man. Banks may go if he likes, but not unscathed. Jackson puts his foot cavalry into motion, the two small brigades, marching thirty-six miles in a day and a half. On the 23d he attacks Banks at Kernstown; matches his 3,500 against Banks' 10,000, and sends them to the attack so furiously the Federals stagger. Almost one man to three — yet Jackson attacks, almost prevails. Banks rallies his command and they beat off Jackson; with 263 of his men captured and 455 casualties. A steep price, but of far-reaching effect. Lincoln grows nervous in Washington. McDowell's corps of 37,000 men is diverted from McClellan to stand between the capital and any desperate man like Jackson.

Lee breathes easier. Timely, that blow. He remembers young Lieutenant Jackson from Mexico, who has been teaching in the Virginia Military Institute these later years. Also he has been praying much, and now he will fight when occasion offers. Or make the occasion himself.

It was well the news came propitiously. Other, and saddening news, was to be received. Albert Sidney Johnston met Grant on the field of Shiloh, in Tennessee, April 6 and 7, and died gallantly in "the hornets' nest." A brave frontiersman—Albert Sidney Johnston, with your flowing hair and your eagle's eye.

Beauregard took the command, and retired. Grant had won, but at a price. Though it was only a few days until worse news. The Federals occupied New Orleans on May 1. McClellan is ready to take Richmond. The temple seems ready to fall.

Yet the undefeated army that won Manassas, somewhat larger, better prepared, holds the field. By April 15 Joe Johnston had 55,000 men facing McClellan's 112,000. Outpost fighting became severe. McClellan was bringing into position a hundred guns, some of them firing four miles, against the longest Confederate range of a mile and a half. He proposed to batter the Confederate lines, carrying them by storm and compelling the evacuation of Norfolk, the only practicable base for the Confederate iron-clad.

The checkerboard soldier planned well. But it was no part of Lee's plan seriously to defend the peninsula lines. Johnston waited as long as possible. Then, at the critical moment, when the hundred guns were beginning to play in a rising crescendo, the Confederate army left its lines at sundown of May 3. Through the warm spring night went the wagon trains, the plodding infantry, the restive cavalry. There had been rain—and more rain. Roads were morasses. Guns and wagons stuck fast. A column made hardly a mile an hour.

After daylight McClellan found why the artillery of Johnston had gone to sleep at midnight. Magruder's line belonged to the invader. Instantly the blue mass moved, part of it going up the York on transports, but the bulk taking the rain-sodden roads.

By midday the Confederates were in Williamsburg. How changed from Colonial times when the Burgesses arrived. It was raining again, rained all night, with the Federal forces pressing hard. Johnston conducts a fine retreat, under severe difficulties, and McClellan follows him, under equal trials. He has the advantage of morale. A retreat is damaging, as Johnston foretold. But every officer tells his men they are not beaten. The movement will provide a better position for defense. And the army takes its leaders' word. Let the Yankees come.

They do. The all-night skirmish in the rain develops into an all-day battle on the 5th. Johnston's leading divisions are plodding again, while James Longstreet, the man from South Carolina — another stubborn, hard-hitting man — holds the rearguard. And holds it superbly. His division of six brigades stands off the Federal mass. About midday, matters are so serious Johnston reverses the division of D. H. Hill, and returns to the field. The fighting gets desperately hot.

Throughout the 6th McClellan is held up. Lee watches anxiously from Richmond. After dark Johnston moves again, getting Hill and Longstreet clear. The main forces plod ahead, somewhere in the expanse of mud. McClellan follows gingerly. He never anticipated such fighting. The army ahead of him is not to be lightly taken. His men on the transports, without reinforcements, can do nothing. Johnston marches on, crossing to the north bank of the Chickahominy, close to Richmond. His wearied men reach there on the 9th and stack their arms. Six days of blood and rain, their only reward "a masterly retreat."

Yet Lee had accomplished his purpose. McClellan and his mass have lost a month, where they might have carried Magruder's lines in one rush, leading straight to Richmond. The Confederate positions were better, if not the best. And Lee had broad, astonishing plans. While Davis and Johnston, Longstreet and other leaders, contended for their plans, the President's adviser bided his time. His power was uncertain. The pressure of events would be upon his side. But he kept an eye upon the man Jackson, marching up and down the Shenandoah valley in his anxious way. There would be work for him.

While Johnston plodded up the peninsula, Lee studied his own checkerboard. Jackson wrote that he might accomplish something if reinforced. And Lee wrote a notable answer, the basis of his military fame. The first copy, written on April 29th, a few days before Johnston moved backward, has been preserved by the careful hand of Lee's aide-de-camp, Colonel Walter H. Taylor. It was dated "Headquarters, Richmond, Virginia," and addressed to "Major-General T. J. Jackson, commanding, etc., Swift Run Gap, Virginia:"

> General: I have had the honor to receive your letter of yesterday's date. From the reports that reach me that are entitled to credit, the force of the enemy (McDowell's 37,000), opposite Fredericksburg is represented as too large to admit of any diminution whatever of our army in that vicinity at present, as it might not only invite an attack on Richmond, but jeopard the safety of the army in the Peninsula. I regret, therefore, that your request, to have 5,000 men sent from that army to reinforce you, cannot be complied with. Can you draw enough from the command of General Edward Johnson to warrant you in attacking Banks? The last return received from that army shows a present force of upward of 3,500, which, it is hoped, has been since increased by recruits and returned furloughs. As he does not appear to be pressed, it is suggested that a portion of his force might be temporarily removed from its present position, and made available for the movement in question. A decisive and successful blow at Banks' column would be fraught with the happiest results, and I deeply regret my inability to send you the reinforcements you ask. If, however, you think the combined forces of Generals Ewell and Johnson, with your own, inadequate for the move, General Ewell might, with the assistance of General Anderson's army near Fredricksburg, strike at McDowell's army between that city and Acquia, with much promise of success; provided you feel sufficiently strong alone to hold Banks in check.

Lee granted the authority and pointed the way to the first move in his first great campaign. Perhaps no other commander of history ever confronted situation more difficult. He had delayed McClellan a month on the peninsula, at the sacrifice of his approach to the capital. Four other armies waited to descend upon Richmond, the nearest of them at Fredericksburg upon the Rappahannock, sixty miles away. There stood McDowell, with an army corps, about 37,000 men. The Confederates had perhaps 9,000 men as a checkmate. Major-General John C. Frémont was on the march from western Virginia at the head of 15,000 men, his advance guard under Brigadier R. H. Milroy having penetrated into the Shenandoah valley. At the northern end of the valley, Banks held 20,000 troops.

Only Edward Johnson and his thirty-five hundred oppose Milroy and Frémont. Jackson sees that the next move will threaten his rear lines. It is the Federal plan to join McDowell's army, coming from Fredericksburg, to McClellan's, coming from the peninsula. A combined force of 150,000 men likely to over-run Richmond, despite the noblest defense. But the caution of Lincoln — assuredly not without foundation — sought to keep McDowell between the enemy and Washington. Although that enemy might be harassed by four armies, who would prevent him should he break loose from the hounds and march down Pennsylvania avenue?

According to every reasonable probability, Richmond might be expected to fall in that spring of '62. The Confederacy must fall with it. McClellan had cause to look upon himself as a man favored by fortune. Lincoln was circumspect, devoutly hopeful.

Had the probable come to fruition it must have borne strange results, twisting the skein of history. There would have been no campaign of '64, and a General named Grant would be long forgotten. Instead of mounting to the White House and a tomb on Riverside Drive, the United States would have had a President McClellan — as he aspired to be — and another occupant for the tomb. The dice cup of Fortunatus was ever wont to upset the dreams of men.

On the 8th of May, or a day before Johnston pauses to restore his army, Stonewall is ready. With his own force and that of Johnson he falls upon Milroy's advance and hurls it back. Frémont stops in his tracks. It is Washington's turn to grow anxious. Does the devil possess that man Jackson, to unleash him at this moment, on the eve of victory?

Evidently the devil, or some equally omniscient power, because Jackson is upon the path of war. The restless, eager man puts his foot cavalry in motion. Four days after overcoming Milroy he is back in the valley. On the 16th Lee wrote warm praise and proposed the next move:

> The troops sent to Gordonsville were ordered to report to General Ewell and can be employed in making the movement on Banks. But you will not, in any demonstration you can make in that direction, lose sight of the fact that it may become necessary for you to come to the support of General Johnston, and hold yourself in readiness to do so if required. . . . Whatever movement you may make against Banks, do it speedily, and if successful drive him back toward the Potomac, and create the impression as far as possible that you design threatening that line.

One stroke alarmed Washington. Lee pointed to the second and indicated what might come. As it is true that no other commander of history ever faced situation more perilous, it is true that the Federal power lacked genius. The hounds were scared by the hare, not waiting for the stag. And Jackson poised for the second blow. Now there was to be conflict within the Confederacy. Lee's plan to move Brigadier Richard S. Ewell crossed the purpose of Johnston, who ordered Ewell to his support. Two fresh brigades from the Carolinas were ordered to two places by the two commanders. Davis sustained Lee, making it possible to carry out the broad strategical plan that he had conceived, but yet concealed. The friendship of West Point, Mexico and the frontier verged upon rupture. "Dear Joe" never was a patient man. He wanted every gun and soldier brought to Richmond.

Thus Jackson got the reinforcements for which he prayed. What a commentary upon Federal leadership that the Confederacy, with Richmond in the balance, could muster superior forces at distant points to attack divided Union commands. Jackson at last had assembled 15,000 men. Beware, Banks! He surely will strike you next, especially as your 20,000 have been reduced to 10,000, by way of sending half to McDowell.

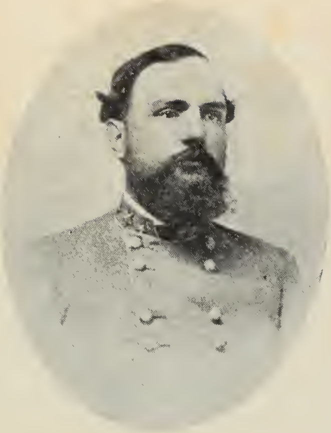
While these 10,000 are marching to join McDowell, who then will march to join McClellan, there is some manœuvring in the valley. The 10,000 reach McDowell on the 22nd. Beware, Banks! What is this hurrying, up the valley, this cannonading? Jackson at Front Royal, wrecking your strong advance post, capturing 600 men. Banks, uneasy, goes back to Winchester. McDowell is "getting ready" to march.

The 25th is a Sunday. Some day a chronicler of the war may note the great events that fell on Sundays. This one was quiet in Washington, a warm, sleepy day when good citizens went to church and returned to read the papers. What would the news be? For one thing, the *New York Herald* had a leading article headlined "Fall of Richmond." Premature journalism. By noon Washington rang with the alarm of Banks's defeat.

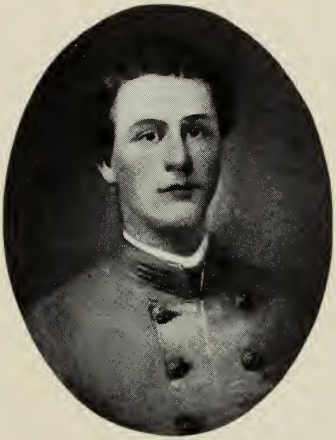
A rout. Jackson followed him to the Potomac, threatening Harper's Ferry and Washington. The instructions of Lee were fulfilled to the letter . . . "drive him back toward the Potomac, and create the impression as far as possible that you design threatening that line."

Of this same day McDowell wrote in his report:

> I was now ready to march with over 40,000 men and over 100 pieces of artillery. Though I could have started, and would have started, Sunday, yet it was resolved not to march till Monday; this out of deference to the wishes of the President, who was with me at the time, having come down



W. H. F. (Rooney) Lee,
the second son.
From a photograph made in 1864
and a portrait painted
after 1865, now in Battle Abbey, Richmond



Robert E., the younger.
From a photograph made in 1864
and a portrait painted
after 1865, now in Battle Abbey, Richmond

> Friday night, and with the concurrence of the Secretary of War, on account of the day.

Imagine the consternation in that camp when the shivers of Jackson's blow reached the Rappahannock. There was indecision. On Monday McDowell actually did march, but only a few miles when he was recalled and half of his 40,000 diverted to help "trap Jackson," caught in a net drawn from all sides.

Lee was jubilant, in his repressed way. McDowell never would join McClellan. Jackson had relieved the greatest threat. Stonewall was a religious man, no less than Lincoln. He opposed marching or fighting on Sunday, and his rule having suffered for once, he noted in his report, "On the following day, divine service was held for the purpose of rendering thanks to God for the success with which He had blessed our arms, and to implore His continued favor."

Stonewall took little account of the trap. But Washington shook with the thunders of his deeds. Edwin M. Stanton, Lincoln's Secretary of War, telegraphed the Governors of northern States, "Send forward all the troops you can, immediately. Banks completely routed. Intelligence from various quarters leaves no doubt that the enemy in great force are marching on Washington. You will please organize and forward immediately all the militia and volunteer forces in your State."

Governor John A. Andrew of Massachusetts, among others, summoned the Bay State to rally, because — "Men of Massachusetts, the wily and barbarous horde of traitors menaces again the national capital."

The "wily and barbarous horde" of 15,000 retreated on the 30th. Such booty they brought — a wagon train seven miles long, two abreast, most of them captured, along with two guns, 9,000 of those precious rifled muskets and 2,300 prisoners. In the wagons were good Yankee shoes, if not indeed on the feet of Jackson's men, and blankets, medicines, a dozen kinds of stores. Even coffee for the morning campfire. Large stores were burned, lacking wagons. Not many armies have been happier than Jackson's. But the Federal net did begin to close from the east and west and the foot cavalry fell into a "trot."

McDowell, looking on from his old position at Fredericksburg, thought unprintable things. He was a soldier of parts, despite his loss of Manassas, and mistrusted the scheme for "trapping Jackson." As for McClellan, waiting on the peninsula with his hundred and some odd thousands of men — what did he think?

The moment that Jackson moved up the valley, Lee urged Davis to thrust against McClellan, waiting at the gate. But waiting in a different situation from ten days before. At this distance it is possible to feel the balance of war shifting. The heart grows anxious for McClellan, no matter his great numbers and his siege guns, laboriously brought into place. Not only has he lost any chance of support from the Potomac, but his army is divided, one part beyond the Chickahominy, always in expectation of McDowell coming up. The other part is lying ready in front of Richmond. Johnston decides to attack there. Whether this also was Lee's plan it would be hard to decide. But later events indicate that his eye rested elsewhere.

Johnston moved promptly enough on the 31st, commanding about 50,000 men. The attack in this battle of Seven Pines began with splendid verve. The Confederate army had rested and replenished as best it could. The divided Union forces were roughly handled in the first attack, but later support established the balance. Again the Confederates captured large stores, tents, ten pieces of artillery, 6,700 muskets.

And Johnston, happy in the proof of his contention that he could beat McClellan at the gate of Richmond, perhaps rout and capture his army, moved in the thick of the fray. Already wounded ten times in other wars, a little after dark he was wounded in the shoulder by a musket ball. Then the fragment of a shell struck him in the breast.

That night Davis and Lee met in the White House of the Confederacy, now the Confederate Museum in Richmond. And there, by the lamplight, in a big, square room, the President entrusted to Lee the Army of Northern Virginia. Through some of the reddest pages known to the evolution of history, this Army of Northern Virginia would "carry the Confederacy on its bayonets."

Looking backward to the position of McClellan astride the Chickahominy, his lines bent around Richmond in a contracting horseshoe, the reader cannot but wonder why McClellan delayed. Already he had seen Milroy and Banks defeated, McDowell frustrated. The battle of Seven Pines could not be called a Southern victory, in any decisive sense, yet it parried McClellan's blow. First Lee gained a month by delaying Union arms before Yorktown, then another month by Jackson's strokes in the valley. He sent Johnston to battle at the critical moment — all by his own choice, never under compulsion. From the day of assuming command on June 1st, he was to gain another month — one-quarter of a whole year — before attacking his foe at the gate of Richmond. There are not many parallels in history. A hundred thousand men rendered futile by less than half their number, with many more thousands hovering near.

Lee in command. How that thought stirs the spirit. His destiny had found him out. The preparation of more than a half century of life was about to reach fulfillment. The tools that he had fashioned during a year of war were ready for his own hand. The ring of fortifications that he had begun in the spring of '61 was the wall at the back of his army. A wall incomplete, but a wall. Seventeen heavy batteries in a circle two miles from the city. An outer circle of lighter batteries and earthworks then interposed between Richmond and McClellan; incomplete and detached, but a nucleus.

Johnston had held firmly to the central idea of his conception. Bring up every man and gun and fight to the last. One of Lee's first actions was to summon a council of war, held on the field, attended by every ranking commander in reach. They met at the Dobbs' farmhouse on the Nine

Mile Road to consider the Confederacy's fortunes; surely as grave a council as ever assembled in the annals of war.

There was some lack of confidence among commanders, who complained of faulty co-operation and the fear of advancing without support. Almost to a man they doubted the possibility of holding the outer line; certainly as then constituted. Some appealed for a prompt, smashing advance — Johnston's method. Others argued for a delaying action at the outer line; swift fortification of the inner. Every commander of the Southern cause, as well as McClellan and the Northern command, saw the issue lying at the gate of Richmond. True enough, Jackson had performed splendid things in the valley, but he was far away and McDowell between. Lee — and Lee alone — considered the game of war about to be played on the checkerboard of Virginia, not merely in front of the capital.

The eye of history lingers upon him at that council on the Nine Mile Road. He was grayer than a year before, and calmer, assured; also he had a new manner. The repressed gravity gave way to more of decisive authority. Listening to the circle gathered around him, he lent heed to each speaker with his intent, clear, thoughtful eyes — comprehending the speaker's thoughts, as much as his words.

In the end he said that the outer line must be held — speaking in his easy, courteous way, as though the checkerboard did not represent world's end for every man. Simply, the line must be held, and fortified — begin this hour. "It can be held. We've got to hold it."

What were the thoughts of that circle? All of the old army men knew Lee. Many of the younger men, and those from civilian life, knew him as a name only, or a passing figure on horseback. The Richmond press had labeled him "Evacuating Lee." It spoke doubtfully of his selection. Lee's repressed manner, his isolation among men, made him hard of comprehension. Yet his words were plain enough. "It can be held."

Here was a man who could make an adverse decision against the weight of an army council. The fact of making it inspired a certain confidence in the new commander. Very well, then, thought men and officers, let us stand here. Lee says that we can stand. Why not? By all the gods of a thousand pantheons — we will stand.

Axes began to ring, spades to throw dirt. The disjoined batteries were joined; breastworks shoulder high appeared where none had been. Eager activity now seized the army. Yet Lee had spoken of standing only; said nothing of striking. Officers debated whether he was the man to strike.

Brigadier-General E. P. Alexander, an artillery officer, has preserved one such conversation, showing the trend of the army's nerves. During the new activity around Richmond he rode out with Colonel Joseph C. Ives, a New York man, on the staff of Davis. Their thoughts turned to the struggle which the Fates could no longer defer.

"Ives, tell me this," said Alexander. "We are here fortifying our lines, but apparently leaving the enemy all the time he needs to accumulate his superior forces, and then to move on us in the way he thinks best. Has General Lee the audacity that is going to be required for our inferior force to meet the enemy's superior force — to take the aggressive, and to run risks and stand chances?"

Ives reined up his horse, and answered, in a way the General never forgot, "Alexander, if there is one man in either army head and shoulders above every other man in audacity, it is General Lee. His name might be Audacity. He will take more desperate chances and take them quicker than any other General, North or South; and you will live to see it, too."

Prophetic, those words. And the proof not to be long withheld. In the waiting time, Richmond is a gloomy city — an undefeated city, but gloomy, ominous. The days before Manassas a year ago are lived again. Every shell from the enemy's big guns shakes the windows and sways the remaining church bells in their steeples. Some predict that the bells soon will be ringing, by concussion. So far the big guns are not close enough to reach the city, but shells are falling nearer, within the two-mile fortified line. Richmond maintains its calm by day and goes to bed by night. There are few lights. The provost guard keeps slow patrol in the streets.

In the actions around Richmond, McClellan introduced aerial observation for the first time in war. Two captive balloons began to make daily ascensions, with telling effect upon Confederate movements, and also upon Confederate pride. Gun fire had no result, for they generally were out of range. Here the energy of the Confederacy shone anew. A home-made balloon appeared in the skies, filled with plain illuminating gas from the Richmond gas works!

Lee is everywhere, an officer or two following him, sometimes none; beginning to be a familiar figure to his army. His calm, his poise, sitting astride Traveler, gives the army poise as well. He is a satisfactory figure, undisturbed as though the smoke of McClellan's guns did not hang heavy upon the horizon.

During his stay at the Dobbs' farm house Lee was comfortable enough, better accommodated that he would be again during the conflict. Bryan, an Irishman, as mess steward, and Perry and Meredith, his personal servants, had the run of the house in their hands. Most of the officers in the Army of Northern Virginia gained a first acquaintance with their chieftain. He had been but seldom in Virginia for a long period of years; only the men of the old army had anything like acquaintance with him.

Even his former comrades knew Lee only in a casual way. Joe Johnston had been his only friend. Not only was he a solitary man by reason of his mental habits, but his delicacy kept him aloof. The many eyes regarding Lee in this period before Richmond observed that he seldom — if ever — smiled, in the usual meaning. No living man can remember to have heard him laugh. But he had what is called "a smiling eye," that often embraced men and children, especially children, with its brown and pleasant warmth.

Being a man of delicate sensibility, Lee had an aversion to personal contact with others. He disliked the touch of another hand, or to have another person stand near him — never behind him! There is the story of a staff captain who lost his place because he uniformly would fall into step behind his commander.

The General never shook hands with visitors if able to avoid that ancient ceremony, which his position usually enabled him to do. As to hands, his own was "square" and strong, but rather smaller than a man of his stature might be expected to have. Furthermore, he had a short arm. Sculptors and painters who have studied the subject intimately — at least one of them from life — believe that the first Lees in America were short, strong men, heavy of body. The anatomists agree that all Americans have grown taller since their coming, and some affirm that we begin to resemble the Indians. The Lees, it would seem, gained in stature, but retained short arms, small hands — dainty feet. The General wore a boot size 4-1/2 C! And he stood almost six feet.

The modern custom of hand shaking is more common than in the 60's and before; a product of the latter day democracy almost unknown to the old world, especially as between the classes of the older society. In early America the shaking of hands was uncommon. Only within the present generation has it become a kind of common divisor of mankind's contact.

Lee extended punctilious welcome to callers, though the visitor might be no more than a soldier's wife or a grandfather come to visit the army. His own simplicity made him easily at home with plain people. Children crawled upon his knee without "by your leave." But he also had a deeply bred delicacy, the product of the generations behind him.

Of the various black men who followed Marse Robert through the war, Perry was his favorite. Perry alone might attend to his personal needs. Lee was meticulous about his clothes and managed to appear in the way a West Pointer should, down to the toe of his polished boot. Jackson, a West Pointer, too, wore the seediest uniform in the army and a black cavalry cap — not blue or gray, but black. Not so Marse Robert. He was pressed, polished and presentable upon the darkest day.

Kipling has said that every good soldier becomes a bit of an old maid. The life in barracks and camp, the habit of obedience without thought, the necessity to be ready for prompt movements, begets a nicety and thoroughness unknown to civilian life. And Lee was a man who carried his orderly habit of thought to details. Woe to Perry when there was a wrinkle in his gray coat.

With the General's appointment to active command his staff was considerably enlarged. In addition to his aide-de-camp, Walter Taylor, another officer long in his military family, had joined Lee in the south — Major Armistead L. Long. Major Charles Marshall and Major Charles S. Venable were appointed a little later; the four men who knew Lee most intimately in the war years. All of them were advanced to higher rank, but are known as "Lee's Majors."

Of the thirty-four men who served upon Lee's staff at some time during the war only one of them held higher rank than Colonel. He never was inclined to councils of war and seemed to believe that the presence of men of the Brigadier grade or higher, would force him to consultation. With Marse Robert the waging of war was a personal matter.

Lee holds no more conferences. Nor does he speak of striking. For that matter, he speaks neither of striking nor standing, but waits with the grace of confidence. For he has visioned the checkerboard of war and expects several moves. And McClellan — with his hundred thousand and more — booming away on both sides of the Chickahominy; what of McClellan?

The day after Lee took command, June 2, McClellan wrote to Lincoln:

> . . . . Our left is within four miles of Richmond. I only wait for the river to fall, to cross with the rest of the force, and make a general attack. The morale of my troops is now such that I can venture much. I do not fear for odds against me. . . .

Odds! Odd's bodikin, let us say.

Though McClellan may wait, there is another man who will not. His name can be found among the J's of fame. He has halted his seven-mile wagon train and is in a favorable position to join Lee—if he should be needed. A favorable position, that is, save the threat of nearby armies. Frémont himself has come down from western Virginia and holds Cross Keys. Frémont in person and in force. From the east another Federal command under Brigadier James Shields is ready to close in. "Trapping Jackson" seems on the point of realization.

Careful, Frémont! Beware, Shields! Remember the dismay that fell to Milroy and Banks. They remember, but Jackson strikes Frémont at Cross Keys on June 8 and cripples him badly enough to prevent worthwhile pursuit. A river lies between the Confederates and Shields. Jackson drives part of that seven-mile wagon train into the water, and builds a bridge two wagons wide. Muleteers keep to their teams. Felled trees and stray planking are laid on the wagons. Jackson's veterans cross, the wagon bridge swaying drunkenly, threatening to part. Mules kick and struggle. Muleteers curse and pray. Hour after hour, the army crosses. Even the guns get over—somehow. The bridge breaks up. The wagon train falls in. An all night march. By 10.30 of the 9th Stonewall has attacked Shields and sent him flying. The valley campaign, that epic of swift action and startling blows, comes to an end.

What joy in the heart of Lee. On the 11th he wrote to Jackson:

> Your recent successes have been the cause of the liveliest joy in this army, as well as in the country. The admiration excited by your skill and boldness has been constantly mingled with solicitude for your situation. The practicability of re-

> inforcing you has been the subject of earnest consideration. It has been determined to do so at the expense of weakening this army. Brigadier-General Lawton, with six regiments from Georgia, is on the way to you, and Brigadier-General Whiting, with eight veteran regiments, leaves here to-day. The object is to enable you to crush the forces opposed to you. Leave your enfeebled troops to watch the country and guard the passes covered by your cavalry and artillery, and with your main body, including Ewell's division and Lawton's and Whiting's commands, move rapidly to Ashland by rail or otherwise, as you may find most advantageous, and sweep down the Chickahominy and Pamunkey, cutting up the enemy's communications, etc., while this army attacks General McClellan in front. He will thus, I think, be forced to come out of his entrenchments, where he is strongly posted on the Chickahominy, and apparently preparing to move by gradual approaches on Richmond. Keep me advised of your movements, and, if practicable, precede your troops, that we may confer and arrange for simultaneous attack.

Here was the third letter in the great plan, opening the way to Jackson's next move. And the third phase was not disclosed, any more than the first two had been. The reinforcements for Jackson were intended to give him confidence for his greater effort. Lee knew that the valley campaign was ended, before a man marched. But their movement could not fail to become known among the Federal soldiers. Apparently Jackson would be making ready to sweep down the valley again.

This move drew the last of McDowell's men from Fredericksburg and left an open road to strike McClellan. Federal prisoners were allowed to see the movement get under way — and then to escape.

As for McClellan, he was still getting ready. On June 12 he moved his headquarters south of the Chickahominy and June 14 he advised Lincoln, "Weather now very favorable. I shall advance as soon as the bridges are completed and the ground fit for artillery to move." By June 18, we may read:

> A general engagement may take place any hour. An advance by us involves a battle more or less decisive. After tomorrow we shall fight the rebel army as soon as Providence will permit. We shall await only a favorable condition of the earth and sky, and the completion of some necessary preliminaries. . . .

The reader sitting by his fireside, safe in an easy chair, well may remember that Lee conceived and carried out his plan of this period, beset by every kind of difficulty. He proceeded with calmness and sureness. He estimated McClellan accurately; seemed to know the next thought to take form in his mind. Confederate fortifications were strong. The day that Joe Johnston had so longed to see was at hand — every man and gun ready.

The great conflict unfolds in the way of old — as when the Argives of Homer went forth to scale the walls of Troy. Troy in this case was Richmond, and Lee anxious to find the best point for attack. He must have accurate information. How to get it — with the McClellan horseshoe firmly fixed?

Behold Jeb Stuart ride forth in the dawn of the 12th, his plume in his hat, 1,200 cavalry and a section of artillery behind him. They are going for a ride of which history will not see the like again. Lee must know what lies on McClellan's right flank, and what behind it. So Jeb Stuart's cavalrymen go riding — first as if they might join Jackson, then swerving eastward and striking Federal cavalry on the far right flank, where they soon develop that no natural obstacle and no great force will be met.

The calvary rides, swinging behind the Federal army, beating off pickets. A whole day and night it rides, until Stuart knows the ground and the forces at hand. But he is back of the Federal army now, which seethes with word of him. To return the way he came is to invite disaster.

Again they ride, tearing up a railroad line, building a bridge and fording a river. They come upon stores and apply the torch. Also to an ammunition dump, of which the explosion is heard in Richmond. They meet and capture some cavalrymen and guns.

Yet the ride goes on, in a zig-zag line from the right flank, across the rear, toward the left. Half the Federal army is looking for the raiders, when they sweep around the far left into Richmond, while the army rings with their deeds.

It is the lightning touch to Confederate morale, this ride of the twelve hundred. Lee does them honor, in General Orders No. 74. He is a man sparing of words, never lavish of praise, yet he says:

> The commanding general announces with great satisfaction to the army the brilliant exploit of Brigadier-General J. E. B. Stuart with part of the troops under his command. This gallant officer, with portions of the First, Fourth and Ninth Virginia Cavalry, and part of the Jeff Davis Legion, with the Boykin Rangers and a section of the Stuart Horse Artillery, on June 13th, 14th and 15th, made a reconnaissance between the Pamunkey and Chickahominy Rivers and succeeded in passing around the rear of the whole Union army, routing the enemy in a series of skirmishes, taking a number of prisoners, destroying and capturing stores to a large amount. Having most successfully accomplished its object, the expedition recrossed the Chickahominy, almost in the presence of the enemy, with the same coolness and address that marked every step of his progress, and with the loss of but one man, the lamented Captain Latané, of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry, who fell bravely leading a successful charge against a force of the enemy.
>
> In announcing this signal success to the army, the General commanding takes great pleasure in expressing his admiration of the courage and skill so conspicuously exhibited throughout by the general and the officers and men under his command.
>
> In addition to the officers honorably mentioned in the report of the expedition, the conduct of the following privates has received the special commendation of their commanders: Private Thomas D. Clapp, Company D, First Virginia Cavalry, and J. S. Mosby, serving with the same regiment; Privates Ashton, Brent, R. Herring, F. Herring, and F. Coleman, Company E, Ninth Virginia Cavalry.

Gallant Captain Latané, with your French name in this far land! When has man died more admirably? And mark — while we are marking men — Private J. S. Mosby, who will become the partisan leader of Mosby's Raiders.

The main body of Jackson's force moved from the valley on the 18th. The commander traveled ahead, reaching Frederickshall on the 22nd, which chanced to be a Sunday. The point was about fifty-two miles from Richmond, a station of the old Central Railroad. It was in Jackson's power to join Lee swiftly, but his dislike of any activity upon a Sunday caused him to pause by the wayside, spending the day in a neighboring manor house, twice attending services.

The Sunday having passed, Jackson started for Lee's headquarters. Not by rail, fearing his presence in Richmond might become known to McClellan. Instead he mounted and rode, followed by a single aide — a Presbyterian minister and instructor in a theological seminary when not a soldier — over the country roads. From 1 o'clock Monday morning until 3 o'clock Monday afternoon, they rode. Then, covered by the red dust of the countryside, the two reached Lee's headquarters on the Nine Mile Road.

A momentous meeting. There was Lee, waiting upon the porch of the Dobbs' farm house to greet the man who had helped stem the blue host. They had not met, except in a casual way, since the days together in Mexico. How changed their fortunes! Then the flag they defended united them and a thousand more; now unfurled over their foemen in arms. Longstreet and the two Hills — A. P. and D. H., with no relationship, like the two Johnstons — also awaited Jackson. With these four men Lee gauged the series of movements that he intended should thrust McClellan back from Richmond. In this, the opening episode of the greater phase of his career, he planned and ordered with a clarity not excelled by any commander of history.

McClellan was disturbed by Stuart's riding, if not by Jackson's, and looked to his rear lines. Another problem for the Union commander, when Confederate cavalry could circle his army and fight it in sections, while Lincoln bowed his head in Washington. So there was more delay. On June 25th he advised the President:

> The rebel force is stated at two hundred thousand, including Jackson and Beauregard (the latter in Mississippi). I shall have to contend against vastly superior odds if these reports be true; but this army will do all in the power of men to hold their position and repulse any attack. I regret my great inferiority of numbers, but feel I am in no way responsible for it. . . . I will do all that a General can do with the splendid army I have the honor to command, and if it is destroyed by overwhelming numbers, can at least die with it and share its fate; but if the result of the action which will probably occur to-morrow or within a short time is disaster, the responsibility cannot be thrown on my shoulders.

The delay finally was to end — the next day, in fact. Lee struck, not McClellan; and north of the Chickahominy, instead of south, where McClellan had concentrated. It is easy to see the flow of Lee's thoughts. He faced an opponent of superior numbers, but divided by a river. McClellan's far right flank was weak. If Lee, by a bold stroke, could bring larger forces to bear upon the right flank, while McClellan held the left strongly, then the Confederate attack might roll up the weak flank. What of McClellan on the left, facing the Confederate's weakened right? Lee would risk it.

Jackson was intrusted with the larger share of the task; the greater glory awaited him. At 3 A.M. of the 26th he would move upon the right flank, and the moment his thrust got under way A. P. Hill would move upon Mechanicsville, while Confederate batteries on the Chickahominy opened upon that town, one of the Federal approaches to Richmond. Then — all together — back the flank must go.

But Jackson had ridden weary miles to meet Lee. Even an iron man must tire. On the night of the 25th he came up with his main body at Ashland, from which he should have marched that day. The morning of the 26th, when Lee expected his attack, he moved forward, with twenty-odd miles to march. All day Lee waited, the two Hills waited, Longstreet waited — the army in suspense. Couriers ride far and hard. Jackson cannot possibly arrive that day. The waiting men are under arms, ammunitioned, provisioned, eager. The guns are ready. To wait longer is to lose what remains of the first splendid morale that means victory.

Lee orders A. P. Hill to begin at 3 o'clock, and he begins ably, sweeping upon Mechanicsville. The guns open. Lee had provided for an army of 50,000 men to attack north of the river, where Brigadier Fitz John Porter had no more than half that number, an inferior force attacking a larger one with the balance of weight at the critical point. Ives had said that Lee's name might be Audacity. But Jackson's delay weakened the blow. Hill found his attack desperately opposed.

Think of McClellan, for a moment, planning his strategy in the late afternoon of that June day. Or dozing in his tent till the heat had passed. Rude awakening! No man might doubt that the long, unbroken roar along the Chickahominy meant battle — battle at last, delivered by Lee, at the point of his choosing.

Nightfall found Hill well lodged in Porter's lines, and McClellan making frantic efforts to get him away as best he might. Still Jackson marched through the night, more weary miles. It is daylight and after of the 27th before he arrives, a day late, bringing 18,500 men in the third phase of his grand manœuvre. The new force raises the defenders' total to about 83,000 men, the largest number Lee will command upon one field. McClellan had received another 20,000 during June, raising his total to 120,000. At the moment that 70,000 other troops searched the valley for Jackson, Lee poised his lieutenant's army upon the weak flank of McClellan.

When Jackson finally got upon the field; when at last his tired regiments smelled powder and saw the waves of dun smoke hanging over fields and woods; then, and then only, the battle really began. Where Hill, alone, had fought a bloody, almost a critical battle, the weight of Jackson's corps fell upon the far, weak right, which crumpled and rolled back — exactly as Lee had foreseen. Throughout another bitter day the conflict went on, into the night. The next morning there was not a living Federal soldier north of the Chickahominy. The great campaign of the seven days before Richmond reached the end of its first period; Lee had performed one of the master strokes of modern war.

Porter's remnants were safely on the south side, where the Union army recoiled, wavered. What would McClellan do? His base of supplies on the York River was lost, his army menaced. During the 28th it became evident that he would move backward to the James, where his gunboats lay in reserve, a last line of defense.

Lee, in the flush of victory, recrossed the Chickahominy to fall upon McClellan. When has there been the spectacle of a smaller army boldly driving a larger one? Not without a deluge of blood. McClellan might be a checkerboard General, but he played the game well. The retiring movement was exactly the sort of problem that he would ably solve. He went backward slowly, carrying his guns, even the big siege pieces, and his thousands of wagons.

There was general fighting on the 30th, particularly at Frazier's Farm. Again Jackson moved with a slowness to disappoint every expectation. Try to glimpse Lee's mind in those hours of abundant victory, while greater beckoned on. Could he but bring his strength to bear, he might overwhelm McClellan, end the war upon the banks of the James. Jackson, the man of fire and dash, the selected thunderbolt for the greater triumph, moved ponderously. Throughout the seven days he was late, sometimes entirely missing — the great anomaly of his career. Never before, never again, did he fail to be first upon the field, to strike blows as hard as any. Another Sunday falling in the time of pursuit, he rested his men upon their arms for prayer and contemplation.

Thus Lee had to meet the deficiencies of the man from whom he expected most. The character of the countryside, broken by swamps, woods, rivers and tortuous roads, made every commander independent. By the means of communication at Lee's command he could do no more than point the road and select the time. The rest must depend upon his officers. Happily, other leaders were driving hard and true, notably A. P. Hill and Longstreet.

Fancy the plumed Stuart, riding again. Still on the right, he gets between McClellan's cavalry and his main body, putting it out of the fight, in isolated retreat. At the White House on the Pamunkey, McClellan's base, and part of the Custis inheritance, more stores were captured, including 10,000 small arms, plucked from a Union bonfire. Part of the ammunition dump was saved, providing sound ammunition in place of the faulty Confederate. Especially big shells for the Parrott guns. But the White House crumbled into ashes.

During July 1st the movement went on, with fighting over a wide area. It centred at Malvern Hill, on the James, McClellan's gunboats firing from the river, and Longstreet grumbling against Lee's frontal attacks. Not his kind of fighting. He believed in letting the enemy do any desperate attacking that must be done. Malvern Hill stands among the fiercest contests of the war, involving heavy Confederate losses, but on the next morning it was seen that McClellan had moved once more, to Harrison's Landing. There the biggest of his gunboats could get into position.

The battle of the seven days had come to an end. Lee considered, then decided against attack. His chance to overwhelm McClellan lay between the Chickahominy and the James. He had lost 15,000 men, McClellan as many more. A hundred thousand confronted Lee upon the river bank, strongly posted. He could not fail to see that his major opportunity was gone.

So he turned back to Richmond. In three months the greatest army ever gathered under the American flag had marched up the peninsula, bent upon taking Richmond. That army he left upon the James, defeated. After a fanfare of trumpets and a showing of colors it had been compelled to forego the prize within reach, by a smaller, poorly equipped army. Lee had captured 10,000 prisoners, fifty-one guns, 35,000 muskets, thirty stands of colors, and vast stores — shoes, blankets, underwear, medicines, all the things his army needed. Even greater stores were burned.

The battle of the seven days has been a military puzzle for sixty-five years. Hardly a school of war has failed to study and teach Lee's strategy. With a relief map of the peninsula, toy soldiers and guns, the military students of two generations may contend again on the field of those seven days of campaigning.

Looking at such a map, studying the distances and difficulties, it is remarkable that Lee was able to accomplish victory. He commanded a loosely joined army that never had engaged in a great manœuvre; without much relationship between its several parts, and but little instructed in the art of war. His brilliant lieutenant, Jackson, had failed. There was misunderstanding, lack of unity, between commanders; too much of the individual character in their movements. In fact, the misfortunes that befell Lee's central idea can be analyzed until it is difficult to see how victory was won upon any scale. Yet a great, world-shaking victory it proved. On the very day of the first attack, a new Federal commander, Major-General John Pope, took command north of Richmond, and now sought to prevent a blow at McClellan, by demonstrations toward the capital. Lee sent Jackson to discover what Pope might intend. And in the quiet Dobbs farmhouse he took retreat with himself, to study the campaign.

Jackson had disappointed every reasonable expectation. Lee, bending over his maps, the cleft in his brow deep and anxious, studied the cause. Had Jackson disregarded orders wilfully? Was he mistaken in his lieutenant, the man who carried out one of the epics of war in his valley campaign? And if Jackson had been remiss, as it was plain that he had failed, what reason might lie behind his fault?

Hard questions for any commander. And may we think of Lee as reflecting upon the two lost Sundays before and during his attack? A deeply religious man himself, would he censure Jackson for pausing to render his devotion? Only Lee might know. Posterity can merely glimpse his mind in a letter written a month after these events, on July 27; one of his practical, kindly, but pointed letters, addressed to Jackson:

> . . . A P. Hill, you will, I think, find a good soldier, with whom you can consult, and, by advising with your division commanders as to your movements, much trouble will be saved you in arranging details, as they can act more intelligently. I wish to save you trouble from my increasing your command. Cache your troops as much as possible till you can strike your blow and be prepared to return to me when done, if necessary. I will endeavour to keep General McClellan quiet till it is over if executed rapidly.

Evidently he had concluded in the counsels of his mind that Jackson was a less experienced commander than he had believed. The valley campaign was fought with measurably fewer thousands than Jackson found engaged in the seven days; his own corps outnumbering his earlier army in many of its engagements. Lee concluded that his lieutenant was not wilfully dilatory, but had to master the command of men in large bodies. As for the delay of the two Sundays — who shall read his thoughts?

In this hurried season he wrote to Charlotte, Rooney's wife:

> I must take a part of this holy day, my dearest Chass, to thank you for your letter. I am very glad that my communication after the battle reached you so opportunely and relieved your anxiety about Fitzhugh (Rooney). He has, since that, made a hazardous scout, and been protected by that Divine Providence which, I trust and pray, may always smile on you, as I know it will ever watch over you and yours. . . . And now I must answer your inquiries about myself. My habiliments are not as comfortable as yours, nor so suited to this hot weather, but they are the best I have. My coat is of gray, of the regulation style and pattern, and my pants of dark blue, as is also prescribed, partly hid by my long boots. I have the

> same handsome hat which surmounts my gray head (the latter is not prescribed in the regulations) and shields my ugly face, which is masked by a white beard as stiff and wiry as the teeth of a card. In fact, an uglier person you have never seen, and so unattractive is it to our enemies that they shoot at it whenever visible to them, but though age with its snow has whitened my head, and its frosts have stiffened my limbs, my heart, you well know, is not frozen to you, and summer returns when I see you. . . .

And to Mary he wrote, "I have returned to my old quarters and am filled with gratitude to our Heavenly Father for all the mercies he has extended to us. Our success has not been as great or complete as we could have desired, but God knows what is best for us."

July drifted into August without event. Pope demonstrated, Jackson observed, McClellan recuperated. It was the 4th before Lincoln ordered him home. Humiliation incomparable! McClellan pleaded, vainly. The transports arrived, the Federal army packed up. Its great invasion ended ingloriously. Lee had saved the Confederacy.

CHAPTER VIII

Can He Sustain It?

THE Confederacy had become a personality. Lee's victories before Richmond centred the nation's hope in one man. Now, for the first time, his army hailed him by a name of singular affection — Marse Robert. To the old plantation darky no man was as great as his "marster," conjugated into "marse" when coupled with that man's name. The army could do no more. So his name remains on the scroll of fame.

Marse Robert, then, held the eyes of men, North and South, across the water. What would he do next? Had the campaign before Richmond combined only audacity and strokes of chance? Lincoln and the Union wondered, putting forth prodigious efforts to check this new leader, whatever the facts. As for Marse Robert, he, too, contemplated the field of war in his grave, careful way. The change in his personal fortunes robbed him neither of modesty nor humor. On July 28 he wrote to Mary, from headquarters:

> In the prospect before me I cannot see a single ray of pleasure during this war; but so long as I can perform any service to the country I am content. . . . When you write to Rob again tell him to catch Pope for me, and also to bring in his cousin Louis Marshall, who, I am told, is on his staff. I could forgive the latter fighting against us, but not his joining Pope.

So much for Anne's son. The nephew barely escaped the uncle's wishes when a Confederate raid forced him to fly from his tent, "leaving his toddy untasted," as the uncle commented in another letter.

Evidently Lee left his headquarters before Richmond unexpectedly, because he wrote about August 1 to Custis, serving on the staff of Davis, as follows:

> I write a line to say good-by to you and Mary. I had hoped to be able to come in and see you both to-night, but I find it impossible to enjoy that pleasure. I have had much to do, which with preparation for my departure renders it impossible. Good-by, my dear children. May God bless and guard you both. Tell your mother when she arrives that I was unable to stop to see her. I go to Gordonsville. My after movements depend on circumstances that I cannot foresee.
>
> P.S.—I send in my straw hat, to which please give house room, also a summer under-jacket which I find out of my trunk. If you have the key put it in, or ask your mother to mend it and keep it for me.

Once more the Confederacy and the Union gathered forces for the struggle that plainly must go on. Lincoln decided that he should not depend upon his judgment in deciding matters of strategy and named as military adviser a man of some note in the western theatre, Major-General Henry W. Halleck. Grant got command in Mississippi and Tennessee. Beauregard continued in the unequal task to which he had fallen heir. While the South recoiled from catastrophe, the North demanded anew that a decision should be had. But there was a numerous and growing peace party as well.

Pope injected bitterness into the war. McDowell, the steady soldier, and McClellan, a gallant one, had been respected opponents. Pope issued stern orders affecting civilians. He was a wordy man, who little understood his own army — that had been doing the hardest kind of service and was in a poor humor for his opening order, from "Headquarters in the Saddle":

> Let us understand each other. I come to you from the West where we have always seen the backs of our enemies; from an army whose business it has been to seek the adversary,

> and beat him when he was found; whose policy has been attack and not defence. . . . I presume I have been called here to pursue the same system, and to lead you against the enemy. . . . Success and glory are in the advance. Disaster and shame lurk in the rear. . . .

An awkward way to open friendship with men who knew the Army of Northern Virginia by personal contact. His orders regarding civilians caused Lee to write a letter, on August 2, addressed to Halleck, and reflects Lee in animated mood:

> On the 22nd of July last, a cartel for a general exchange of prisoners was signed by Major-General John A. Dix, on behalf of the United States, and by Major-General D. H. Hill, on the part of this Government. By the terms of that cartel it is stipulated that all prisoners-of-war hereafter taken shall be discharged on parole until exchanged. Scarcely had the cartel been signed, when the military authorities of the United States commenced a practice changing the character of the war, from such as becomes civilized nations, into a campaign of indiscriminate robbery and murder.
>
> A general order, issued by Major-General Pope on the 23d of July last, the day after the date of the cartel, directs the murder of our peaceful citizens as spies if found quietly tilling their farms in his rear, even outside of his lines.
>
> And one of his Brigadier-Generals, Steinwehr, has seized innocent and peaceful inhabitants, to be held as hostages, to the end that they may be murdered in cold blood if any of his soldiers are killed by some unknown persons, whom he designates as "bushwhackers." . . .
>
> Under these circumstances, this Government has issued the accompanying order, which I am directed by the President to transmit to you, recognizing Major-General Pope, and his commissioned officers, to be in the position which they have chosen for themselves—that of robbers and murderers, and not that of public enemies, entitled, if captured, to be treated as prisoners-of-war.
>
> The President also instructs me to tell you that we renounce our right of retaliation on the innocent, and will continue to treat the private soldiers of General Pope's army as prisoners-of-war. . . .

It is to be recorded that Lincoln laid a softening hand upon Pope's arm and his seizure of hostages ceased. Yet it was not his destiny to escape lightly. Lee measured the new opponent with the accuracy that he had measured McClellan. Again his acquaintance with Union commanders was to bear fateful results. The position of the Confederacy in early August bore no relation to its plight of early June. Lee had saved the Confederacy. Could he sustain it?

The Army of Northern Virginia was as numerous in men as it ever would be, better armed and equipped than it had been. Jackson's captures and the seizures during the seven days replaced thousands of smooth-bore muskets with rifled guns. The captured artillery was ready for service, along with quantities of ammunition. One of Lee's important contributions had taken shape on April 16, when the Confederate Congress passed a conscription act, enrolling all able-bodied men from eighteen to thirty-five for three years' service. A year before the Union resorted to conscription, Lee established the precedent for the English-speaking world.

Lincoln had called for 300,000 men, and the States were sending them forward. Whatever Lee could do, he must do swiftly. And swiftness was the essence of the man Jackson, though he had dallied before Richmond. Perhaps he took counsel with himself after Lee's letter. And he had gained experience in directing large bodies of men. Lee should not find him lacking again.

Although ordered home on the 4th, McClellan tarried upon the James. Washington opinion might change and give him another chance to attack Richmond. The checkerboard soldier studied the field as well as Lee and came to the conclusion that Petersburg, twenty-three miles southeast of the capital, was the key position. More than two years before Grant was driven into position before that city by the impetus of his own attack, McClellan sensed its importance.

Lee concluded that his opponent would not attack him. But he must see that army removed from the near approaches to the city. The surest way would be to strike toward Washington, his former manœuvre. He sent A. P. Hill to join Jackson, giving him an army of 18,000 men. Pope had 40,000. And he sent Jackson's foeman of other days to meet him again — Banks.

The meeting took place on August 9 near Cedar Run, a heavy action, where Banks left the field to Jackson. Once more the effect was what Lee had hoped. Lincoln bid McClellan come without a day's delay. The Confederate host again was seen in fancy — marching in Pennsylvania Avenue. McClellan must come — come quickly. As his transports moved down the James in a long line, leaving a wake of blue smoke, Lee's army marched. Now — now or never — the Fates beckoned.

The "interior lines" belonged to Lee, as they later belonged to Germany. If he could reach Pope first — beware Pope. Lincoln and Halleck divined the import of events. There was a tragic pause, waiting for McClellan. A gunboat kept steam up conveniently near the White House.

Lee himself was ready to go by the 15th. He wrote to Mary of his plans, noting, among other things, that his favorite horse of earlier times was in the enemy's hands. Grace Darling had been sent down to the White House at the beginning of the war, and was seized by McClellan's forces. An outpost saw her, "bestridden by a Yankee," her colt at her side. And Marse Robert declared that he could have been "better resigned to many things than that." Richmond, a horse presented by the citizens of the capital, died about this time. "His fate is different from Grace's, and to his loss I can be easily resigned."

Pope caught the air of alarm, from his front and rear, and retired behind the Rappahannock, transferring the field of war beyond the most northerly of Virginia rivers. Lee found him with his right at Waterloo Bridge and his left at Kelly's Ford. From "Camp near Orange Court House, August 17," Lee wrote to Mary:

> Here I am in a tent instead of my comfortable quarters at Dobbs. The tent, however, is very comfortable (to reassure Mary), and of that I have nothing to complain. General Pope says he is very strong, and seems to feel so, for he is moving apparently up to the Rapidan. I hope he will not prove stronger than we are. I learn since I have left that General McClellan has moved down the James River with his whole army. (Evidently Lee ran the risk of going without being certain what McClellan would do.) I suppose he is coming here, too, so we shall have a busy time. Burnside and King from Fredericksburg have joined Pope, which, from their own report, has swelled Pope to 92,000. I do not believe it, though I believe Pope is very big. Johnny Lee (another nephew) saw Louis Marshall after Jackson's last battle, who asked him kindly after his old uncle, and said his mother was well. Johnny said Louis looked wretchedly himself. I am sorry he is in such bad company, but I suppose he could not help it.

The tragedy of this war! Kinsmen meeting upon the field of death under a flag of truce. And the end not dimly in sight.

The second great campaign of '62 moved to its climax. Pope, in fact, had about 75,000 men, Lee 55,000. Unless he could prevail promptly, McClellan would arrive with his hundred thousand. War in '62 contained elements of surprise impossible now. The field telegraph was new and uncertain. Signal systems were doubtful. Couriers carried dispatches, in the colorful way of old. Armies sought one another and fought to decisions. There were magnificent victories, appalling failures.

An officer of Stuart's staff rode into a body of Federal cavalry on a dark night, carrying a letter from Lee disclosing his intentions. It was soon in Pope's hands. Then Stuart and his staff halted for a few hours' sleep on the porch of a roadside home. Thundering cavalry awakened them — Federal cavalry, sending Stuart and staff flying down the nearest road. More than this, Stuart lost his hat — the famous plumed hat. And its loss cost him the army's laughter.

But Stuart was to be avenged, and well avenged. Lee sent him on a raiding expedition behind Pope's lines, than which no human order could have satisfied Stuart so well. It was the sort of enterprise for which men and leader yearned. By roundabout roads they penetrated the Union lines in a blinding storm. Then a turning movement to reach the Federal base, twelve miles in the rear of their front. There Stuart found the reserve baggage and ammunition train, along with Pope's headquarters.

A night when the wild elements were turned loose, the rain falling in a downpour while lightning rends the black sky and thunder shakes the world. Suddenly — come from nowhere — a horde of yelling men sweeps the camp. They stampede horses and mules, try to blow up the ammunition train, with poor results, in the blinding rain. Men and officers are captured. Stuart plunges into a tent and finds Pope's papers. It is the General's very tent, though he is absent. There are letters, dispatches, memorandums, battle plans, and the General's dress uniform. Also a safe, containing thousands of good dollars.

Stuart takes papers, money and officers — some of high rank — and makes away in the storm. Had it been a dry night his efforts must have cost Pope dearly. But the General's personal baggage was no slight satisfaction to its captor. A day or two later he forwarded this message through the lines, "If you will send me back my hat, I will send you your clothes."

A cavalier, truly, who brought gaiety to this sombre war. It would not be many weeks until he telegraphed Halleck, in the course of another raid, complaining about the mules furnished to the Army of the Potomac.

After the descent upon Pope's tent, Lee could read what his opponent planned to do and what he hoped. Now was the favorable hour come. The battle of the seven days might be fought anew with equal or greater results.

He must venture much to attack Pope in front; to delay was beyond the possible. If he could, by manœuvre, repeat on the Rappahannock what he had accomplished on the Chickahominy, victory was assured. Thus he determined upon and swiftly undertook the second grand manœuvre of his second great battle — dividing his smaller army to attack a larger one. Should he fail — disaster. Should he prevail — he might plant the eagles of the Confederacy on Washington's ramparts.

Where, in the history of armies, is there an annal to equal that of the engagement about to begin? Jackson, with 20,000 infantry and 2,000 cavalry moved at dawn of the 25th. The "foot cavalry" had a task worthy of its maxim that "Jackson always marched at early dawn unless he marched the night before." On this occasion the glint of day lighted his columns upon the roads.

They trudged northwest. To go where? One man of the 20,000 knew. They wondered, as well as Pope, who learned by 8 o'clock that a strong force was on the march. His lookouts counted the batteries and regimental colors (for it was still the fashion to carry colors, even on such a day) and reported to Pope with fair accuracy. He seems to have thought that Jackson's movement was a shield for Lee, moving farther west. Washington, then, was in the balance? A harassed man, Pope, with his orders to protect the capital no matter what might come.

Through the long, hot day, the marching men went on, to Salem, twenty-six miles away. There the ranks fell out, the coffee pots appeared, though they would contain no better coffee than parched meal. The eye beholds them, reading their old war song:

Come, stack arms, men! pile on the rails—
Stir up the campfire bright,
No matter if the canteen fails,
  We'll make a roaring light!
Here Shenandoah brawls along
The burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the brigade's rousing song
  Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now—the old slouched hat
  Cocked o'er his eyes askew —

The shrewd dry smile—the speech so pat,
  So calm, so blunt, so true,
The "Blue Light Elder" knows well—
Says he, that's Banks—he's fond of shell,
Lord save his soul! we'll give him—well,
  That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Another dawn, another march. To the east this time, toward Thoroughfare Gap and the enemy's rear. The columns comprehended the drama. Marse Robert plans another devastating blow, and will hurl Jackson, his thunderbolt, upon the Federal rear. Pope in his camp, Halleck in Washington, walk with uneasy pace, furrowing their brows. Something is afoot — plainly. And swiftly afoot. By mid-afternoon the head of Jackson's columns reached Gainesville on the Warrenton pike, twenty miles that day. There Stuart caught up with his cavalry, after two days of skirmishing. Leaving a small force to delay any larger one, Jackson pushed on.

The scene of war had shifted to its first field. Pope's base of supplies was Manassas. By midnight the Confederates were close at hand, to be met by a storm of artillery fire from the Federal works. "Fix bayonets — charge!" ring the bugles, over they go, sweeping Manassas clear. By sun-up the whole great base is in Confederate hands.

Strange, that scene. Ragged, hungry, barefooted men, who had not owned a whole shirt or dined well in uncounted days, confronted by the stores of clothing, food, blankets and coffee — especially coffee. Acres of wooden warehouses bulging with things to eat and wear. On the side-tracks two miles of loaded cars. Quantities of stores piled in the fields like cordwood, covered by tarpaulins.

A day of revelry. Men cooked and drank until they could hold no more — liquor, wine, coffee, especially coffee. Every man had new underwear, a change of shirts, blue breeches in place of rags, and some dared to don a blue coat. The cavalry loaded their horses with more than they could rightfully carry. Then — then the sad moment, when the torch must be applied, while thousands of comrades back yonder drank hot water colored with parched meal, in place of coffee. What a scene — to see good food burned and smell coffee roasting by the ton.

Meanwhile Jackson's rearguard had been attacked and moved to join the main body, coming in the moment of fortune to drink a last cup of coffee. Strong forces were turning back from Pope's front, as others moved down from the Potomac. Jackson stood between two fires, either sufficient to consume him. What of Lee?

Throughout the 25th he waited with calm face, but anxious heart. Pope might have overwhelmed him while Jackson marched. Pope tarried and wondered. On the 26th, before Jackson had struck, Longstreet moved to join him, leaving Lee the thinnest of lines opposite Pope. Then Jackson struck; Confederate outposts reported masses in blue moving northward.

But the supporting move must be made. Lee follows. When Jackson is burning Manassas, the last Confederate is marching. Pope need but drive a wedge between Longstreet and Jackson to crush both. But Pope drives no wedge. He hurries to Manassas where wild flames have lighted the night. Jackson could retreat, safely, toward Lee. He does not retreat.

Instead Jackson takes a position in the woods north of the Warrenton pike, on some of the ground where McDowell marched and fought a year before. Federal forces from the Potomac, and Pope's own men, arrive at Manassas, unite. Ashes and smoldering flames greet them. Pope ordered one division, about 10,000 men, to push along the Warrenton pike, unaware of Jackson's position. It was five o'clock of the summer evening — the 28th — when the Confederate fire opened along the pike, continued into the night. Pope could not doubt that he had encountered a strong army.

The harassed Pope wheeled his columns one way and another, eager to do battle, ready to risk any terms. Washington telegraphed hourly, urgently. He must "fight like the devil" to save the capital. Could he not overwhelm the enemy? With reinforcements coming.

A wiser man would have held the pike and Bull Run and awaited events. Pope had spoken of marching from Washington to New Orleans. He could not wait. His outposts found Jackson beyond the pike, holding an unfinished railroad line. Having struck offensively, Jackson waited defensively, until Lee's strength could come into line. Stuart's cavalry was riding the roads toward the Gap, dragging brush brooms at their stirrups, to let Jackson know of the main advance. Such was Confederate signaling in '62 — a pall of dust.

Pope struck in his turn, at dawn of the 29th, and red was the day. Somehow, some way, the line held, with Lee's forces bringing pressure to bear. About dusk the Confederates were fairly upon the field and in the final encounter drove opposing forces from the pike.

In the night Lee retired to the woods. Pope found his front clear at daybreak and thought himself the victor, telegraphing Washington, "The news has just reached me from the front that the enemy is retreating toward the mountains." Unhappy man! Lee lay in the woods with upward of 50,000 men, to meet Pope's strengthened forces. The Union commander massed 20,000 men in three miles, with 40,000 ready to follow.

In the long record of violent conflicts that marked the war it is doubtful if there was any redder day than August 30 of '62. Federal troops went heroically through the woods, again and again, up to Jackson's embankment and against Lee's supporting line. Once they crushed over and through, to be taken from the side and rear by Longstreet's artillery. By 4 o'clock Pope had struck his hardest blow.

Lee massed for the counter stroke. Down from the embankment, out from the woods, came the Confederate bayonets. Pope's men wavered, fell back, began to trail along the turnpike toward the Stone Bridge of earlier scenes.

On this day it was the Federals who held the Henry House plateau, the Confederates who attacked. Rain poured down toward dusk, the battle faltered and died away. By night the last of the Federals were over the Run; victory rested upon Confederate bayonets.

Once more the opportunity for pursuit promised much. Lee saw it plainly. His cavalry followed, working such damage as it could. But the main forces, foot weary, battle worn, could not advance before the next dawn. For the third time in fourteen months heavy rain followed a great engagement. Soldiers shook their heads and pronounced it the result of long cannonading, a belief not yet dissipated, no matter the contradictions of scientists. Does not the world know that deluges followed the battles of 1914-18?

For miles across the expanse of northern Virginia Pope's men trudged upon every road, halting to fight when fight they must. Wagon trains were abandoned, field hospitals deserted; prisoners, guns, ammunition, fell into Confederate hands. Thirty pieces of artillery and 20,000 muskets were gleaned from the field. All of the 31st and the 1st of September the pursuit went on. By September 2 Pope reached the sheltering lines of Washington, safe from attack. Three days later McClellan returned to command the Army of the Potomac.

From June 1 to September 1 Lee had virtually swept the State of Federal armies. Only a fringe of blue remained at Fortress Monroe and Norfolk, in the fortified lines before Washington, and around Harper's Ferry. In June he had saved the Confederacy. In August he sustained it. Could he now maintain it?

On the day after the second engagement at Manassas, Lee and a group of his officers paused near the Stone Bridge, Lee standing upon the ground, his arm through the bridle of Traveler. Federal cavalry appeared upon a neighboring hill and there was an excited moment, when the horse reared, throwing Lee to the ground, injuring both hands. At about the same time Jackson also was injured by a horse.

Lee now determined to strike again, taking time and fortune by the forelock. Not only to strike, but upon Northern soil. A victory like that of the second Manassas would end the war. He granted a bare day's rest before moving to the Potomac. New captures of muskets, guns and ammunition had made his army a more effective weapon than ever before. Reinforcements from Richmond raised his strength to 55,000 men.

A. P. Hill led the advance as second in command to Jackson. And Jackson was precise in his orders to march five miles and rest five minutes. On the way he came up with Hill's column, fallen by the roadside for those precious minutes of rest. As the minutes wore on, Jackson looked anxiously at the men, then at his watch, and finally at Hill.

"General, I believe you were to march five miles and rest five minutes. You have been here seven minutes now!"

"Yes, sir, but we marched the first five miles without a rest. I thought it as well to make ten and rest the extra time."

"Those were not my orders, General Hill. You are under arrest. Retire to the rear."

The host in gray was about as shabby an army as man ever looked upon. The Confederate government had begun to manufacture a kind of sandal, having a leather covering and a wooden sole. Thousands of the men wore this clumsy footgear. Other thousands wore shoes that were mostly holes. Still other thousands marched barefooted, their feet bleeding and bruised.

But they went gaily — all who could keep up; eating green corn and apples along the roadside, inviting an epidemic of dysentery. On the 5th the vanguard crossed the Potomac fords into Maryland, Lee's first offensive move toward Northern soil and victory. They crossed with battered bands playing, the Starry Cross waving, battalion after battalion raising its appeal in song:

Dear Mother! burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland! My Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland! My Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain—
"Sic semper" is the proud refrain
That baffles minions back again,
Maryland! My Maryland!

And Maryland came out with wide eyes to gaze upon this so famous army, of which the world rang. It saw lines of men plodding over its level roads in straggling columns, carrying their guns as fancy chose, dressed in an assortment of tatters of which no man had seen the like.

This, then, was the Army of Northern Virginia? Impossible to believe! The army that had flung Federal power from the State and startled the North into fevered activity, was unlike any other army of romance or history. Many an eye in Maryland grew wet, looking at that army. Rag bags were emptied to clothe its nakedness. Men took shoes off their feet to offer them upon the altar of the Confederacy. But not all men — nor all women.

Western Maryland was composed measurably of a population like that of western Virginia. And it was through western Maryland that Lee marched, instead of eastern Maryland, the stronghold of Southern sentiment. When he rode into Hagerstown, at the head of his staff, a teacher bolted from her school leading a line of little girls, and formed in the street ahead of him. There the treble voices rose in the strains of *The Star Spangled Banner*. Lee reined in Traveler, and waited until the singing ended. Then he lifted his hat, saying, "Your children sing well today. I compliment you."

Of this army we have testimony from men who knew it well. Charles Francis Adams, a Massachusetts man, Brigadier-General, and student of the war, has written, "Speaking deliberately, having faced some portions of the Army of Northern Virginia, I do not believe that any more formidable or better organized or animated force was ever set in motion than that which Lee led over the Potomac."

Lee was bent upon the good conduct of his troops. The North should see that Confederate soldiers were not vandals. Newspapers of that time printed stories equal to those of German atrocities in the World War.

Imagine, then, the humor of Marse Robert, on an evening stroll from his tent, when he came upon a soldier of Jackson's command, carrying a slain pig in his arms. Men who knew Lee throughout his life cannot remember more than an occasion or two when the inner flame burned through.

"Here, seize that man," he ordered. "Take him to Jackson — have him shot."

A stern order for Marse Robert. And Jackson, not having surplus men to be casually shot, evaded the order by putting the pig stealer in the front line. It is a handsome story — the man retrieved himself, and Jackson admitted the facts to Lee. His answer was a straight glance from the deep eyes.

Lee issued a proclamation, upon the suggestion of Davis, promising Maryland "liberty." Maryland was prosperous, unharmed, doubtful. If a second Manassas should be won there — Maryland might rise. Meanwhile its people of the invaded section reluctantly turned over fat mules for Confederate money, to haul captured guns. And — still reluctantly — volunteers came forward, young fellows who could not hear and turn aside when *"Maryland! My Maryland!"* rang on every road.

In the great modern world of today, when a dozen northern States are continuous workshops, and cities of millions of inhabitants rise east and west, it is incomprehensible that the Confederacy came within a measurable distance of victory. Lee believed that he saw the way to peace with victory on the march through Maryland. Writing to Davis, on September 8 from Frederick, he verged upon the political:

> The present position of affairs, in my opinion, places it in the power of the Government of the Confederate States to propose with propriety to that of the United States the recognition of our independence. . . . Such a proposition coming from us at this time, could in no way be regarded as suing for peace, but, being made when it is in our power to inflict injury upon our adversary, would show conclusively to the world that our sole object is the establishment of our independence and the attainment of an honorable peace. The rejection of this offer would prove to the country that the responsibility of the continuance of the war does not rest upon us. . . .

An answer to every question. Lee looked upon independence as almost won. And the margin by which he failed cannot be comprehended in this latter day, when the South is a remote corner of the greater country, numerically far inferior, overwhelmed by any comparison of wealth or power.

McClellan, returned to command, knew that satisfaction seldom granted to man. But he returned precariously, though the army hailed him chief. It had fought well before Richmond and around Manassas; was in every sense a great army. The fault had been in its leadership — in the genius of its opposition. Grant McClellan a victory, and what might he not become?

While Lee pushed through Maryland, his eye on Pennsylvania, McClellan rallied the 150,000 men within his reach. Lee watched him guardedly. He had expected his movement to draw off the forces at Harper's Ferry. They remained, commanding the Shenandoah Valley, possibly Richmond and his rear lines.

Whatever action Davis might have taken, the fortunes of the Confederacy changed swiftly. It was the 10th when Jackson started for Harper's Ferry, once more dividing the Confederate forces, really scattering them over miles of country in the necessity of meeting McClellan wherever he might appear. There were outpost actions that would have constituted battles in any earlier war. Everywhere grim valor marked the conflicts, taking a sorrowful toll from the ranks.

Harper's Ferry fell on the 15th after two hours' cannonade, yielding 12,000 prisoners and great stores. Again the elation of victory ran through the Confederacy; again gloom settled upon Washington. Lincoln seems to have prepared for evacuation and Halleck certainly thought it likely.

Yet McClellan and his army were to be considered. Up to this period his movements in pursuit of Lee had been uncertain, hard to divine. His advance unexpectedly assumed a direction and resolution that stirred anxiety at Lee's headquarters. The explanation was not long delayed, involving one of those chances of war that have altered the course of battles since time began.

In the various movements initiated from Lee's camp at Frederick, his Special Orders No. 191 were written in duplicate for the principal commanders. D. H. Hill's division formed a part of Jackson's command, who ordered a copy of Lee's instructions delivered to Hill. The plan of campaign required Hill to march with Lee's main forces, and a second copy was made for Hill by Lee's adjutant. Hill received the first, but never the second.

Then came the stroke of chance, of woeful carelessness somewhere. After the Confederate forces broke camp, one corps of the Union army moved onto the very ground formerly held by Hill. Private B. W. Mitchell of Company F, Twenty-seventh Indiana Volunteers, observed a soiled piece of paper lying on the ground, and picked it up to find three cigars wrapped inside. The paper fluttered in the breeze. Mitchell looked closely. There, written at the bottom, for all men to read, was the plain, legible name, R. E. Lee. The second copy of Hill's orders!

The next day McClellan told jubilantly of the way Lee's battle plans came into his possession. Perhaps the decanter was full, the quality good. Anyway, McClellan talked freely. A citizen of Frederick, who sat at his board, sent word to Lee — all is known. Then Lee makes swift changes, advises his commanders, musters every man that he can get. By the morning of the 16th Jackson is back from Harper's Ferry, and long columns follow him. He brings quantities of captured ammunition, sorely needed at this distance from the Confederate base. There are more rifled muskets, more cannon, new wagons, some boots and shoes.

Lee could have returned to Virginia, avoided battle and strung his army along the Rappahannock to rest. He had achieved great ends; he planned greater. The prestige of the Confederacy demanded victory — if victory might be had.

So McClellan and Lee met a second time on the 17th at Sharpsburg or Antietam. McClellan got into position about 87,000 men and Lee 35,000. This engagement is another classic of the war colleges. Lee had Antietam Creek on one hand and the Potomac on the other, extending to his rear, with only one rocky ford to Virginia and safety. Beyond the Antietam, rolling hills gave the Federal artillery positions where they could play on the Confederate lines and be safely out of range. Lee's stand on the Antietam can be explained only by his knowledge of McClellan. He expected, and saw realized, a plan of assault that scattered the Federal power. No more than 50,000 of the Federal forces were brought into action.

Throughout that violent day the two armies struggled among the corn fields and potato patches of Maryland. Toward dusk A. P. Hill arrived, bringing his leg-weary division for the charge that rolled back Federal gains and left Lee secure.

It is one of the wonders of war why McClellan did not renew the battle the next day, and the best explanation probably can be found in his own words:

> At that critical juncture, I should have had a narrow view of the condition of the country, had I been willing to hazard another battle with less than an absolute assurance of success. At that moment, Virginia lost, Washington menaced, Maryland invaded, the national cause could afford no risk

of defeat. One battle lost and almost all would have been lost. Lee's army might then have marched as it pleased on Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, or New York.

Lee had come as close to victory upon the flanks of Washington as McClellan at the gate of Richmond. But he recrossed the Potomac. One of his officers, Brigadier J. A. Walker, has left us this glimpse of the crossing:

> Detained in superintending the removal of a number of the wounded of my division, I was among the last to cross the Potomac. As I rode into the river I passed General Lee sitting on his horse in the stream, watching the crossing of wagons and artillery. Returning my greeting, he inquired as to what was still behind. There was nothing but the wagons containing my wounded, and a battery of artillery, and I told him so. "Thank God," I heard him say, as I rode on.

This was the *New York Tribune's* estimate of the campaign:

> He leaves us the débris of his late camps, two disabled pieces of artillery, a few hundred of his stragglers, perhaps two thousand of his wounded, and as many more of his unburied dead. Not a sound fieldpiece, caisson, ambulance or wagon; not a tent, box of stores, or a pound of ammunition. He takes with him the supplies gathered in Maryland, and the rich spoils of Harper's Ferry.

Military historians, and most of the experts of the war colleges, have held Sharpsburg to be a drawn battle. Lee retired over the Potomac by his own choice. McClellan had not essayed to stop him, even to attack him on the day that Lee waited, unable himself to attack McClellan. So far as the honors of the field went, they may be divided equally in any attempt to arrive at the great balance of the conflict. For the first time in an important engagement since Lee took command, the Army of Northern Virginia failed to win victory. Neither did it yield in defeat.

But in the field of strategy — in that science of moving armies and determining campaigns — Lee assuredly failed to reach and hold his objectives. He went back into

Virginia undefeated, in the strict sense, yet plainly foiled in the larger sense. Far from his bases of supplies, then situated principally at Staunton, to the west, and with a tired, battered army, it was impossible longer to offer battle upon Northern soil.

In a letter to Davis that history generally has overlooked, he reviewed the situation on September 25:

> When I withdrew from Sharpsburg into Virginia it was my intention to recross the Potomac at Williamsport and move upon Hagerstown, but the condition of the army prevented; nor is it yet strong enough to advance advantageously. Some of the stragglers have been gathered in, but many have wandered to a distance, feigning sickness, wounds, etc., deceiving the guards and evading the scouts. Many of them will not stop until they reach their distant homes.
>
> In a military point of view, the best move, in my opinion, the army could make would be to advance upon Hagerstown and endeavor to defeat the enemy at that point. I would not hesitate to make it, even with our diminished numbers, did the army exhibit its former temper and condition, but as far as I am able to judge, the hazard would be great and a reverse disastrous. I am therefore led to pause.

Leaving McClellan safely behind, with control of Virginia in his own hands, Lee went into camp near Winchester for repose. It was a season for reorganization. New levies joined the colors, though in slender numbers. War had exacted much from the flower of the Confederacy. It was almost a new army that Lee commanded. Other armies in Tennessee and Mississippi must be maintained. The long seaboard demanded protection. Congress, upon Lee's representations, raised the age of conscription to forty-five years.

In this most Democratic army there had been another reorganization, in December of '61, before Lee was chosen to lead. Then Congress permitted the rank and file to elect its officers and change from one branch of the service to another at will. Both of which enactments caused the commander no little trouble. The original companies and regiments had been militia units in large measure, and they preserved their peace customs. D. H. Hill pronounced judgment upon one application for transfer in words that made the Confederacy smile. An infantryman wanted to be a bandsman. "What this army needs," wrote Hill, "is shooters instead of tooters."

While the North recruited new regiments and made some attempt to preserve the identities of commands, Lee billeted recruits with old regiments. Raw troops learned the game of war beside veterans, the identical system of the allied armies in 1914-'18. Longstreet and Jackson became Lieutenant-Generals, next in rank to Generals. Lee formed his lesser units into two grand corps, under these leaders, but maintained his conception of a highly mobile army by shifting divisions and brigades at will.

On September 22, Lincoln declared free the slaves in any State that should be in rebellion the following January 1. Indirectly, of course, the proclamation was intended to arouse a slave rebellion. Why it failed is puzzling, historically. Yet it did fail completely in its principal purpose. The black man had heard much of freedom and could not conceive that it was at last come; especially when he saw his own "white folks" in arms, and the usual institutions of the South fully maintained. The proclamation, hailed as the death blow of the Confederacy, was, in fact, no more than a gesture.

During these days in camp Lee worked devotedly to reinvigorate his army. From Winchester he wrote to Mary:

> I have not laid eyes on Rob since I saw him in the battle of Sharpsburg going in with a single gun of his battery for the second time after his company had been withdrawn in consequence of three of its guns having been disabled. Custis has seen him, and says he is very well and apparently happy and content. My hands are improving slowly, and with my left hand I am able to dress and undress myself, which is a great comfort. My right is becoming of some assistance, too, though it is still swollen, and sometimes painful. The bandages

> have been removed. I am now able to sign my name. It has been six weeks today since I was injured, and I have at last discarded the sling.

His injury was slight compared to a greater one about to befall him in the sanctum of his heart. Annie, his second daughter, died after a lingering illness. The news reached Lee in camp, where the state of the nation kept him, no matter his sorrow. He wrote to Mary, on October 26:

> I cannot express the anguish I feel at the death of our sweet Annie. To know that I shall never see her again on earth, that her place in our circle, which I always hoped one day to enjoy, is forever vacant, is agonizing in the extreme. But God in this, as in all things, has mingled mercy with the blow in selecting that one best prepared to leave us. May you be able to join me in saying, "His will be done!" When I reflect on all she will escape in life, brief and painful at the best, and all we may hope she will enjoy with her sainted grandmother, I cannot wish her back.

A remarkable letter for Lee to write. His concession that life is "brief and painful at the best" amounted to despair. The fact that he would not "wish her back" was a contradiction of his abiding belief in the essential goodness of life. Yet even in sorrow he conceived that his God had ordered things best, by taking "that one best prepared to leave us."

While McClellan marshaled his forces for a new campaign, Lee prepared to resist. The Army of Northern Virginia had fought three great engagements within the year, and before '62 waned another must be added. In preparation for the event Lincoln finally, after long hesitation, on November 7th replaced McClellan with Major-General Ambrose E. Burnside.

"I am sorry to part company with him," remarked Lee — not in an ironic sense, but thinking of civilians who might confront a less humane commander.

Thus McClellan disappeared from the stage of the war. A likable man, his army mourned him. One more cast of the dice at the gates of Richmond and President McClellan would have ascended to the White House, possibly at the next election, certainly at the end of Lincoln's second term. He stepped from his tent into the nebular world of the might have been.

Marse Robert foresaw a tragical winter for his army. Taking stock of the men and their condition he addressed a plea to Davis on December 2nd:

> . . . I am informed that there is a large number of shoes now in Richmond in the hands of extortioners, who hold them at an extravagant price.
>
> The quartermaster of General Jackson's corps, in which there is the greatest want of shoes (pity the foot cavalry), received a proposition from a person in Richmond to furnish 1,300 pairs at $15 per pair. Whether these shoes are to be purchased at the prices demanded by the extortioners, or whether any plan can be devised for taking them at a fair price, I submit to your consideration; but I earnestly hope that some effectual means may be adopted to supply the wants of the army as speedily as possible, and avert the sufferings that threaten the troops during the approaching cold and wet weather.

Burnside took hold vigorously. He was a man well suited, Lincoln thought, to break Confederate power. Unlike Pope, he did not bluster. He kept his counsel to an impressive extent. But, curiously, he fancied the plan of McClellan to push up the peninsula and take Richmond from the east. Half in hope of winning Lincoln to a second attempt in that quarter, Burnside moved toward Fredericksburg, suitable base for an easy winter and whatever fortune the spring should bring.

Lee moved ahead of him on the interior lines that were his principal strategic possession. By December 10 he had 78,000 men on his side of the river, while Burnside massed 118,000 opposite. Seventy-five thousand more hovered between Fredericksburg and Washington. Both armies were at their maximum thus far, Lee having practically the number of men who defended Richmond in June.

Burnside held the advantage of higher ground, but he must cross the river toward a lower, formidable line of heights centring in Marye's Hill. Burnside took the boldest method, and crossed directly into the town, then crossed up the river and down.

The morning of December 13 a wet mist hung over the valley. It was 9 o'clock before Longstreet could see the Federal forces mounting to Marye's Hill. Let them come! Longstreet was about to fight the kind of battle that embraced his conception of war. First choose a strong defensive position, then encourage your enemy to attack, and annihilate him. That position had been chosen and Longstreet held it. Burnside by his own wish moved to the attack.

When the last annal of war is written and all the brave men of the centuries are honored, those who fought about Marye's Hill will not be forgotten by the recording Fates. Up and down the river there was fighting which verged into a vortex of death around Marye's Hill. Every gun that would bear upon the hill from the heights opposite broke into full tongue. Federal artillerymen drove lighter guns to the fringes of the town and fired upward to the sides and crests, a covering sheet of flame.

On the side toward the town was a low stone wall and just beyond it the sunken road, of melancholy fame. Lee had begun to conserve his men. In earlier battles there was a valorous but wasteful willingness to match man for man. Around Richmond earthworks and log walls were used in a limited degree. At Marye's Hill the historian finds Lee groping toward the trench systems that crossed the land of France from the mountains to the sea. His use of the sunken road at Fredericksburg was masterly.

About 10.30 the first infantry charge moved up the hill, but stopped short of the stone wall, and took to earth. Eleven-thirty, another charge. It gets a little farther up before crumpling to earth, and both lines fire at will against the stone wall, the outer work of this Verdun of the Confederacy. More and heavier guns come into play. A living artillery officer told the writer that no less than 300 cannon were firing upon Marye's Hill by noon of that day.

And with noon, or a few minutes after, came the third charge. A few yards beyond the remnants of the first forces, and the wave breaks at its crest, taking to earth. Burnside sees that the battle will be won or lost at Marye's Hill. Lee had conceived the thought days before. Every man within view of the hill sees it as well. The Federal army is resolute, courageous. The hill must fall.

The hill yields not. Another half hour and another charge, its survivors huddled among the rest. They neither can go back nor forward, but may fire as they will while sharpshooters pick them off and canister sprays from overhead. Their own shells fall among them. The fringes of Marye's Hill become inferno.

The world never looked upon wilder fury of attack or ferocity of defense. For miles along the river guns joined in a ceaseless thunder. The long roll of infantry fire was unbroken. Never had American valor a harder task than the two armies at grips for Fredericksburg. By 2 o'clock Burnside threw in a whole corps. The living flame circling the hill cut it down.

Guns moved up from Fredericksburg to point-blank range. Gunners served them with a frenzy of haste that turned the barrels white hot. Men ran for the river, under fire, to dip their coats in the muddy water, and fly back again — wrapping them around the gun barrels. Yet Marye's Hill had not yielded — not a boulder from the stone wall. Behind it Lee massed six ranks of infantry in the sunken road. One fired, and fell back, the next moved up and fired — a volley a minute, or less.

As the short December day turned gray, Burnside took desperate counsel with himself. Marye's Hill must be carried. His career — his army — one might say the nation — depended upon it. New divisions were called. There were charges at half-hour intervals. Yet the furious circle of death barred his way. Eight charges had been made. Then nine. Ten. Eleven. Twelve. Thirteen. Fourteen — fourteen times in one day fourteen separate masses of men rushed furiously up the slopes of this pyramid of death. It is night. The last charge fails. Burnside falls back. Fredericksburg is lost.

CHAPTER IX

"I've Lost My Right Arm"

FREDERICKSBURG was the Valley Forge of the Confederacy. The year of 1863 opened in a drear, bitter season. Lee wrote anxiously to Davis about the needs of his tatterdemalion legions. The terrific year of '62 had drained the Confederacy of men, animals and supplies. From the first day of war the Southern cause exhibited internal disorder matched only by its victories in the field. A national contradiction, among the nations of history. While the Army of Northern Virginia developed into one of the great fighting forces of the centuries, the civil organization staggered from climax to catastrophe.

Beset by the cares of his army, Lee paused, nevertheless, to free the slaves of Custis, in accordance with his will. Five years had passed since the maker's death — and such years! Marse Robert assembled the bondsmen within reach on the second day of the year and gave them their papers of manumission, about 150, inclusive of children. On the 8th he wrote to Mary:

> I executed the deed of manumission sent me by Mr. Caskie, and returned it to him. I perceived that John Sawyer and James's names among the Arlington people had been omitted, and inserted them. I fear there are others among the White House lot which I did not discover. . . . If all the names of the people at Arlington and on the Pamunkey are not embraced in the deed I have executed, I should like a supplementary deed to be drawn up containing all those omitted. They are all entitled to their freedom, and I wish to give it

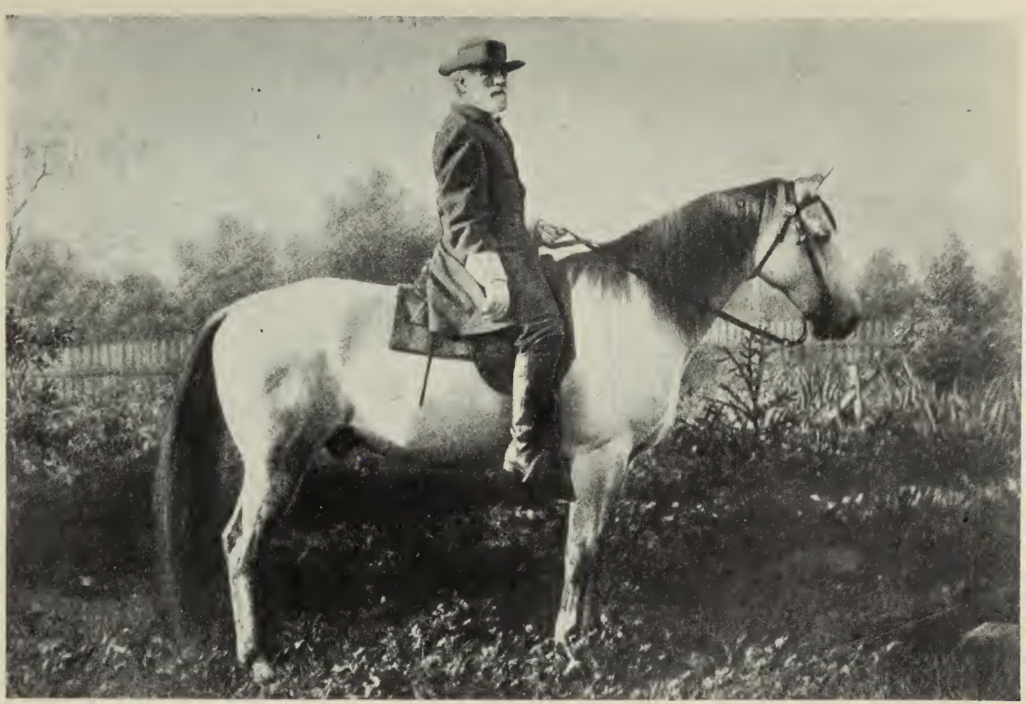
> to them. Those that have been carried away I hope are free and happy. I cannot get their papers to them, and they do not require them. I will give them if they ever call for them. It would be useless to ask their restitution to manumit them. . . .

Years before Lee had provided in his own will for the freeing of the few slaves descended to him from his mother. By means of the two wills, his family renounced any interest in the race of bondsmen.

During this season of distress, he resumed his letter writing. The man's labor in behalf of friends and family is unbelievable. In the midst of cares, he wrote numbers of letters in his bold, strong hand. Whenever possible he answered the letters addressed to him, regardless of their subject or the writer. To this correspondence must be added his letters to President Davis, his orders and letters to commanders, his reports of the war's progress, and endless incidental writing. His aides, of course, penned much of the official matter. But his private correspondence makes up a large bulk, sufficient to startle the busiest correspondent in this age of mechanisms.

What the army's condition must have been, in bleak January, can be judged from the letter of a Louisiana officer, writing to his representative in Congress:

> Among 1,500 men reported for duty there are 400 totally without covering of any kind for their feet. These men, of course, can render no effective service, as it is impossible for them to keep up with the column in a march over frozen ground. There are a large number of men who have not a single blanket. There are some without a particle of underclothing, having neither shirts, drawers, nor socks, while overcoats, from their rarity, are objects of curiosity.
>
> The 5th regiment is unable to drill for want of shoes. The 8th regiment will soon be unfit for duty from the same cause; and indeed, when shoes are supplied, the men will be unable to wear them for a long while, such is the horrible condition of their feet from long exposure.
>
> This destitution, in the way of clothing, is not compen-



Lee and Traveler, the famous war horse
that carried him from his first campaign in '61 through his last. Photographed about 1863.
From the collection of Frederick H. Meserve

> sated by close shelter or abundant food, for the troops have no tents, and are almost totally unprovided with cooking utensils for the petty rations they receive.

If the Confederates were in straits, the Federals beyond the Rappahannock did not escape trials of body and soul. Fredericksburg had been a stroke of dismay. Lincoln presently found another commander, Major-General Joseph Hooker, who had led his army corps capably. On January 26th "Fighting Joe" took the burden of the Union command, entrusted in turn to McDowell, McClellan, Pope, Burnside, Hooker. And he instituted changes that promised much.

In a letter to Agnes, his daughter, Lee wrote on February 6th:

> I read yesterday, my precious daughter, your letter, and grieved very much when last in Richmond at not seeing you. My movements are so uncertain that I cannot be relied on for anything. The only place I am to be found is in camp, and I am so cross now that I am not worth seeing anywhere. Here you will have to take me with the three stools—the snow, the rain, and the mud. The storm of the last twenty-four hours has added to our stock of all, and we are now in a floating condition. But the sun and wind will carry off all in time, and then we shall appreciate our relief. Our horses and mules suffer the most. They have to bear the cold and rain, tug through the mud, and suffer all the time with hunger. The roads are wretched, almost impassable. . . . I have no news. General Hooker is obliged to do something: I do not know what it will be. He is trying the Chinese game, trying what frightening will do. He runs out his guns, starts his wagons and troops up and down the river, and creates an excitement generally. Our men look on in wonder, give a cheer, and all again subsides in *statu quo ante bellum.* I wish you were here with me today. You would have to sit by this little stove, look out at the rain, and keep yourself dry. But here come, in all their wet, the adjutants-general with the papers. I must stop and go to work. See how kind God is: we have plenty to do in good weather and bad. . . .

"The papers" doubtless would be copies of the Northern press, which the General read carefully — every copy that he could obtain. No other man had closer knowledge of the war's currents, near and far. He looked particularly for a weakening of Northern morale; each time Union hopes sagged, Lee's confidence rose. Every move of his campaigns was predicated on information and reasoning. There was nothing of the occasional or the accidental about his plans. This preparation entailed efforts that equaled and surpassed the hardest trials of his soldiers.

Lee, waiting across the river, could do little but endure. Confederate transportation never was in more disastrous state. On February 23 he informed Mary, in Richmond:

> The weather is now very hard upon our poor bushmen. This morning the whole country is covered with a mantle of snow fully a foot deep. It was nearly up to my knees as I stepped out this morning, and our poor horses were enveloped. We have dug them out and opened our avenues a little, but it will be terrible and the roads impassable. No cars from Richmond yesterday. I fear our short rations for man and horse will have to be curtailed. Our enemies have their troubles, too. They are very strong immediately in front, but have withdrawn their troops above and below us toward Acquia Creek. I owe Mr. F. J. Hooker no thanks for keeping me here. He ought to have made up his mind long ago what to do.—24th. The cars have arrived, and brought me a young French officer (at last, a Lafayette comes) full of vivacity, and ardent for service with me. I think the appearance of things will cool him. If they do not, the night will, for he brought no blankets.

The trials of the army did not influence Lee's conception of duty. Where duty entered, he was adamant, because, "Duty," he was wont to say, "is the noblest word in the English language." It summed up his philosophy. Neither his ills, nor the ills of others, might outweigh duty.

Witness a letter written on February 20 to Mrs. Lucy L. Temple, a woman who sent eight sons and their father to the Confederacy. When the last was taken, a stripling youth, the mother's heart intervened. Would it not be as well for her youngest — such a young soldier! — to attend military school a while? Then he might be of some worth. Lee wrote in reply:

> I have received your letter of this date asking the discharge of your son.
>
> I regret to state that it is not in my power to comply with your request. The regulations of the War Department prohibiting (correct text) the granting of discharges, to young men subject to military duty who are desirous of entering the Military Institute, on that plea only. Your son is now in an excellent school of practice, and can by devoting to his books the time not demanded by military duties, advance himself in military knowledge more rapidly than at the Institute.

"Excellent school of practice," undoubtedly, but fancy a young man studying his books in the mud, snow and misery of Fredericksburg.

Lee had established himself in a pine thicket, where Perry built a chimney of mud bricks, with a fireplace opening into his tent — exactly the sort of chimney that can be seen anywhere in the South, attached to one end of a country home. And the tent must have been thoroughly comfortable, warmed by the glow of "lightwood knots" piled on this unusual hearth. The commander might have lived in any one of a dozen homes nearby, some of them still occupied, but he declined such comforts. Throughout the war his tent was his home.

Headquarters in the thicket was made up of a half dozen "pole tents" or "wall tents" where his staff hibernated along with their chieftain. Almost every day officers from distant commands could be expected. Lee made it a rule to rise early and retire early. After a glance at any of the papers which had come to camp, he would mount Traveler and ride along the lines. He had an inquisitive eye for "our friends over the river" and never was quite satisfied if a day passed without his inspection of the front.

In his routine he returned by 11 o'clock and received any callers. One or more of them would be asked to dinner, served at mid-day. The soldier's fare at this latter day Valley Forge was four ounces of salt pork and any odds and ends that the quartermaster's department in Richmond had been able to find. The extras hardly ever exceeded a little additional corn meal, cabbage, and occasionally other vegetables. Potatoes were a rarity and a treat. Much of the corn meal went into the coffee pot after a parching process. Of all the delicacies this army craved, coffee was the unattainable, except upon occasions when a few plugs of Confederate tobacco might be run across the sentry lines for packages of the brown bean. But the man who had coffee in his coffee pot betrayed himself to the nose of the army.

And Lee would not fare better than his soldiers. Only at intervals, under pressure, would he accept the gift of a chicken, maybe an old Virginia ham. Either of which he was likely to send off to the nearest hospital, to Bryan's despair. When has a cook had task more difficult? How cater to a commanding officer who will not eat his neighbor's chickens?

One day in this desolate winter Lee had several visiting officers to dinner, and there was general discussion of the war. Perry placed a large, steaming dish of cabbage upon the table, flanked by that delectable composition known as corn pone. Enough to make any mouth water. Best of all, on top of the cabbage, running narrowly down the center, lay an inviting strip of bacon — "middlin' meat." Each officer passed by the bacon as though it were invisible. Neither did Marse Robert see the meat. But the following day, dinner being slender, he asked, "Perry, where is that bacon you had yesterday?"

"Lordy, Marse Robert, dat warn't our bacon. I done took it back to the man I borrowed it from."

This bitter winter saw an increasing number of desertions from both armies. The Federal ranks, if less distressed on account of bodily needs, suffered a loss of confidence after Fredericksburg that penetrated to the heart of the North. Every day the peace movement grew stronger behind the blue lines. Poor encouragement for men weary of the war, more than ready to go home. The Confederate camps were villages of misery, filled with hungry, wet, freezing men, stricken by disease. Every night the ranks dwindled — blue and gray.

Men think of war in its panoply and glory, which is well if war be necessary, as the stern philosophers teach. Else there could be no war. At times it becomes more terrible than the mind may readily credit. The desertions troubled Lee. Not every man was a hero or a patriot. Not only did weak and craven spirits disappear from the camp of Fredericksburg. The vicious dominated the weak and bands of deserters roved remote countrysides — especially western North Carolina and northern Alabama — despoiling and destroying. The Confederacy had a numerous enemy within, a stupendous one without.

We think of a deserter as a poltroon. But the Confederate deserter might be, and often was, a brave soldier. The family and community character of this army embraced a community philosophy. When there was no fighting, and rations particularly bad, men slipped away from the ranks to "eat one good dinner at home." Sometimes their stay covered no more than a day or two, maybe a week or two. In any event a large number of the "deserters" could be depended upon to reappear at the first sound of battle. Conceive, then, of Lee trying to find the balance between desertion and duty.

But the destiny of a deserter might be terrible. The Richmond *Daily Dispatch* of September 10, 1863, slightly anterior to the winter of Fredericksburg, published an account that chills the heart now. Said the *Dispatch*:

> On the evening of the 4th inst. ten deserters from the 3d North Carolina Infantry, of General George H. Stewart's brigade, Johnson's division, Ewell's corps, arrived at the camp

of the division, near Orange Court-House, under charge of a guard from this city. At the same time arrived at the headquarters of the division an order from the Department of Henrico directing that these men, charged with desertion and the murder of Adjutant Mallett, be executed at such time and place as the division commander should direct. From division headquarters an order was immediately issued to have the execution take place at 4 o'clock on the following day. At half-past 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 5th the troops of the division were promptly formed on three sides of a square, with side arms and without colors, whilst ten stakes ranged in a row on the fourth side showed where the execution would take place. A few minutes later the prisoners arrived upon the ground, preceded by the officer of the day to music of the brigade playing the dead march, and escorted by a detail from the brigade guard. The bearing of the prisoners was calm and self-possessed, and they marched to the place of the execution with a step as accurate in its cadence as that of the guard who conducted them.

On arrival upon the grounds the prisoners here fronted to the division, who had been paraded to witness their death. The officer of the day read the orders reciting their offenses, their sentences, and the time and place of their execution. This ceremony concluded, the Chaplain of the 3d North Carolina Infantry kneeled with the prisoners, and in a most fervent manner read the ritual of the Episcopal service for the condemned. The prisoners joined in the act of devotion with fervor. The soldiers who were there to witness the execution of their comrades, used as they were to the blood and carnage of twenty battlefields, beheld with uncontrollable emotion the solemn preparation for the execution of the condemned, and seemed to be penetrated with the solemnity of the religious services which were being carried on.

The services over (at last!), the Chaplain blessed and affectionately bid adieu to each prisoner. The non-commissioned officers of ten different firing parties rapidly carried the prisoners each to his own stake, where, after kneeling, their arms were pinioned behind the stakes and their eyes bandaged to shut out the sight of the muzzles of the muskets levelled not more than ten paces away from them.

> At this part of the proceedings (can there be more?) and whilst the firing parties were being deployed into one rank, the more effectually to deliver their fire, the prisoners broke out into loud and frequent appeals to the Almighty to have mercy on their souls and pardon them for their sins. The preparations being concluded (!), the officer of the day gave the command "Ready!" and the clicking of the locks alone broke the silence that prevailed; "Aim!" and the muzzles of the guns were pointed with unerring aim at the breasts of the miserable condemned, and the very breathing of the crowd seemed stopped in suspense; "Fire!" and the corpses of the ten men hung in the terrible relaxation of death to the stakes where they were pinioned.
>
> . . . The sentence of these ten men was as just as their execution was prompt. Necessity demanded their blood. Justice approved, and even tearful mercy sanctioned it.

But the Ballard House bar was comfortably filled in the evenings, where good Confederate liquor could be had for the ordering — and the paying. Also French cognac, from the blockade runners — $1.50 a nip. There were theatres, too, and incidental entertainments. A newspaper of the time announced, via its advertising columns:

> Unequalled Success of the
> Iron-Clad Opera Troupe
> The chaste performances of the troupe have attracted
> the Ladies' attention, and they justly style it
> The Temple of Amusement
> and is crowded nightly by the fair sex.

Or the drama might be witnessed in the New Richmond Theatre, where "Lucretia Borgia" was a favorite of the day, presenting R. D. Ogden as Genaro and "Miss Katie Estelle" in the title rôle. A gesture behind the scenes of war!

The army might be shoeless and hungry, yet there was merchandise to be had for Confederate money — no matter its doubtful value. Witness an inch and a half advertisement in the Richmond *Examiner,* of this period:

> Bilvin's Block!
> Shoes!
>
> We have just received through the blockade from Baltimore the largest assortment of Ladies' Shoes we have ever had the pleasure of offering, and we think that our prices for them are the most reasonable that now can be found in these times of high prices, anywhere in the south. Those wishing to be prepared had better avail themselves, as they will be much higher. Our supply of Gentlemen's shoes is fair, fine felt Hats very cheap; Linen Bosom shirts, Merino shirts and drawers, Juvan's kid gloves, Hoop Skirts, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Letter and Note Paper, Mason's Blacking, French calf skins, Elastic Goring and many other articles. Call and see us.
>
> Darby, Read & Gentry,
> Store on Twelfth street, opposite Bank street.

Another contradiction. To advertise goods "received through the blockade" in violation of laws against trading with the enemy. This practice helped to make hard the lives of Confederate legislators. The government veered between the inclination to stop contrabanding with the enemy, and the inclination to permit it. The immediate result was to convert cotton and tobacco into money and goods for a hard-pressed people. The denial could have no definite effect upon the war. Smugglers were shot and ignored by turns.

The beginning of '63 found contrabanding over seas in full flow. This trade the government encouraged. Despite growing numbers and vigilance on the part of Federal warships, blockade runners plied their trade. Many a dark night low, silent craft put to sea, their holds crammed with cotton and tobacco, to return laden with drugs, guns, ammunition — maybe silks and liquors. Federal possession of Norfolk and Hampton Roads gradually diverted the trade to ports farther south — Charleston and Savannah. And every cargo an argosy of treasure. Not merely in Confederate money. Canny traders ran cotton cargoes to Liverpool or Bremen and put the profits in European banks. But the majority, in the way of man — ever hopeful — converted their gains into Confederate money, and lost all.

As to this matter of money, when the States, the central government and business concerns were issuing paper money reclaimable "when and if" — the Confederacy's economics were upside down. Banknotes commanded higher value than Confederate notes, and State notes generally had a better purchasing power. Around the first days of '63 Confederate dollars were worth twenty to one, in gold Federal dollars, while representative banks enjoyed a rate of no worse than four to one for their issue. Every phase of economics in the French Revolution, and the Russian Revolution, a hundred years later, marked the Confederate Revolution, halfway between.

States' rights became an issue of contention within the Confederacy as they had been within the Union. One remote county receded from Mississippi. So jealous were the States of their powers that the new government never had a Supreme Court. Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia, Vice-President, opposed conscription on the ground that men who would not freely fight for their liberty, deserved none. Noble academician! In the hour of need at the Fredericksburg front, the Confederate Congress, half a hundred miles away, debated long upon summary measures to aid the army.

Lee would not heed the advice of friends and officials to spend at least a part of the winter in Richmond. But at this season he returned briefly to confer with the President. And his coming aroused the capital, much to his embarrassment. Despite the fortunes of the army, Richmond yet was able to offer something of its accustomed hospitality. The grave Lee, tired, war-worn, avoided all but a few official gatherings. Every hour that could be spent with "Mary and the children," he might be found in their midst. After an extended sojourn with relatives, and the destruction of her place on the Pamunkey, followed by a brief residence in

Clay Street, Richmond, Mary finally had settled in a rented house at 707 East Franklin street, near St. Paul's. The city of Richmond offered Lee the gift of a home; he declined. Custis was attached to the staff of Davis, and often in his father's company during these days.

The singleness of Lee's mind and purpose has been remarked. A party in Congress that differed with Davis now looked to Lee. Had he been a man of political instincts, even one willing to assert the policies in which he believed, this was the golden moment. Neither friends nor leaders of Congress could cajole him into a political expression. There had been discussion, to some extent public, of evacuating Richmond, leaving the army free to manœuvre. And Lee had believed from the moment he joined the Confederacy that Richmond was a plain hindrance to the army, without any advantages.

Meeting Benjamin H. Hill of Georgia, the two men paused for a moment's talk. "General," said Hill, "I wish that you would give us your opinion on the propriety of moving the government farther south."

"That is a political question, Mr. Hill, and you political leaders must determine it. I shall endeavor to take care of the army; you must take care of the government."

"Ah, General, you will have to change that rule, and form and express political opinions, for, if we establish our independence, the people will make you Mr. Davis's successor." (He could not succeed himself under the Constitution.)

"Never, sir. That I will not permit. Whatever talents I may possess, and they are limited, are military talents. My education and training are military. I think the military and civil talents are distinct, if not different, and full duty in either sphere is about as much as one man can qualify himself to perform. I shall not do the people the injustice to accept high civil office with whose questions it has not been my concern to become familiar."

"Well, General, history does not sustain your view.

Cæsar, Frederick, Bonaparte, were great statesmen as well as great Generals."

"And great tyrants, Mr. Hill. I speak of the proper rule in republics, where, I think, we should have neither military statesmen nor political Generals."

"But Washington was both, yet not a tyrant."

"Washington was an exception to all rules," replied Lee, lifting his hat. "There was none like him."

And there, in one fleeting conversation, was his philosophy. Of the half-dozen maxims that governed his life, none was more firmly implanted in his consciousness, than the rule against "military statesmen and political Generals."

Lee stands eminent among the military men of the world, both by reason of his achievements in the field, and his comprehension of the art of war. In the midst of his trials at Fredericksburg, afflicted by the sight of his shoeless, hungry army, while preparing for the spring campaign that inevitably must follow, he found time to discuss a better organization of the higher command. No one saw more clearly the evils of lost orders, delayed attacks, and commands wandering along mistaken roads. He comprehended, and tried to alter. A letter written to Davis on March 23, is an impressive document, by reason of his stress of mind and its calm contemplation. He might have been a professor of military tactics, addressing his class, when he wrote:

> I think it important, and indeed necessary, to simplify the mechanism of our army as much as possible, yet still give it sufficient power to move and regulate the whole body. Our armies are necessarily very large in comparison with those we have heretofore had to manage. Some of our divisions exceed the army General Scott entered the city of Mexico with, and our brigades are larger than his divisions. (Behold the changes—a Confederate brigade in 1863 would be no more than a regiment in 1929.) The greatest difficulty I find is in causing orders and regulations to be obeyed. This arises not from a spirit of disobedience, but from ignorance. We therefore have need of a corps of officers to teach others their duty, see to the observance of orders, and to the regularity and pre-

> cision of all movements. This is accomplished in the French service by their staff corps (which he considered the best in the world), educated, instructed, and practiced for the purpose. The same circumstances that produced that corps exist in our own army. Can you not shape the staff of our army to produce equally good results? Although the staff of the French army is larger than that proposed by the Senate bill, I am in favor of keeping ours down, as it is so much easier to build up than to reduce if experience renders it necessary. I would therefore assign one general officer to a general commanding in the field, and give to his inspector-general, quartermaster-general, commissary-general, chief of ordnance, and medical director the provisional grade of colonel of cavalry. I would reduce his aides, and give to his chief of staff and inspector-general assistants, as they will never be able to properly attend to their out-door and in-door work, which from the condition of our army, as heretofore stated, is very heavy. I would apply the same principles to the division and brigade staff, placing their chiefs on an equal footing, and giving each a complete organization in itself, so that it can manœuvre independently of the corps or division to which it is habitually attached, and be detached with promptness and facility when required. Each, therefore, in addition to its general staff, should have a surgeon, quartermaster, and commissary and ordnance officers. If you can fill these positions with proper officers—not the relations and social friends of the commanders, who, however agreeable their company, are not always the most useful—you might hope to have the finest army in the world. I beg you will excuse the liberty of my suggestion.

Again the great Lee — the too magnanimous and modest Lee — hoping to be excused for his practical, pointed plan of organization, that he could have carried out in a week or two, but which must be referred to the Senate and the President. Had he but said, "Today I have reorganized this army, and appointed a general staff as follows" . . . who was there to bid him pause?

In answering a question about his conception of strategy, the General once said, "I bring the armies upon the field the best way I can; the decision is in God's hands."

But it may be noted that he left nothing undone to assist the ruling power.

In March the Confederate government seized flour from the Richmond mills, sending that commodity to $40 a barrel. On the 26th a new law created boards to determine the value of goods impressed by the State. The situation of the Confederacy anticipated that of modern Russia. The South did not lack its *kulacks* (rich Russian peasants) who, in the person of hard-fisted farmers, evaded the surrender of their produce at government prices.

This condition was sufficiently unusual to be exceptional. In the main the Southern people parted with the last ear of corn for their soldiers. Supplies accumulated at railroad stations without the means to move them. Time and the elements destroyed quantities of food while the army went hungry. That the railroads should break down was a natural consequence of the war and the Confederacy lacked any genius who could devise command and move — as Lee moved in the field.

Nor were these the last of the shadows. The muttering press complained that no great results followed Lee's victories. The seven days before Richmond had saved the capital, undeniably, but the second field of Manassas, Sharpsburg and Fredericksburg yielded no more than bare victories and trophies of war. Of peace they promised nothing.

The long roll of losses invited contradictory criticism — that Lee was too bold, even careless of his men's lives; or too careful and failed to seize the fruits of victory. An historic answer has been preserved. It is Jackson who speaks:

> General Lee is not slow. No one knows the weight upon his heart, the great responsibility. He is Commander-in-Chief and he knows that when an army is lost, it cannot be replaced. No! There may be some persons whose good opinion of me will make them attach some weight to my views, and if you ever hear that said of General Lee, I beg you will contradict

> it in my name. I have known General Lee for twenty-five years; he is cautious; he ought to be. But he is not slow. Lee is a phenomenon — the only man I would follow blindfolded.

Through the long, drear winter, while such forces were at work behind the frontiers of Fredericksburg, Lee made ready for spring. Made ready with the pathetic resources at his command. Another leader to oppose, another campaign to be fought. How would it end? Judge of his confidence no less than his need by the diversion of Longstreet's corps, to find subsistence in southern Virginia, bearing orders to bring back everything obtainable that man or horse might eat or wear.

It was on March 3 that Lee wrote to Custis, in Richmond, "If my pants are ready, will you give them to Mr. Thomas, the bearer, who will bring them up tomorrow. If they are not, keep them. I am in my last pair, and very sensitive, fearful of an accident. Our Federal neighbors keep quiet."

Longstreet was yet absent when the balmier days of April unfolded into the warmth of May, reviving man and animal. Lee did not hasten Longstreet, though he looked that way. Confronting Hooker across the Rappahannock he was ready, if not in haste, to learn what might be the issue of the pleasant spring.

During the long winter Lee and Jackson had sat by the council fires of Fredericksburg, going over the Maryland campaign. Both believed that they could win a paralyzing victory on Northern soil. Victory was the habit of their army; one field should be no different from another. Jackson instructed his chief engineer to prepare a detailed map, showing the last farmhouse and the least creek, on the road to Pennsylvania. Victory there — and who would oppose a descent upon Philadelphia? For sixty-five years the question has been asked if Lee believed that he could win the war. Implicitly.

Hooker, as a new commander, must prove his right to command. Only an offensive blow could sustain Lincoln's judgment. And the 28th of April found Hooker crossing the Rappahannock, twenty-five miles above Fredericksburg, to come down upon Lee's flank. Confederate forces present for duty numbered about 57,000 men, matched against Hooker's 132,000 of all arms, the largest disparity in any of Lee's campaigns to that time. He advised the President pointedly that Longstreet should rejoin him. The military organization was such that Lee, in this hour of need, lacked the authority or failed to use his powers in commanding Longstreet to move instantly. If the truth might be known — it probably was his old-fashioned courtesy in bowing to the President, instead of acting forthwith.

In spite of Longstreet's absence, Lee looked upon Hooker's advance undisturbed. By the evening of the 30th the Union commander had 55,000 men around Chancellorsville. The "ville" consisted of a brick house, at a junction of roads in a forlorn country, to be famous as the Wilderness. Another force threatened Lee's right, before Fredericksburg, while Major-General George Stoneman, the cavalry leader, circled widely to the west and penetrated between Lee and Richmond, with his 10,000 sabers. Hooker had studied Lee's strategy to good purpose. Not strange that he should exclaim, "The rebel army is now the legitimate property of the Army of the Potomac. They may as well pack up their haversacks and make for Richmond, and I shall be after them."

Lee watched these currents of war eddying around him, without raising a defensive arm. Chancellorsville is the consummate action of two careers hardly equaled in modern war — Jackson and Lee. Hooker moved with celerity, acted with decision. Yet Lee deferred until the 55,000 men over the river — on his side — became 72,000. Then he moved, taking about 40,000 of his 57,000 men, leaving the rest to hold Fredericksburg. Most of the cavalry was fencing with Stoneman on the Richmond roads.

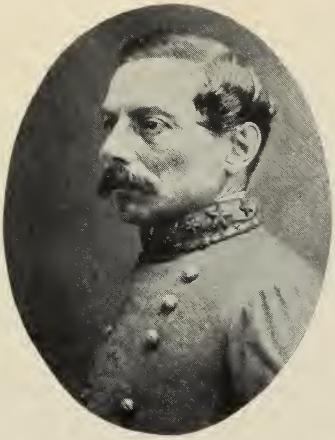
Hooker was now embarked upon the identical manœuvre by which Lee had crushed Pope at Manassas. But Lee then had the advantage of secrecy, which Hooker lacked. He was in plain view, his army divided. Other troops were coming from the lines opposite Fredericksburg. Lee must strike before the balance against him shifted farther.

On this occasion Jackson "marched the night before," setting out at twelve of the midnight clock on April 30th, Lee following. The long columns marched through the night, without light or song, as silently as might be. Behold the Confederacy goes again to its unequal task!

Hooker's army lay behind formidable breastworks and felled trees. Plainly the hardest kind of task to pass those lines. Nor was it Lee's intention. If Hooker might manœuvre, he also had recourse to the art. Yet Hooker was not the man to wait for him. He pushed out from the Wilderness toward Fredericksburg, ready to fight in the open and use his field position as needed. From the east came the Confederates in the first hour of dawn. Now was the grim day of battle to open. Conceive, a moment, of those advancing armies in the mists of the May morning, one carrying the Starry Cross, the other the Stars and Stripes; while the men under both think of home, wondering if they will see Mary once more; muttering a prayer to the same God, each asking the other's destruction. When has there been sublimer folly?

The advancing columns approach, join and converge into struggling masses. It is anybody's day, until Hooker sees the gray lines bending the wings of his advance. Then he commits his first and grandest mistake — recalling his advance, instead of throwing in his masses. Fatal — General Hooker — to retire when you are well advanced. Yet his forces get away cleanly, holding the Confederate advance, and make for their stronghold. The first move in the battle is Lee's by every odd.

He found Hooker behind an impenetrable abattis — or field work — his guns commanding the roads leading into the Wilderness. A frontal attack would appall any army. And Lee had not the men to risk it, if he desired. In the pinch of circumstance the cavalry leader, Fitzhugh



Pierre G. T. Beauregard,
victor in the first battle of the war.
Photographed about 1864.
From the collection of Frederick H. Meserve

J. E. B. Stuart, the cavalry leader.
Photographed in 1863.
From the collection of Frederick H. Meserve

Lee, a nephew, reported that Hooker's right flank "was in the air," a long way around in the Wilderness.

Part of the Confederate army was holding Fredericksburg. To attack the right flank of Hooker meant to divide the largest of the already divided parts, having three forces in action on separate fields, matched against more than twice their number. Into the night Lee and Jackson debated, sitting on two cracker boxes beside their campfire. In the end Lee took the gauntlet of fortune, ordering Jackson to the right flank of Hooker.

A little after 5 o'clock on the morning of May 2 Lee sat astride Traveler, by the roadside, watching Jackson's "cavalry" file by. There was no cheering — by orders. Only grim men in the morning light, stirring a pall of dust. No one but a man who has walked over the Wilderness roads — even in this present year of grace — can comprehend what they must have been in '63. How artillery could pass that way, how ambulances could return laden, is beyond understanding.

On went Jackson's columns, Fitzhugh Lee protecting the flank toward Hooker. Lee remained before Chancellorsville, facing the enemy. It was his plan to fight guardedly and push around toward Hooker's right, joining up after Jackson's attack. Again the hazardous undertaking of uniting two parts of a divided army.

The movement was no more than well begun when Federal outposts discovered Jackson wheeling around to the right. The first miles of his roads turned southward instead of west and northward, and the Federal command decided that he was falling back toward Richmond, or making for the valley. In one case Stoneman would get him, in the other Hooker would not be deceived and outmanœuvred as Pope had been. Federal headquarters felt the elation of coming victory, that morning of May 2.

Why Hooker failed to come out of his abattis and rout Lee is a matter known to Hooker. He kept inside his lines, doing no more than shell Jackson and raid his rear lines. His advance went well enough, capturing the rearguard, a whole regiment, the 23d Georgia. Where were your shields, 23d Georgia? Had you none to bear you home?

At 4 o'clock the Confederate advance, swinging north and west and miles away from Chancellorsville, nears a point at the Federal rear. Fitzhugh Lee beckoned Jackson ahead, leading him through the woods to rising ground. Never has gladder sight lighted the eye of warrior. Below the hillside lay the extreme right of Hooker's line, defended by field works. Behind them his soldiers dozed in their tents, for the afternoon was warm, or sat in groups playing cards. On a small stream nearby, the wash line was hard at work. Evening campfires broke into flame, the butchers slaughtering beeves nearby. Scene martial and pastoral!

Then, indeed, the nostril of Jackson quivers, in a way peculiar to him when stirred by the "delicious excitement of war," like a charger straining for the fray. Back he rides with the cavalryman to urge on the columns, tired, now, after an all-day march. Word runs along the line that they will surprise the enemy, fight another Manassas. Strange — most strange — that the enemy, so near, suspects nothing. Jackson deploys his 25,000 men though the woods — attacking lines, supporting lines. The second move in the battle is complete. Lee has given him 25,000 of his scant 57,000 to fall on the Union strength at its weakest point, the Confederates actually facing no more than 13,000 men.

The first intimation of the unusual is an advancing skirmish line — of birds, deer, turkeys, foxes and other forest creatures, frightened by Jackson's infantry. It appears, bugles blowing, muskets leveled, bayonets gleaming in the May evening. There is turmoil, sudden death. Back goes Hooker's right, rallying as it can, fighting bravely in groups, unable to stand before the engulfing charge. Confederate guns break through the woods — somehow — spraying canister abroad. The drama of flight and pursuit resounds, falling upon the astounded ears of Hooker at Chancellorsville. By dusk, in a brief hour, the right of his line is crumpled.

That, perhaps, was the greatest day of Jackson's great career. The fall of night found his exhausted men scattered through the Wilderness. And Lee, feeling his way around Hooker's army, sends couriers to thank Jackson for the day. There is firing through the woods, both infantry and artillery, powder smoke filling the thickets, an inferno of smoke, heat, death.

Jackson rides out with a group of officers. It is a mild, moonlight night, turned to fury on earth. He is seen — fateful hour! — by an outpost of the 18th North Carolina Infantry. Its men lie close to earth and watch these other men on horses, riding and pointing. Federal officers — maybe of high rank! Slowly the muskets come into position, keen eyes sighting along their well-tried barrels. Then — fire!

Two balls strike Jackson in the left arm, one in the right hand. He drops the reins, his horse wheels and plunges, a pine bough striking his face, almost unhorsing him. He recovers the reins, holds on. Two other men are down, killed. Federal artillery, stirred by the musketry, sweeps the ground where Jackson lies, leaning against a tree. At last a litter is brought. They move toward the rear. The leading litter bearer goes down, dropping his end. Jackson groans, other hands take the litter, anxious voices cheer him. "No, my friend," he says, "don't trouble about me." Yet he is deadly pale, in the wan moonlight.

It is thought that his wounds are only relatively serious. Stuart takes command and ably pushes the advance until he meets Lee. Couriers fly through the night, seeking word, bearing a message from Lee:

> General: I have just received your note, informing me that you were wounded. I cannot express my regret at the occurrence. Could I have directed events, I should have chosen, for the good of the country, to have been disabled in your stead. I congratulate you upon the victory which is due to your skill and energy.

The note is read to Jackson, who answers, faintly, "General Lee is very kind; but he should give the glory to God."

What matter though Hooker is routed? The cost was dear enough. Throughout the night of Jackson's fall the onslaught continued. Hooker's right flank was split into parts and turned to fighting one another, mistakenly for Confederates. On the 3d the battle reopened violently, lasting all day without a decision, but yielding gains to Lee's army. Hooker, standing on the porch of the house at Chancellorsville, is struck by a brick, when a cannon ball lands squarely. For two hours the army lacks a commander.

Having Hooker in hand, Lee turned back the next day — the 4th — to meet the attack on Fredericksburg. In this action he threw the attacking force across the river. The morning of the 5th followed, with Lee ready for another drive against Hooker, recouped, holding strong positions in the thickets. Lee poised his blow, but the day was lost when a bewildering storm broke upon the field. Under its cover, Hooker recrossed the Rappahannock.

Jackson rallied, then pneumonia intervened. Slowly, ever so slowly through the long days he lingered, until the 10th. It is a Sunday. He asks if arrangements are ready for services in camp; says that he always wanted to die on Sunday.Sometimes he is conscious, looking from the strong gray eyes upon those near him. At intervals he wanders. Men stand silently by, thinking of his prediction that he "would never die at the hands of his enemies." The conviction, added to his belief in predestination, amounted to certainty in Jackson's mind. And now — by stroke of destiny — fulfillment is near.

One officer tells how, the day before his last attack, Jackson's sword rested against a tree. In the midst of discussions by the group around him, the sword fell, clattering. Men looked at one another, thinking little of the matter then, but remembering it acutely in the quiet room.

At last he sinks, irretrievably, speaking words which men bend low to hear. "Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action. Pass the infantry to the front." A pause. "Tell Major Hawks to send forward provisions for the men." The last pause. "Let us pass over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees." *Requiescat in pace,* aged thirty-nine years, three months and nineteen days.

Lee hears the tidings, and says, the deep eyes sad, "I've lost my right arm."

The death of Jackson now raised the somewhat critical question of who should command in the valley. Davis decided that Custis Lee was the man for the post, and remarked to an official of the government, "I know of no better man than General Custis Lee. To show you my estimate of his ability, when I thought of sending General Robert Lee to command the western army, I had determined that Custis should succeed him to lead the Army of Northern Virginia. Now, I wish that you would go up and see General Lee, and ask him to order Custis to the command of the department. Tell him that I will make his son Major-General, Lieutenant-General (Jackson's old rank), or, if need be, full General, so that he may rank any officer likely to be sent there."

But Lee, sensitive about his sons, meticulous in his wish that they should stand alone, would not consent. "I am very much obliged to Mr. Davis for his opinion of Custis Lee," he said. "I hope that, if he had the opportunity, he would prove himself in some measure worthy of that confidence. But he is an untried man in the field, and I cannot appoint him to that command. Very much against his wishes and my own, Mr. Davis has kept him on his personal staff, and he has had no opportunity to prove his ability to handle an army. Whatever may be the opinion of others, I cannot pass by my tried officers and take for that important position a comparatively new man — especially my own son. Mr. Davis can make the assignment if he thinks proper — I certainly shall not do so."

Custis never did have the "fair chance in the field" to which he aspired, and to which his father's eyes turned proudly, though he would not promote his own son. Custis continued in his staff position, though restive, looking toward the fields of war. Not until the catastrophe would he lead a gray legion.

Chancellorsville, the consummate victory, failed to yield any result in a positive sense. On the negative side it maintained the Confederacy another year. Hooker kept the field with a hundred thousand men, on the northern side of the Rappahannock. Nor could Lee dislodge him there. But he might manœuvre Hooker from his lines, drawing him to other fields.

The Confederate army, after its appalling winter, followed by its unexampled spring, was in the pink of condition — as far as it ever could be. No matter the lack of food, clothing, supplies of every kind and degree, victory is a stimulant exceeding any. General Hooker himself has borne testimony to that army, offered before a Congressional body, when he said:

> Our artillery had always been superior to that of the rebels, as was also our infantry, except in discipline; and that, for reasons not necessary to mention, never did equal Lee's army. With a rank and file vastly inferior to our own, intellectually and physically, that army has, by discipline alone, acquired a character for steadiness and efficiency unsurpassed, in my judgment, in ancient or modern times. We have not been able to rival it, nor has there been any near approximation to it in the other rebel armies.

It is curious to find the discipline of Lee's army praised. From the day that he took command its lack of unity troubled him. Discipline never was attempted, certainly never realized, in the sense of General Hooker's meaning. This army was a gathering of friends, neighbors and kinsmen, come to defend their homes. Men of a fierce independence, little given to the habits that military rule begets. But in the hour of battle they closed ranks with a determination, a devotion, that General Hooker well might mistake for discipline.

His comment, "nor has there been any near approximation to it in the other rebel armies," is instructive. The Army of Northern Virginia drew inspiration from Lee and Jackson. The same kind of men made up other armies of the Confederacy, none of which equalled the Army of Northern Virginia. Inevitably the difference arose from the difference in leadership.

In a measure the Confederacy's commanders at the south and west were called upon to meet harder issues than Lee. A beleaguered nation could concentrate its power in but one army. Both of the Johnstons performed fine soldierly deeds in the west. And Beauregard, able son of a race of soldiers, established a classic of war in his defense of Charleston. The man who had struck the first great blow for the Confederacy would strike another at the close of the epic, equal to the first.

Lee, more than any other man, not only was able to meet overpowering forces, but to frustrate and defeat their best efforts. In Jackson he had commanded a great executive officer, a very son of war, who delighted in battles and thought no trial too severe if he might outwit the enemy. Yet it was Lee who combined within himself the mental and the spiritual qualities that made the Army of Northern Virginia equal to any famous army of any time.

The fact has been rather lost to sight that the Army of the Potomac was a great army, too. It lacked neither valor nor enterprise. But its command lacked genius and encountered no less; though, truly, McClellan has been measured by his failures rather than his deeds. Upon the field these two armies embodied the staunchest qualities of the American character. Then, in what degree were they different? How could the smaller, poorly fitted, barefooted legions, assert their superior power upon field after field?

The answer is twofold. Because this army fought for the principle of independence, upon the threshold of its home, fired by the desperation that comes to men who see themselves oppressed. It is the noblest quality of man that he rises to the sublime in his hour of trial. As to the rest it may be summed up in a name — Lee.

After the death of Jackson, Lee divided his two corps into three, raising A. P. Hill and Richard S. Ewell to command, Longstreet keeping his own corps, slightly reduced. Hill had been second to Jackson, and Ewell was a notable soldier, but the army wondered why Marse Robert passed by Stuart, who looked a man to follow where Jackson had led. As for Longstreet, he resented the creation of two commanders of his rank, where there had been but one. Lee continued his policy toward the Carolinian, of forbearance and restraint.

In a cavalry brush on June 10 Lee's second son Rooney was wounded and removed to Hickory Hill, a country house nearby. There the youngest son, Robert, promoted to his brother's staff, went to serve the cavalry commander as general aide. Lee was disturbed, but reassuring in his letters to Mary. "He is young and healthy, and I trust will soon be up again." Rooney's wife, his mother and sisters, proceeded to Hickory Hill, where he presently enjoyed as much attention as a man well may have. He was getting on, though confined to bed, when — alarms! alarms! — a raiding troop of cavalry descended upon the house. Robert escaped by the thickness of his coat. Then, while the alarmed household looked on, the women standing helpless, the cavalrymen bore the wounded man away, a prisoner. First to the site of the White House, then to Fortress Monroe, where he lay under the shadow of execution — a hostage for certain Federal officers confined in Richmond.

Another gray lock for the graying head of his sire. Yet he would not seriously credit the threat against Rooney's life, for he was able to write Charlotte, his daughter-in-law, trying to cheer her:

> Get strong and hearty by his return, that he may the more rejoice at the sight of you. . . . I can see no harm that will result from Fitzhugh's capture except his detention. I feel assured that he will be well attended to. He will be in the hands of old army officers and surgeons, most of whom are men of principle and humanity. . . . The cavalry has had

> hard service, and is somewhat pulled down. But we shall build it up now. It has lost some gallant officers, which causes me deep grief. Indeed, the loss of our gallant officers and men throughout the army causes me to weep tears of blood, and to wish I never could hear the sound of a gun again. . . .

If Hooker would not strike — Lee must. His vision turned eagerly toward the North, that vast land, untouched by the blight of war. The council fires of Fredericksburg were not forgotten. Lee gathered his legions — to march swiftly — strike surely — perhaps to achieve independence in one stroke. Overseas the phantom of recognition loomed anew. Napoleon III, Emperor of the French, inclined strongly to it — wavering there, a little short of committal.

Could the world of today look into Lee's mind in those critical days, it must behold a mental contest, than which the mind of man has waged no greater. In the West, Federal forces threatened to sweep the Mississippi and Tennessee. Longstreet wanted to go there with his corps, rally every man, and drive the foe from Tennessee. Lee considered it — even the suggestion that he should go in person, but decided that the issue lay nearer at hand, across the Potomac.

He was opposed to any plan that would take him out of Virginia. Strange, it may seem, for the man who personified the Confederacy. The explanation may be sought in his conviction that northern Virginia was the appointed battlefield of the Confederacy's destinies. He concentrated there every faculty of his mind, every resource of his arm, even insisted that troops south of the James and in North Carolina, should pass to other command.

Thus he began the summer campaign of '63 with his army alone as his responsibility; "his army" in the way of old when kings led their liegemen to the fray. From the death of Jackson onward Lee took no man into his confidence. He no longer revealed his mind to Davis. Without any extension of authority, he assumed full powers over his army. Had he contemplated the political and the military situation, across the expanse of the horizon, then was the hour that the clay of the Confederacy awaited his moulding. Had he been a Napoleon in eagerness for power — he then might have changed the North American continent politically. Where two nations live, there had been three.

Not until the last moment did he inform Davis of his second invasion, the campaign that really determined the war. Then he disclosed his plans by fragments. When too far advanced for any Cabinet session to recall him, he proposed that Beauregard should be brought from Charleston, to follow upon the heels of Hooker and threaten Washington, while Hooker threatened Lee. If only "with a skeleton army."

A telegram of astonishment arrived from Richmond — "This is the first intimation the President has had that such a plan was ever in contemplation, and, taking all things into consideration, he cannot see how it can by any possibility be carried into effect." Beauregard never was called to the command that Lee suggested; Hooker followed him unpursued. But Lee did not lose sight of his plan and urged it again after the invasion of Pennsylvania, without result.

Had Lee, the great field commander, — one of the greatest — extended his hand to cover the field of war, no need to consult Davis and propose plans. He had arrived at that time in his career where he wielded his army as a personal thing, yet saw his strategy imperiled by lack of cohesion behind him — when he might have commanded cohesion.

Studying the campaign about to open, Lee saw that Hooker surely would move upon Richmond unless the blow was diverted. What better method than to lead him from the neighborhood? If Lee moved northward, Hooker must follow, lacking any other force to keep Confederate arms out of Washington. In the larger phase, Lee knew that time and circumstance weighed heavily upon the Union side. In '61 Beauregard's victory at Manassas had delayed a Federal advance by one year. In '62 his own victories before Richmond had saved the Confederacy. Now — in '63

—was the time of all times to strike a bold offensive blow upon Northern soil. Should victory result — as it had not yet failed — he might seize Washington, conceivably Philadelphia, hold the line of the Baltimore & Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroads, and bid Davis treat for terms.

Lee and Jackson had been deep in these plans when death intervened. Though one passed on, the other must go forward. If Lee had no other officer the stature of Jackson, there were a dozen men of the first grade. His army was flushed by victory, eager for great enterprises. Undoubtedly he looked toward the Southern seaboard, where 60,000 men were scattered through fortifications. Once more he lacked the authority to order them forward, and did not choose to engage in a long parley with Davis. The Army of Northern Virginia must do its appointed task alone.

Before a foot moved Lee had selected the probable point of battle, the hamlet of Cashtown, Pennsylvania, a few miles from the vale of Gettysburg, soon to be a field of renown, then but a point upon the map. It was Lee's conception to move at a pace that Hooker could not match, by a shorter route, drawing the Federal force after him, never letting it approach too closely, and compelling it to march as far as possible. He even marked the roads where Hooker should — and did — march.

Having brought up every man available, with arms, wagons and guns, Lee marched upon his bold enterprise. The returns of his forces, present for duty on May 31, showed 54,356 infantry, 9,536 cavalry, 4,460 artillery, a total of 68,352 men, with more than 200 guns. The word to advance, the hint of invasion, stirred his legions into martial activity.

Ewell led the way on June 2, taking the valley route. Lee followed with Longstreet, leaving A. P. Hill and a bare 20,000 men to checkmate Hooker should he move toward Richmond. A rare hazard of war. Had Hooker been as bold a man, and one not rigidly controlled from Washington, he could have swept Hill aside and gained striking distance of Richmond, depending upon Lee's return. Hooker's orders were to guard Washington, no matter what might eventuate, and he started marching over the roads that Lee selected for him.

Yet he did not permit Lee to go freely. Stuart had the hardest kind of fighting to keep Federal cavalry off the Confederate flanks. The two armies — about 200,000 men — swung into the stride of their march. Lee's columns filled the roads of the valley for seventy-five miles. On the 13th Ewell was at Winchester, and the next day stormed the works there, falling upon Milroy, that unlucky man. He lost 4,000 prisoners, twenty-eight pieces of artillery, wagons, horses, muskets, ordnance and stores. A rich prize, at the opening stroke!

Hooker — even more unlucky — had not believed that Lee was moving his whole force until the blow fell at Winchester. Then a storm of telegrams from Washington to Hooker, from Hooker to Washington. Also much haste, some confusion. Marse Robert's thinking had begun to tell. Hooker was confounded as his foeman had intended. Almost a footrace for Washington, now, though Lee has no immediate intention of taking the capital. He will outflank it and let events take their run.

Hooker forms plans that seem sound enough, considered in retrospect, but Lincoln has slight confidence in the man. He remarks by wire, with a bit of Lincolnesque humor, "If the head of Lee's army is at Martinsburg (near the Potomac), and the tail of it on the plank road between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the animal must be very thin somewhere. Could you not break him?"

Hooker had other immediate problems. Above all, his advance must go forward to cover Washington. By degrees he concentrated around Manassas, already the scene of two decisive battles, apparently to be the field of a third. The Union commander does not seem to have credited the idea that Lee would strike northward, except in the direction of Washington. For twenty days, from June 2nd to 22nd, the armies marched, the cavalry fighting along the way;

Hooker anxious to read Lee's mind and Lee well pleased to see Hooker anxious, for he knew his foeman's mind.

With the Confederate advance hovering upon the edges of Maryland, Stuart proposed, Lee agreed, to a raid in force behind Hooker's lines — spreading alarm, working damage, around Manassas and Washington. Then he would ride through Maryland, into Pennsylvania — to world's end, if need be — and join Lee. And his commander approved. Thus Lee watched his cavalry ride away on a remarkable foray; remarkable in several ways. Hardly had it taken to saddle when one of Hooker's supply trains crawled across the horizon. One charge, and the wagons turned into ashes and smoke. But Stuart found the main body close upon him, pushing hard for the Potomac, compelled to detour, and ride unexpected miles.

On the 25th Lee's advance crossed into Maryland. Hooker crossed almost at the same hour, one at the west, one at the east. Yet it was the 28th before Lee learned of this close pursuit. The eyes of the army had departed.

Lee went resolutely toward Pennsylvania. He could do no less. On the day that he learned of Hooker's approach, already at Frederick, Maryland, Lee also learned that this last in the line of Federal commanders had lost his place in the critical hour. Major-General George G. Meade took up the task. First McDowell, then McClellan, Pope, Burnside, Hooker, Meade.

Nervousness, then, in Washington. Lee rightly gauged the event and threw off the last restraint. He was beyond the reach of supplies and ammunition, coming by wagon train from Staunton, 200 miles away. Whatever he could do, must be done with the arms in the hands of his men, the cannon shot in their caissons, the food in their haversacks. Or the supplies that might be had from the countryside.

The Confederate army entered Pennsylvania under the strictest orders regarding civilians, despite demands at home for reprisals. Marse Robert once more stood forth as the man of Christian faith and kindly tenets, whatever their military effect. In a general order on June 27 he said:

> The Commanding General has observed with marked satisfaction the conduct of the troops on the march, and confidently anticipates results commensurate with the high spirit they have manifested. . . .
>
> There have, however, been instances of forgetfulness on the part of some, that they have in keeping the yet unsullied reputation of the army, and that the duties exacted of us by civilization and Christianity are not less obligatory in the country of the enemy than in our own.
>
> The Commanding General considers that no greater disgrace could befall the army, and through it our whole people, than the perpetration of the barbarous outrages upon the innocent and defenceless, and the wanton destruction of private property, that have marked the course of the enemy in our own country. . . .

It was the policy of the Confederate quartermasters to offer their currency for supplies, or receipts to be redeemed later. If refused, they were instructed to buy essentials that must be had, paying for them in Union dollars. How many of these dollars were available no record reveals. Neither does history disclose whether the farmers of Pennsylvania accepted a Confederate dollar.

In those last days of June the telegraph was pressed to the utmost. Every eye centred upon the borders of Pennsylvania and Maryland. The incomprehensible had happened — a Confederate invasion in full tide, pouring toward the heart of the Union. Washington lay to the southeast, out-flanked, ready to fall. Everywhere confusion, marching men, thundering cavalry. Astonishing, even astounding, that one gray knight at the head of his liegemen could so shake the Union with its uncalculated resources. The mind pauses, the reason reflects — fancy tries to call up — a similar situation today and finds it impossible, no more than sixty-five years afterward in a world only relatively changed.

And Stuart — where is Stuart? Riding on the flanks of Union columns. But sadly wanted as the two armies draw together, Lee deprived of his eyes. Stuart has over-stayed his mission. He should be in the advance, riding the country far and near. He does not come. Other cavalry fails to appear as well. Lee rides with his glasses to his eyes, silent, immobile, looking for cavalry.

The destiny of the Confederacy will be determined by a quest for shoes. A battle greater than Waterloo is about to be fought because a section of the Confederate army has heard that there are shoes in Gettysburg. The lure of shoes is more than barefooted men may withstand. Shoes — shoes at last! — to bind up weary feet.

Brigadier James J. Pettigrew of Henry Heth's division goes on the shoeing errand, taking his brigade with him. They march miles from the main body of A. P. Hill's corps, going gaily to the shoestore. But their approach to Gettysburg brings unexpected results. The streets are blue with Federal cavalry. Drums beat on the other side of the town. A cloud of dust obscures the horizon. Shall Pettigrew risk his brigade for those precious shoes? He decides to countermarch, reaching his division the evening of the 30th.

When has there been a sadder division? First the promise of shoes — then no shoes. Heth himself rides to Hill, proposing that he shall go for them, leading his whole division, "to get the shoes." Hill, the abrupt man, replies, "Not a shoe." Alas!

Lee had planned to fight a defensive battle at Cashtown, eight miles west, and Meade selected a field near Pipe Creek, back of Gettysburg. Pettigrew's anxiety about shoes drew the Federal cavalry forward from Gettysburg to a ridge beyond the town. And Hill, pushing in that general direction, found the cavalry strongly posted on the momentous 1st of July, 1863. Not only cavalry, but guns, which opened viciously. Heth pleaded again — there were shoes over the ridge. Neither did Hill like the artillery fire. He unlimbered batteries to answer, hardly more than a roadside skirmish. But Federal forces behind, hearing a rising artillery duel, came at the double quick to McPherson's Heights, a mile west of the town. Hill threw in more men. The climax of the Confederacy suddenly developed from clouds of dust on a hot July day, detached commands going into battle, no man on either side knowing clearly what he was about.

Lee, too, heard the guns at Cashtown. Anxiously he looked toward Gettysburg. Would Stuart never come? Why had Hill opened a strong fire without orders? He must be hard pressed. Nothing to do but mount and ride. The scattered Confederate mass draws together, turning toward Gettysburg — led by the firing. It is 2.30 when Lee reaches the field. There has been fighting since 9 o'clock. About 50,000 men of the two armies are in opposition. At 3.30 Lee orders a flank attack — once more the favorite stroke — and the blue lines go back from McPherson's Heights, down the slopes, moving fast toward Gettysburg and through the town, sweeping their support along. The first day is Lee's, definitely.

He sends a famous order, directing Ewell to the pursuit "if practicable." That had been his habit with Jackson, to indicate the way and leave the means to his lieutenant. Ewell — able soldier though he be — is not Jackson. He thinks the pursuit "impracticable." The Confederacy at high tide fails to fling its crest far enough, in the golden hour of victory. Evening shades fall in the streets of Gettysburg, lying between the armies. To be an eventful night; the blue power massing behind the town.

But a notable beginning, surely. The Federal army has lost two General officers captured and the Confederate one; and the brave John F. Reynolds of the Union command has died in the retreat, trying to hold his corps. There are 5,000 Federal prisoners in Confederate hands, besides the wounded, some artillery and regimental colors. Again — again, it seems! — victory.

Lee is cautious. Longstreet not yet come — nor Stuart. Maybe he can still command "the battle where to rage." His plans have contemplated a defensive action in a strong position. No matter Longstreet, nor yet Stuart. Another man fails to come; the like of him does not live.

It is 5 o'clock when Longstreet reaches the field. By this time Lee has appraised the Federal positions and decided to give battle where the quest for shoes has led him. Upon one of the few occasions in his vast manœuvres he holds the harder position, the larger army massing on the shorter line. Yet he sees breaches in the line, ready for the tide to pour through. Eagerly he shows them to Longstreet, who will attack at dawn and carry this position — that one — the next — before the Federal army can bring up its full forces. Victory can — victory must be won — before Meade rallies his strength.

Longstreet heeds, and frowns, and promises. But he is bitter in his resentment. Lee had spoken of a defensive battle; now he will attack. Always to the attack, the rash man! Why not hold Seminary Ridge, the Confederate position, and let Meade wear himself out, as Lee bids fair to do? Yet dawn will come and Longstreet must attack. He sulks in his tent, a new Achilles.

A long night for Lee. He goes to Gettysburg and a council with other officers. They part, late in the night — till dawn. Meade also has arrived and inspected his position. He is not satisfied, speaks of withdrawals. But morning finds the blue wall holding the heights from Round Top at the south to Cemetery Ridge at the north.

Lee stirs before the day comes, ready for the contest that will assure independence. Every plan has been drawn sharp and clear. Nothing remains to be done but to sound the bugles. They will blow at daylight, on his far right.

Yet no bugle sounds there. Instead, Longstreet has said in his own words, he "went to General Lee's headquarters at daylight and renewed my views against making an attack; he seemed resolved, however, and we discussed results."

Resolved! Ten thousand resolutions, confusion to him who hesitates. Moreover, it was ordered. Had Lee been a Wellington, a Marlborough, a Napoleon — almost any captain of whom history tells — Longstreet had stepped from his tent a prisoner. We have seen Jackson arrest Hill for five minutes' delay. Yet Marse Robert, the kindly, hopeful man, permitted Longstreet's reasoning to dictate new consideration of the battlefield. On the back of Traveler he speeds to his left flank, examines the possibilities of attack.

Hours are lost. For the first time the Army of Northern Virginia wavers in its strategy. One stubborn man imperils the Confederacy. By 11 o'clock Lee is back, orders Longstreet to advance. Meade has crowned his heights with a strengthened wall of blue. Yet Longstreet dallies — waiting for troops not on the field. Artillery plays along the line. One of the solemnest, grandest theatres of man's courage opens before the two armies. The stage is set, the scenes are shifting, yet the actors do not appear.

The heart tightens at thought of Lee, pacing beneath the trees of his headquarters, waiting for Longstreet's bugles. Who can explain — who can attempt to read his thoughts? Or his patience — a fatal patience. One swift courier and Longstreet had been displaced, arrested — removed, anyway, from the field. There were other men to lead.

Twelve o'clock, 1 o'clock, 2 o'clock, 3 o'clock, yet no bugle sounds. The blue wall grows stronger by the hour. Where — where — is Marse Robert? Come now to start the gray wave before all is lost. Four o'clock — at last! — after nine hours of delay, the bugles do sound. The gray wave rises from its woods and hollows, goes down the slopes. The delay and anxiety, unknown before to the Southern army, had filtered through to the ranks. When the relief finally came — the relief of action — Longstreet's men went up the sides of Round Top as an avalanche moving in reverse. To meet the strong blue wall. Not quite impregnable. Here and there it gives way, the red carnage rages with fury unapproached. Then the Confederate left swings into the fray, meeting, as well, the blue wall.

Almost at the hour that Longstreet sounded his bugles, Stuart arrived, his men on jaded horses, exhausted after a week of riding and fighting. "Well, General, I see that you are here at last," remarked Lee, turning away. Brave Stuart! His single failure.

At the end of the second day Lee had suffered severe losses, but he held lodgments in the Federal line. In his own words, the day's operations "induced the belief that with proper concert of action, and with the increased support that the positions gained on the right would enable the artillery to render the assaulting columns, we should ultimately succeed, and it was accordingly determined to continue the attack."

So the third day dawns, Lee bent upon renewing the battle. On this morning he rode over Longstreet's front with that commander, giving minute instructions. Nothing should be left to chance. The Carolinian objected that he did not have men for a new assault. Lee promised him six brigades, to go with the three of Major-General George E. Pickett, newly arrived.

"I asked the strength of the column," Longstreet wrote. "He stated about 15,000. Opinion was then expressed that the 15,000 men who could make successful assault over that field had never been arrayed for battle, but he was impatient of listening and tired of talking, and nothing was left but to proceed."

Impatient! It is likely. Though Longstreet's flank plainly was the place for an attack, the question ever must be puzzling why Lee entrusted Gettysburg to Longstreet a second time. Fitzhugh Lee has charged it to "courtesy." Fatal "courtesy"! With the Confederacy in the balance, Lee could not fail to see that the reluctant man would parley and delay. Yet his orders were explicit enough. Doubtless he thought that his corps leader would retrieve himself—an idea typical of Lee's thinking.

Pickett was to advance the moment that his brigades could be formed. Lee proceeded to a point about the center of his front, to watch both ways. Before Pickett could move the Confederate left was heavily engaged. Then — 1 o'clock — two signal guns sounded on the right, 150 cannon broke into angry voice. An hour they bore upon the

Federal line, three-quarters of a mile distant. That line showed slight indication of yielding — if at all. Longstreet watched, dreading to send the column forward.

"General, shall I advance?" asked Pickett.

Yet Longstreet would not give the final word. Pickett knew his orders. He saluted and rode away, saying, "I am going to move forward, sir."

The guns rise to a final thunder of death as the attacking force moves from cover, past the guns, down the hillside. Picket goes with the advance of his own division, 5,000 men. The moment that they appear on the rolling hillside, marching for the vale below, every arm of the blue wall is bent upon them — every arm that will reach so far. On, the steady ranks go, withering under the fire. Within five minutes it is clear that their task is beyond the human. Yet on they go. Lee has ordered it. Longstreet will not call them back. Perhaps — in the great scheme of the Fates — it had been written that they must fail.

Ten minutes — fifteen — twenty — they march, a long, steady stride. At last they are beyond the vale, on the approaches to the Federal heights. The men pouring death upon them cheer the valor that presses on. Then — then the eternity ends — they are in the first line, hewing a way through. Prisoners, guns, fall into their hands. Then the second line, behind a stone wall. This, too, is breached. Even now the gray tide may rise to the scarred heights. Nay — the tide is spent. Longstreet — unexplainable man — has failed to throw in two strong divisions farther to the right. Pickett's support, that should have followed directly behind, does not appear. An enfilading fire consumes him. The legions retreat, shattered, torn, fleeing now.

Lee rides furiously to meet them. As the first men come panting up the hill, bloody, dismayed, he is there among them, with heartening words. "All good men must hold together now." To another group, "Steady, men, don't be discouraged, form ranks in the woods."

Comes Pickett, tears on his face, from one of the world's great deeds of arms. "Never mind, General," says

Lee. "All this is my fault. It is I that have lost this fight, and you must help me out of it the best way you can."

Magnificent futility. Gettysburg is lost. No one recognizes the fact more surely than Lee. Meade is less sure. Daniel E. Sickles, a corps commander, testifies later that, "It was by no means clear, in the judgment of the corps commanders, or of the General in command, whether they had won or not."

Had Meade struck the Confederate front the night of the 3rd a far-reaching victory might have ended the war there. A prodigious "might" because three-fourths of the army waited in line, ready for the fray.

In the sad, dark night Lee bent upon his knees, taking counsel with his God. The invasion was ended. He must go back. But no sign apprised Meade on the morning of the 4th. The Confederate lines held their places, inviting Meade to attack. Meade never had such intention. He had won victory; he would not risk it now. A splendid Fourth of July for the Union cause. That day Vicksburg fell on the Mississippi, bisecting the Confederacy.

Late in the afternoon Lee's wagon train starts, the springless wagons bearing a melancholy burden, thousands of wounded hastily attended. The drivers have orders to drive — full speed, no stops. In springless wagons, over the roughest roads. Men fill the wagons so closely that one cannot move without all moving. And some cannot move. A tragic advance, for the retreating gray.

Muleteers tighten their reins, and drive, the long whips snapping over mule backs. The mules plunge and start, wagon after wagon lumbers over the mountain roads. The cries of the wounded would rend the hearts of mortal men had they time to hear. Tonight — tonight — they must drive. Frantic men in the springless wagons sink their teeth in their arms, not to cry out. As wagon after wagon passes they leave a gory path behind.

People living along the way quit their homes to escape the sounds from those wagons. Others stand beside the roads to offer water and bandages. Twice the wagon train is attacked by home guards. Once cavalrymen ride into the train, shooting the muleteers, sending wagons over the roadsides into gulches below. Yet on — on — goes the retreat from Gettysburg.

A deluge of rain falls upon friend and foe, wounded and well. In the night Lee's columns begin to move. The morning of the 5th finds them well advanced, Meade following guardedly. Days of marching, with some fighting, but Meade will not take hold. His cavalry gets around the flanks and worries the wagon train, halted by the swollen Potomac. Then a battle on the Maryland shore, fought by muleteers and men who can crawl out of the wagons to hold a musket.

They beat off the cavalry, the Potomac recedes a little. The wagon train crosses at last. Slowly the army follows. Virginia, and the end of the invasion. Lee rides in the rearguard.

CHAPTER X

The Tide Rolls Back

MARSE ROBERT, then, is back in the land of Virginia, taking account of the war, the army and himself — most of all, himself. He has gone into camp near Orange Court House, behind his old lines on the Rapidan. Meade stands on the Rappahannock, a few miles distant, content to stop there and attempt little.

Meade's victory at Gettysburg was the greatest of the war, but in the negative sense. The thrust of Lee's invasion spent its force by its own effort. He retired, hoping that Meade would attack. Hardly another commander, a war's decisive victory to his renown, has shown less enterprise upon the field of his fame, or afterward. Meade followed cautiously into Virginia, never risking a major action.

Yet Meade had not far to look for the reason of his caution. At the moment that he was holding Gettysburg against the Confederacy's mightiest effort, Lincoln put into effect the draft act of March 3. Instantly there was protest, violent discord. On Saturday, July 11, draft bureaus opened in New York against the lowering faces of the city's foreign-born population; perhaps of its native, as well. Gettysburg or the Union meant little to the conglomerate mass, though individuals had volunteered freely and fought well.

It was Monday, the 13th, before the storm burst upon the city. Draft bureaus were overwhelmed, public buildings invaded, the *New York Herald* and the *New York Tribune* partly sacked. Wherever a black man appeared, mobs pursued him — often to his death. The casualty roll of three days of rioting has been placed at 1,000. A little beyond the crossroads of present-day Fifth avenue and Forty-second street, the heart of cosmopolis, stood an asylum for negro children. There a skyscraper rises today, a giant's pile of cracker boxes. The asylum building was burned, the inmates barely saved. Black men dangled from the lamp poles of the avenue.

Little wonder that Meade should hesitate, rebellion at his back, revolution before him. Elsewhere the draft was resisted, everywhere roundly condemned. In the preparations under way the North turned to arming negroes largely — the first time that a modern civilized people had put weapons into the hands of the black race against another civilized people. Nor was this all — the waterfronts of Europe were combed for men to fight the Confederacy. They were landed by the shiploads in Boston and New York and hurried to Virginia battlefields — some of them to be captured there, speaking the polyglot tongues of the world, without concern why they fought, or aught else except the money paid them. The ragged legions of Marse Robert — the able-bodied of the five million — had fought five times their numbers in point of population, to an impasse. Now they must meet the black man brought to battle, the gleanings of Europe.

Yet Lee reads in every issue of the Southern press that he has failed in Pennsylvania. Strange, that his people, who deify him now, never gave him complete confidence when he most needed it. Or, to seek more accuracy, their leaders never supported him with the singleness of purpose his needs demanded. When there was urgent occasion for unquestioning co-operation, uncomplaining obedience, he encountered overwhelming questioning, open defiance and repudiation. Lee's army, the plain people of the South, followed him as a shepherd. Their political leaders constantly interfered with him and embarrassed his efforts. And Lee, the master of matters military, yielded to political encroachment.

"There is to be no peace," said the *Richmond Daily Enquirer,* of July 15, 1863, ten days after the tide rolled back. "All hope of a speedy peace depended on a decisive victory of Lee's army; and that success has not been decisive. The capture of Vicksburg and Port Hudson by the enemy, and the partial and incomplete character of our operations in Pennsylvania and Maryland, together with the abandonment of Middle Tennessee by the army of Bragg, have inflamed once more the war spirit of the nation (the United States) to its highest pitch. Nobody at the North now speaks of peace, save on the terms of submission to the Union. Therefore, peace there can be none."

In effect the press asked — how will the Confederacy ever win the war by retreating from its invasions, as Lee has twice fallen back, once from Maryland, once from Pennsylvania? Lee himself wondered, in his grave way; wondered intelligently and anxiously. In the watches of the night he went over again the campaign of Gettysburg, studying the map that Jackson had prepared. To a man of his balanced mind, of his habit of looking to the last detail, he must know where he had failed.

Lee returned from Gettysburg exhausted, but anxious that neither men nor officers should think him feeble. Being a solitary man, he kept to his own tent and his own counsel. Joe Johnston, the only man he might have taken into his confidence, was on the Mississippi front. At all times Lee disliked interruptions or personal questions. Officers never entered his tent without his invitation. Inquiries about his health brought a brief response, "I am well enough, thank you." But the glance from the deep eyes showed that he had no relish for these questions. His staff put a ban upon them.

Ordinarily Lee might be found between the covers of his cot by 9 o'clock. When the lantern over his table burned later than this hour, members of the staff knew that Lee was hard at work upon his problems — or bent upon his knees. When the light was aflame at 3 o'clock of one morning the officer on duty outside his quarters felt alarm.

Colonel Venable enjoyed no little of his commander's friendship. Yet he hesitated to step inside. Listening for a while, he could hear no sound. Could it be possible — had tragedy entered there?

He threw open the tent flap, to be confronted by the surprised face of Lee. "What is it, Colonel?"

When has man had harder explanation to make?

Lee's mind was upon his task, rather than his question. "Come in," he said, "I was just going over the campaign."

There, spread before him, was Jackson's map, marked by the points of innumerable pins, covered with marks, dog-eared and torn. Lee ran a finger down the line of march, and remarked, "Colonel, I don't see how we could have done any better, acting upon the information that we had."

A pause, his brow frowning. Plain acknowledgment that he would not again send Stuart raiding before such a battle. Then, his hand lying broadly upon the map, tapping it with his forefinger, "If I had had Stonewall Jackson with me, I should have won the battle of Gettysburg, so far as man can see."

No caustic word for Longstreet, who had cost him a victory to challenge the cost of Grouchy to Napoleon at Waterloo. Merely a regret. Yet these reflections did not quiet the press, nor opinion's mutterings. Lee, giving heed, taking account of himself and the Confederacy, wrote to Davis, upon August 5th:

> Your letters of the 28th of July and 2d of August have been received, and I have waited for a leisure hour to reply, but I fear that will never come. I am extremely obliged to you for the attention given to the wants of this army, and the efforts made to supply them. Our absentees are returning, and I hope the earnest and beautiful appeal made to the country in your proclamation may stir up the whole people, and that they may see their duty and perform it. Nothing is wanted but that their fortitude should equal their bravery to insure the success of our cause. We must expect reverses, even defeats. They are sent to teach us wisdom and prudence, to call forth greater

energies, and to prevent our falling into greater disasters. Our people have only to be true and united, to bear manfully the misfortunes incident to war, and all will come right in the end. I know how prone we are to censure, and how ready to blame, others for the non-fulfilment of our expectations. This is unbecoming to a generous people, and I grieve to see its expression. The general remedy for the want of success in a military commander is his removal. This is natural, and in many instances proper; for no matter what may be the ability of the officer, if he loses the confidence of his troops disaster must sooner or later ensue.

I have been prompted by these reflections more than once since my return from Pennsylvania to propose to your Excellency the propriety of selecting another commander for this army. I have seen and heard expressions of discontent in the public journals at the result of the expedition. I do not know how far this feeling extends to the Army. My brother officers have been too kind to report it, and so far the troops have been too generous to exhibit it. It is fair, however, to suppose that it does exist, and success is so necessary to us that nothing should be left undone to secure it. I, therefore, in all sincerity, request your Excellency to take measures to supply my place. I do this with the more earnestness, because no one is more aware than myself of my inability to discharge the duties of my position. I cannot even accomplish what I myself desire. How can I fulfil the expectations of others? In addition, I sensibly feel the growing failure of my bodily strength. I have not yet recovered from the attack (dysentery) I experienced the past spring. I am becoming more and more incapable of exertion, and am thus prevented from making the personal examination, and giving the personal supervision to the operations in the field which I feel to be necessary. I am so dull, that in undertaking to use the eyes of others I am frequently misled.

Everything, therefore, points to the advantage to be derived from a new commander, and I the more anxiously urge the matter upon your Excellency from my belief that a younger and abler man than myself can readily be obtained. I know that he will have as gallant and brave an army as ever existed to second his efforts, and it would be the happiest day of my life to see at its head a worthy leader—one that would accom-

> plish more than I can perform and all that I have wished. I hope your Excellency will attribute my request to the true reason—the desire to serve my country and to do all in my power to insure the success of her righteous cause.
>
> I have no complaints to make of any one but myself. I have received nothing but kindness from those above me, and the most considerate attention from my comrades and companions in arms. To your Excellency I am specially indebted for uniform kindness and consideration. You have done everything in your power to aid me in the work committed to my charge without omitting anything to promote the general welfare. I pray that your efforts may at length be crowned with success, and that you may long live to enjoy the thanks of a grateful people.

Davis wrote one of his handsome letters, rejecting the application upon any grounds. "Expressions of discontent in the public journals furnish but little evidence of the sentiment of the army," he said. "I wish it were otherwise, even though all the abuse of myself should be accepted as the results of honest observation." Some day history may give a soberer judgment upon the ability of Davis, blamed for so much, credited for so little.

Lee resumed his letters to his sons and daughters, especially to Mary, in Richmond. Custis was still on the staff of Davis, Rooney in captivity.

The gray sire, suffering in body and spirit, must suffer in the tenderest of his affections. Of all the world's possessions none approached Mary and the children. Conceive of him, then, on August 7, writing to Custis.

> . . . I am glad to hear that my dear Fitzhugh is improving in health and that he will soon be restored, and hope that he will enjoy that comfort at least. I had seen in the papers the intention announced by the Federal Government of holding him as a hostage for the two captains selected to be shot. If it is right to shoot these men this should make no difference in their execution, but I have not thought it right to shoot them, and differ in my ideas from most of our people on the subject of retaliation. Sometimes I know it to

> be necessary, but it should not be resorted to, at all times, and in our case policy dictates that it should be avoided whenever possible. The opportunities as well as the desire of our enemies are so much greater than ours, that they have the advantage, and I believe it would be better in the end for us to suffer, keep right in our own eyes, the eyes of the world, and the eyes of God, and that justice would thereby be sooner done us, and our people would thus suffer less, than if we took the opposite course. . . .

Spartan father. "If it is right to shoot these men this should make no difference."

General Burnside, removed to the west, had executed two Confederate Captains for reasons too remote for present inquiry. The Confederate government considered and threatened, but did not carry out retaliation. Yet the peril to Rooney's life was imminent when Lee wrote.

Who had given more to the cause? First his career sacrificed, the home of Mary seized at Arlington, the White House burned, the family possessions scattered and lost, his three sons in the army, — one wounded and captured, confronting death.

The camp at Orange Court House, and for miles around, was a vast repair shop for man, beast, the machinery of war. The Confederacy had descended to sore straits. Drivers in the artillery who yet possessed the fragments of shoes, must give them to cannoneers. Drivers by necessity rode upon their guns, but cannoneers must walk, to save the draught animals. Not only men, but animals, were shoeless. Every animal dying in camp must be unshod, the iron preserved. Details would follow the cavalry and artillery to gather shoes and nails — especially nails! Raiding cavalry should try to bring back the shoes of horses slain in action. Lose not a nail!

It may be fairly assumed that Lee now gave up hope of an offensive victory upon Northern soil. So able a judge of military matters could not fail to comprehend that the Confederacy had made its greatest effort. Yet this fact by no means signified defeat. If he was unable to wage war offensively, he might maintain it defensively almost without end — unless other factors failed.

One of his pressing problems continued to be desertions. In a dispatch to Davis, of this period, he said: "I would now respectfully submit to Your Excellency the opinion that all has been done which forbearance and mercy call for and that nothing will remedy this great evil which so much endangers our cause except the rigid enforcement of the death penalty in future in cases of conviction."

Once more, the language is remarkable for Lee, the humanist, trying to see a promise of fortune in every misfortune, always inclined to the merciful. Yet he had an exact sense of justice, which he sometimes asserted before mercy. Upon occasion the justice could be rigid, unrelenting, no less than that of Cæsar. But only upon occasions when mercy had failed, or would compromise a higher cause. Serious, indeed, was the peril of desertions before he would recommend the extreme penalty.

The general state of the Confederacy caused dissensions, uncertainty, everywhere. Its civil officers lacked genius. Zebulon B. Vance, the Governor of North Carolina, threatened to withdraw every soldier of that State to protect its own soil. Lee — at last — was compelled to look south and west, instead of solely to the Army of Northern Virginia.

He left the Rapidan for a visit to Davis in Richmond, going for a brief season to the comfort of home. Mary and his two remaining daughters met him happily, joining their appeals to those of friends that he should leave the army during the winter. But he would not consider "deserting my poor fellows back there in the mud." Instead he had urgent business with the President.

Davis conducted his principal conferences at night, on the second floor of the White House. There Lee met him, night upon night, presenting his views of the field of war. Leaders of Congress and members of the Cabinet attended, but in the main these discussions were carried on by Lee and Davis. Upon one point Lee was emphatic, Davis adamant.

"Richmond is the millstone around the neck of this army," he told the President, advising that the city should be given up if another great force rallied for its capture. To that suggestion Davis returned but one answer. Richmond must be held, if not for military reasons, certainly for political. If Richmond fell, the Confederacy fell with it.

Lee maintained his point. Richmond was of no importance in a miltary way; in fact, a millstone. Nor could he see that its occupation meant much politically. Rather let him take his army to the fringes of the mountains, holding the Shenandoah Valley and a line to keep open the roads to Carolina and Tennessee. Then — then, indeed — let the Union muster swarms of men. With the mountains for a base he could defy not two or three to one, as in the open field, but ten to one, if need be.

Davis would not heed. "Richmond must be held."

The two men who made up the Confederacy, sitting on the opposite sides of a study table, settled the destiny of their cause. Again Lee was to submit where he might have prevailed. Instead of asserting his sound military judgment against a political theory, he permitted Davis to have his wish. Had Lee been an assertive man — and told Davis that he would not defend the capital, come what might — what must Davis have done? Impossible for him to go before the Congress or the country and maintain his wish against Lee's, for Lee was the personality, the shepherd, the good gray knight and beloved leader.

Lee held his peace, accepted the decision. Neither would he blame Longstreet for the loss of Gettysburg. "I don't see how we could have done any better." Quixotically he avoided any gesture that might invite conflict with Longstreet. For a long while before Gettysburg he had been indulgent with his corps commander. Now his reluctance amounted to an aversion of anything resembling conflict. His patience and forbearance were both personal and official. Lee shrank from unpleasant situations in one case, feared to imperil the nation in the other. Davis, an intelligent man, who appraised Lee at something like his value, understood his character, too.

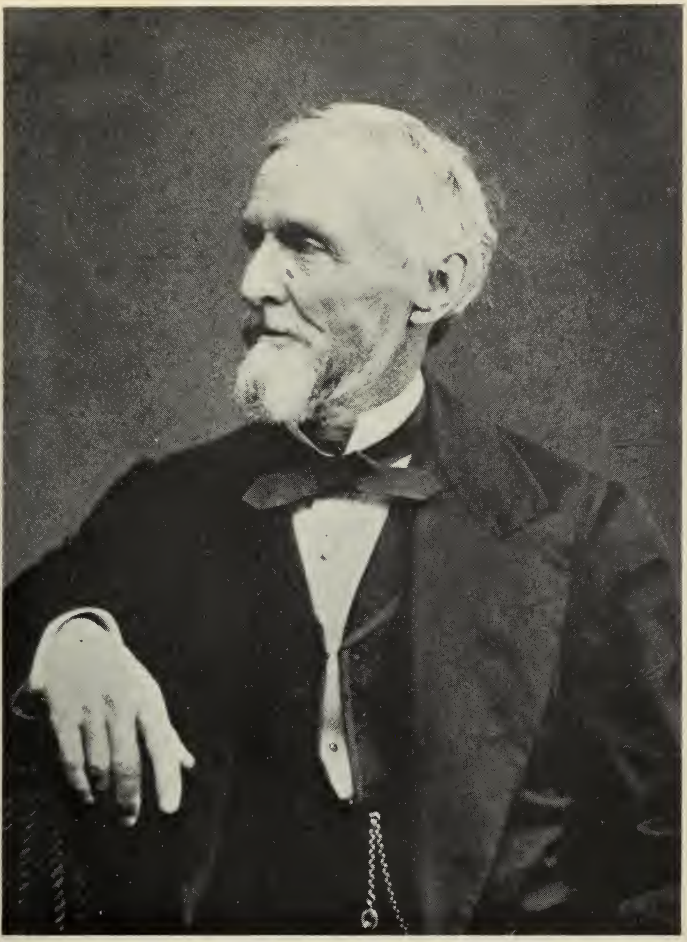
Gettysburg belonged to the past. What of the future — especially the future in the west? The anxious cleft in Lee's brow contracted to its deepest furrow. Davis did not urge, but made plain, that it would be well for him to go there, at least for a time. Lee, upon his side, dreaded the consequences of leaving his army. There were other leaders. Why distribute his energies over a larger theatre? Rather let him concentrate, build up the Army of Northern Virginia. So far as judgment can be given today — Davis, upon his part, did not insist.

What a solace to Lee, when the conferences were ended, that he could walk across Capitol Square, past the fine old capitol building, then turn into Franklin street, where Mary would be waiting, a few doors away. Waiting for "the General," no matter how late he might come, walking alone, though warned that assassins sought his life. "No one would kill an old man that way," he once observed.

By day he was a figure conspicuous in the streets of Richmond. At this period, as throughout the war, he wore a gray coat with a double line of buttons, reaching to the knees, and military boots. On his collar were three plain stars, which any Colonel of the line might wear. Lee never affected other insignia of rank, not even a festoon of gold lace for his sleeve.

One of the comforts of a trip to Richmond would be the opportunity to drop in at the Ballard House barber shop for a haircut. Lee's sensitive character made him reluctant to visit barbers. Both Perry and Meredith, and perhaps a half dozen more of the army servants, had tried cutting the General's hair. He was particular upon the point, especially as it grew thin. And about this period he received uncounted letters from every part of the world, asking for mementos — especially a lock of hair!

It is one of the unexplained aspects of psychology



JEFFERSON DAVIS,
President of the Confederacy, photographed
ten years after the war.
From the collection of Frederick H. Meserve

in the mass that certain convictions seize the world at intervals. In the latter part of '63 there was wide apprehension that Lee would be killed. The curious clamored for souvenirs of the man about to be slain. So numerous did these letters become that his staff ceased to deliver them, because Lee, in his old-fashioned, courteous way, made it a practice to answer letters.

Imagine, then, his consternation, sitting in a barber's chair at the Ballard House, when he sees the black functionary gathering his shorn hair together, for a future souvenir. Or imagine the barber's dismay when he is ordered to disperse the hair. From that day onward no other barber shall cut the General's hair. He masters an art for which the race of men long has yearned — and learned to cut his own hair!

If he chanced to dine abroad during his stay, how changed he found the public menus from other days. The Ballard House yet pretended to maintain its table in the way of old, though the pretension plainly was a fiction. As for the prices . . . ! Here is a menu of the Oriental Restaurant, at this period:

Soup per plate	$ 1.50
Turkey	3.50
Rockfish	5.00
Beefsteak	3.50
Ham and eggs	3.50
Pure coffee per cup	3.00
Bread and butter	1.50
Champagne per bottle	50.00
Liquors per drink	
French brandy (guaranteed)	3.00
Rye whiskey	2.00
Ale per bottle	12.00
Havana cigars (fine) each	1.00

Lee returned to the army on the Rapidan refreshed by his visit, if not reassured by what he saw. The old problems remained to disturb him, as may be seen by a letter of September 6 written to the President:

> As regards myself, should you think that the service will be benefited by my repairing to the Army of Tennessee, I will of course submit to your judgment. . . . In my conversation with you on this subject when the question was proposed I did not intend to decline the service if it was desired that I should undertake it, but merely to express the opinion that the duty could be better performed by the officers already in that department.

Willing to go, but reluctant. Davis answered that his presence would be "worth more than the addition of a corps, but fear the effect of your absence from Virginia." It was decided that Longstreet should go, with two divisions and some artillery, the first and only time in the war that the Confederacy was able to undertake a movement like the transfer of German troops from the eastern to the western fronts. Because of Federal gains in Tennessee, only a roundabout rail route was open, by way of Petersburg, Wilmington, Augusta and Atlanta. Add to this disadvantage the changes of gauge en route, requiring unloading and reloading of men and ordnance. Alexander's artillery used up seven days and ten hours on a trip of 843 miles.

Every deficiency known to the Army of Northern Virginia was intensified in the West, with the exception of food. The record of Confederate arms in that theatre had been one of desperate resistance, progressive misfortune. Longstreet got part of his troops upon the field of Chickamauga, to find a loosely joined army indifferently commanded by General Braxton Bragg.

Then Longstreet, the enigma of a man, performed brilliantly in a headlong action on September 19 and 20, achieving exactly the result in which he had failed at Gettysburg. For the first time in the West, Confederate arms gained decisive victory, throwing the invading forces back upon Chattanooga. In this, one of the hardest fought actions of the war, losses reached staggering totals. Part of the Federal forces went into battle with the new breech-loading muskets, multiplying one man by the effectiveness of ten, as the machine gun later multiplied ten into a hundred. Confederate losses in the artillery and infantry — principally engaged — mounted to thirty-one per cent, against twenty-one for the Federal force. But the effect of the engagement was wholly favorable to Confederate arms.

"If it gives you as much pleasure to receive my warmest congratulations as it does me to convey them, this letter will not have been written in vain," wrote Lee to Longstreet. . . . "Finish the work before you, my dear General, and return to me. I want you badly, and you cannot get back too soon."

With the pressure from the West lightened, Lee determined to try the strength of Meade, who also had been called upon for forces to go West. Between their departure and the call for troops to put down New York's riots — where new disturbances might take place any day — Meade had no inclination to offensive action. On October 9 Lee moved suddenly, around the Federal right, and apparently toward the valley, drawing Meade to a northward movement as Lee often had forced the Federal army into retrograde activity.

For three weeks there was marching and counter marching, alarms and counter alarms. Lee summed them all up in a letter to Custis, written October 19th:

> I have returned to the Rappahannock. I did not pursue with the main army beyond Bristoe or Broad Run. Our advance went as far as Bull Run, where the enemy was intrenched, extending his right as far as Chantilly, in the yard of which he was building a redoubt. I could have thrown him farther back, but I saw no chance of bringing him to battle, and it would have only served to fatigue our troops by advancing farther. If they had been properly provided with clothes I would certainly have endeavored to have thrown them north of the Potomac; but thousands were bare-footed, thousands with fragments of shoes, and all without overcoats, blankets, or warm clothing. I could not bear to expose them to certain suffering on an uncertain issue.

This flurry of war practically ended the campaign in Virginia for the year. Union and revolutionary forces settled down to winter in their huts. As the previous winter had been the Valley Forge of the Confederacy, that drawing near promised suffering unequalled. A prospect that appalled many men. "My heart sinks every time the mail train comes," remarked Marse Robert, for the mail train meant letters from home, telling of others' suffering there. Of the deprivations, the loneliness, the dangers. And such letters induced desertions. Lee would not stop the army's mail, as he might have done, but he would stop desertions by act and example.

There has been disagreement among the historians whether the kindly Lee ever ordered executions, no matter how grave the offense. A letter written in this melancholy season, to James A. Seddon, Secretary of War, reflects Lee's mind on October 30th:

> Your telegram directing a respite in the cases of Privates Newton and Scroggins, Forty-first Virginia infantry, is received and the order has been issued accordingly. At the same time, I beg leave to express my serious apprehension of the consequences of a relapse into that lenient policy which our past experience has shown to be so ruinous to the army, and in the end so much more cruel to the men. Early in the war it was found that stringent measures alone would keep the army together. After a few executions a number of men were pardoned, and the consequence was a recurrence of desertion to a most alarming extent. . . . A return to the lenient system that formerly prevailed will assuredly be productive of like results in the future, and render still harsher measures necessary hereafter if the army is to continue to exist. I fear that pardons, unless for the best of reasons, will not only make all the blood that has been shed for the maintenance of discipline useless, but will result in the painful necessity of shedding a great deal more. I hope I feel as acutely as any one the pain and sorrow that such events occasion, and I am sure that no one would more willingly dispense with them if they could be avoided; but I am convinced that the only way to prevent them is to visit the offense when committed with the

> sternest punishment, and leave the offender without hope of escape by making the penalty inevitable. It must be remembered that the punishment of death for desertion is inflicted almost exclusively for the warning of others, and no one without experience can conceive how readily the slightest prospect of escape is embraced.

A stern commentary upon the condition of his army. "No one without experience can conceive how readily the slightest prospect of escape is embraced." Yet this was the Army of Northern Virginia, one of the famous fighting forces of all time. The army praised by Hooker for its discipline. So much for the glory of war.

If the campaign in Virginia had ended for the season, Lee's anxieties were hardly less acute. In Tennessee Longstreet went from his victory at Chickamauga to the relief of Knoxville, north of Chattanooga. Bragg presently opposed Grant, in command at Chattanooga, who rapidly assembled superior forces, guns and materials, and on November 24 and 25 fought the battle of Chattanooga, to Bragg's complete dismay. Although the losses were slight compared to Chickamauga, Bragg lost everything strategically, falling back toward Georgia.

Davis asked Lee pointedly, on December 5: "Could you consistently go to Dalton (Georgia), as heretofore explained?" To which Lee replied, still reluctant, "I can, if desired, but of the expediency of the measure you can judge better than I can. Unless it is intended that I should take permanent command, I can see no good that will result, even if in that event any could be accomplished. I also fear that I would not receive cordial co-operation. . . ."

Again the fateful barrier, his reluctance to enter a contest of wills; literally to command and exact. Yet Lee had a faculty for winning men to follow him. No commander ever was more beloved by the men in the ranks. Had he gone to Tennessee in that dreary winter of '63-'64 the coming débacle in Georgia could have been delayed, if not frustrated. Joe Johnston finally was called to the breach from Mississippi.

The year ended sadly for Lee. Rooney's wife Charlotte, the "precious Chass" of many letters, died in the Christmas season, following the death of her two children, with the father yet in Federal hands. "I grieve for our lost darling as a father only can grieve for a daughter, and my sorrow is heightened by the thought of the anguish her death will cause our dear son, and the poignancy it will give to the bars of his prison."

So ended the year of 1863, leaving the Federal army practically in the place where it began in '61. Thirty months of fighting against the tattered legions and no advantage worth the name achieved in Virginia. In the west the temple was shaken ominously. Down had come fragments of the architrave and the pediment.

At the north Lincoln swept the country's resources into battle array. On March 9 Grant became Lieutenant-General of the armies of the United States, with a pledge of full authority, undisputed support. Thus another name was added to the succession of commanders who fought the Army of Northern Virginia. McDowell, McClellan, Pope, Burnside, Hooker, Meade — Grant. The new generalissimo was a different sort of man from any of them. A rugged, direct man, whose theory of war had been to concentrate force upon force until his enemy gave way. Had he lacked the force to concentrate — but that belongs to the chapter of the possible.

Writing to "My Beautiful Carrie," a cousin, Lee observed to Miss Stuart, on March 29: ". . . Then you ought to come and see me. The indications at present are that we shall have a hard struggle. General Grant is with the Army of the Potomac. All the officers' wives are sick and have been sent to Washington. No ingress or egress from the lines are now permitted, nor are papers allowed to come out. They claim to be assembling a large force. You must give us your sweet prayers. . . ."

Lee was now fifty-seven years old, his robust health somewhat impaired. Grant took command at thirty-nine, the complete antithesis of his opponent. Perhaps it was in the nature of both that neither had a high opinion of the other. Grant spoke of Lee as a "headquarters General," and Lee avoided any opinion of Grant, but affirmed that McClellan was the ablest man he had met upon the field, "by all odds."

Preparations undertaken by the new Federal commander exceeded anything known to war before 1914. With unlimited numbers of men under arms or ready to bear arms, he found the Confederacy at low tide, as Meade had met it at high tide. The Congress in Richmond — last bid — raised and lowered the age limit for service, from seventeen to fifty. But there no longer was a question of age. If the Confederacy had deserters in numbers, it also had grandsires and striplings unafraid. Companies of home-guards included the disabled, the feeble, boys down to any age capable of carrying a gun.

In the West, as well as in the East, Grant made ready. New parks of artillery, bright from the foundries, were added to the Federal armies. The cavalry was refitted, men and horses, and practically all mounted units supplied with the breech-loading arms. Thousands of them soon would fall into Confederate hands, to no purpose. There were neither men nor machines to fabricate brass cartridges.

The old muzzle-loading type of weapon was charged with a "cartridge" consisting of a cylinder of heavy paper, having a ragged end. A soldier bit off this end, poured the contents of powder and ball down the muzzle, and rammed both home with scraps of the paper cartridge. More than one recruit — blue and gray — joined the colors, his front teeth freshly missing.

The field of war had reverted to the theatre where Lee entered the conflict in '62, save that Grant was in front of him across the Rappahannock, instead of dangerously close to Richmond, as McClellan had been. Again large forces threatened to confound Lee's strategy, which must be one of delay, instead of attack. Butler prepared to advance up the peninsula from Fortress Monroe, another army waited in West Virginia, a third camped in the valley, Grant's masses filled the horizon beyond the river.

Death was abroad within Lee's family, no less than in the nation. The 20th of February saw the passing of his invalid sister, Anne Kinloch Marshall, whose son even then bore arms against the gray knight. The sister in whom so much of his love centred, separated from him by years and hard circumstance.

At the turn of the season, when the sad winter began to put forth green shoots, and the earth opened its fecund bosom, a visitor came to Lee's camp. A visitor long expected, eagerly awaited; a heavy-built man, somewhat thinned and made pallid by wounds, prisons and sorrow. Rooney! Exchanged at last, to find wife and children dead, his home burned.

What a home-coming to the heart of his gray sire, in the camp on the Rapidan. That night the tent-flap was tight closed, the staff stayed apart, for the sire had regained the well-loved son. To tuck him in his own army cot, as in the happy days at Arlington.

The pleasant month of April brought Longstreet from southwestern Virginia, where he had found a season of repose after the attempt to save Knoxville failed.

Lee signalled his coming with a review, a military ceremony to which he was little inclined. Only twice during the war did he review large commands. The field selected was near Mechanicsburg, where Longstreet's veterans formed in double lines, a band or two along their length, artillery between regiments, cavalry on the flanks. Miles of ragged, shoeless men, but with bright muskets and polished guns, waiting for Marse Robert.

He rides upon the field — really upon the meadow — from a country road through the gateposts of a ruined fence, a burned home rising behind it. Astride Traveler, wearing a new hat, followed by his staff. Everybody observes the hat, because his old one had been "seedy."

He rides upon the meadow, pulls up Traveler, raises his hat. There is no cheering. The ragged, motionless lines look at their commander; he looks upon them. Only the champing of horses sounds. Battle-torn banners of the regiments wave easily in the spring breeze. No man moves. A bugle sounds — tat-ti-ti-tat — and the guns speak. He rides, past the motionless commands, looking from the deep, grave eyes into the faces of his kinsmen. Around the cavalry, behind the infantry, back to the starting point. Again he raises his hat, the silence breaks, those thousandfold voices ring. Emotion sweeps the ranks. Every man comprehends that the direst hour yet impends.

But the bands are playing *Lorena*. Marse Robert replaces his new hat, rides through the gateposts. The review is ended — his last.

By assembling every man available the Army of Northern Virginia had about 64,000 of all arms; Grant 141,000. Other scattered thousands took part in the campaign upon both sides. And no man could doubt that the day of judgment had come. It broke upon May 4, when that dour man Sherman moved against Johnston on the borders of Georgia; Grant against Lee. Butler pushed up the peninsula from Monroe. Other Federal forces poised, ready to strike.

Among the soldierly traits of Grant was promptness. Upon the minute selected he habitually moved, the first commander to link the field telegraph to his watch. Both Union and Confederate leaders of all grades had depended upon mounted couriers, but in the campaign opening upon the Rapidan, Grant utilized the telegraph extensively.

Midnight of May 3 was selected for the crossing, beyond Lee's extreme right, compelling him to leave his intrenched lines. Grant had said, on taking command, "I never manœuvre," but his crossing of the Rapidan was a most effective kind of manœuvre. The plan of Lee himself, often used, to march away and depend upon the Union army to follow, was now employed by Grant.

Yet the defensive of Lee will be no less remarkable than his offensive. Throughout the campaign he will sense Grant's plans with intuitive perception. Before the first

Union soldier was over the Rapidan he pointed to the probable fords for Grant's crossing.

His new and able opponent had expected to fight for the crossing. Instead, he got over unmolested, to his surprise, noting, "This I regard as a great success, and it removed from my mind the most serious apprehension I had entertained, that of crossing the river in the face of an active, large, well-appointed, and ably-commanded army." That has a ring as though Grant were "writing up" his difficulties, especially the "well-appointed." He had not encountered a commander of Lee's quality, but stubborn men who met him squarely in the roads of war and fought to a decision.

Lee brought a finesse to war. He was the master of manœuvre, more than any other American soldier, handling troops in the way of the continental masters. He permitted Grant to cross the Rapidan, knowing that he would be prepared to fight at the fords; depending upon the confusion that such a great body would experience in getting under way. Also there was the Wilderness awaiting him; the Wilderness in which other commanders had fallen upon grievous days. Scouts reported 5,000 wagons coming over the fords.

Lee was fond of a breakfast party upon great occasions. At such times he invited officers from all branches of the army, and disclosed his plans to the breakfast circle. For weeks before Grant's crossing the Confederate leader had been ill and weak, sometimes unable to leave his tent. A cold contracted during the hard winter developed into an aggravated condition of sore throat. This, in turn, became a "chest cold," with hoarseness and general discomfort. Add to such afflictions the universal malady of an army improperly fed — dysentery. Not strange that a man getting on to the 60's, subjected to the severest mental and physical strain, should find himself failing.

But this morning of the 4th the General was astir early, dressed in his best uniform, expecting guests. They arrive a little after dawn, knowing his habits. Perry and

Bryan have pancakes, a luxury not often seen, to go with the fried bacon. And real coffee — a luxury unexampled. All of the staff attended, and the principal commanders. Lee met them smilingly, unlike the man they had known in recent weeks, a sparkle in his eye, a flush on his face.

When they were seated, the General at their head, he invoked divine grace in his deep, earnest voice; in tones pregnant with the import of this hour. Then he said, cheerfully, "Well, gentlemen, I guess you know that General Grant crossed the Rapidan in the night. In fact, he is crossing now. We might even have him in to breakfast with us."

Then he sketched his plans. Outflanked on his right, he must move from his lines, but not toward Richmond as Grant expected. While the group of men around his breakfast table looked on with quickening spirits, he explained his purposes. In the Wilderness, Grant's cavalry would be useless, his artillery impotent. Neither could he direct his masses of men with anything like the skill and freedom of action that he would have in the open. To Grant the Wilderness would be desolation indeed; to the Confederates a friendly shield.

As Lee's plans unfolded before staff and commanders, victory beckoned. To a man they saw Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, fought again, against this newer, greater antagonist. Plain to see that Lee's plans would diminish the power of his foeman in the tangled Wilderness. Breakfast ended, they marched, from the camps to the west of Chancellorsville, toward the very roads where Stonewall had flanked and overwhelmed Hooker.

Throughout the spring day and the night to come the gray legions pressed forward, to strike Grant's columns at right angles. They closed on the morning of the 5th. Never — surely — in modern war has there been more appalling encounter. Grant, the victor of the West, leading a rested, newly equipped, newly recruited army, with fame awaiting. Lee, the defender, leading another army, also rested and repaired if not newly equipped; its ranks filled as well as they ever could be filled; animated by the resolution to prevail or die.

What a battlefield was this, where the armies came to combat! Only a few roads penetrated its length and breadth, none of them following any satisfactory route. Country roads soft from the spring rains, their clay beds churned to a red morass, clinging as no other mud can cling. And for miles upon every side the Wilderness, a no man's land unsurpassed. Stunted pines growing so thickly that men could not see one another twenty yards apart. Under foot the wet and clinging red clay, verging to black ooze in the marshy spots.

Once in the Wilderness, a few yards off the scattered roads, man confronted the primeval. The low pines encompassed Grant's army. Movement in any direction became possible only with axemen to hew a way. A wooded fastness dark and forbidding upon the brightest day. A Wilderness where red Indians had tracked one another to death. A refuge for game, night birds, crawling things. A place of desperation and damnation.

Not strange that Grant should think he had encountered no more than a bold rearguard, holding the Wilderness roads to let Lee escape. When the Union commander threw in more of his strength, and met its equal, his army pivoted upon its advance, wondering.

It took most of the 5th for Grant to become convinced that Lee, who should be retreating toward Richmond, actually had attacked him in force. Grant, his cavalry helpless, his artillery limited to the few roads, found himself frustrated in his first effort.

Enough to confound any man. Especially the commander of the largest army the nation ever had assembled. To see two of its three arms useless. When has weaker foeman met a stronger under conditions to nearer equalize the difference? Grant knew much of war; little of the Wilderness. Yet, once convinced that Lee meant to fight, he concentrated corps behind corps to break through, and go on.

The fighting centred along the Plank Road. There

Lee rode in the advance with A. P. Hill. His army followed from the Rapidan camps while the advance challenged Grant. A man not easily put aside. His strength along the Plank Road increased until it seemed that the balance must swing his way. Men in blue tore through the enveloping pines, the clinging undergrowth, the soft red clay and the black ooze. By squads and brigades the contending armies stumbled upon enemy forces — with the suddenness that astounds. Through the Wilderness swept grim combat, where the swift bullet was followed by the swifter bayonet. Corps disintegrated into groups, fighting when they could, whomsoever they could find.

By nightfall both sides lay upon their arms, exhausted. A hungry night, for what supply train could penetrate the Wilderness? Overhead the pine branches darkened the moon, even the stars. Commanders could but reckon distances and directions by map and compass. All this bore heavily upon the two armies, but heaviest upon the Union, unacquainted with the country.

Grant meant to drive his way through at dawn, and have done. Lee, weighing the day's issues, ordered Longstreet to move in the night, ready to support Hill. Again that enigma of a man delayed. He had marched all day, his men must rest, briefly. He would be there by daylight. Or so he reasoned in his own counsels, with Lee miles ahead.

Daylight. Longstreet does not come. But Grant does. In heavy force. The Confederate advance wavers. Retreat impends, actually begins. Couriers fly. Longstreet comes at last, the Texas brigade leading.

Lee will not risk the Wilderness as he risked Gettysburg. He rides at the head of the Texans; he will show the way. Many hands seize Traveler's bridle; men cry, "Lee to the rear! This is not your place! Back, Marse Robert! We will make the charge!"

Lee submits, reluctant, saying, "I am always told that my place on the battlefield is not here or there. I wish that some one would tell me where my place is." He sits by the road, watching the Texans pass. Every man reads in his face what must be done.

It is done — handsomely. The thrust of Grant recoils. Longstreet, late though he may have been, hastens now. Not only hastens, but sends four brigades through those almost impenetrable pines to attack the Union flank. It rolls up promptly; Grant sees his battle plans imperiled.

Lee had left the immediate front on the Plank Road to scan the field elsewhere. In this favored hour, with Grant checked and losing hold, Longstreet falls, shot through the throat by his own men in the thickets of the Wilderness, as Jackson was shot a few miles hence.

There is confusion — haste for Lee. An hour is lost before he can return. The advance is halted. By the time of Lee's arrival it has lost driving power. He rallies its strength anew. Grant, too, has rallied and breastworks of logs and trees begin to confront the gray lines. Lee's day, decidedly, but with diminished value.

Yet another day Grant will struggle for possession of the Wilderness; rather, for a passage through, since no man could wish to remain in the place. Then he decides, suddenly and determinedly, that he has blundered into a fatal business. His power is wasted in this devil's garden. Not for such warfare has he assembled his great army, preened to deeds in the field, to the storming of fortresses, the leveling of cities, not to Indian fighting in a morass and place of confusion. He must find another way to Richmond. Lee has met Grant and prevailed.

The blue cavalry rides, far and hard, reporting roads at the rear where Grant may move. Having failed to go through, he must manœuvre, which he had said was not his way; swinging upon the outside of an arc toward the south and east. Again Lee sensed his plan, moving upon the inside practically at the moment Grant marched. Thus fifteen miles to Spottsylvania Court House, where Confederate cavalry held off Grant's advance until infantry could make secure the road to Richmond, meeting other roads at the Court House.

By the 9th Grant was ready to try again. Another man also wants to try upon another field. Philip H. Sheridan, who will be Major-General, has trailed through the Wilderness roads with his 10,000 sabers, chafing against thickets and Indian fighting. No place to show his mettle. He applies for permission to make a raid upon Richmond, even an effort to capture the city. Grant consents.

While Sheridan rides, the woods around the Court House are thronged with struggling men, an invisible host in death grip. Toward the end of the day John Sedgwick, Federal corps commander, and old comrade of Lee, dies by a long-range sharpshooter's fire. Lee hears the news, in that strange way by which armies communicate, and says, sadly: "He was a good man."

Sheridan has found a way around the Confederate lines and safely behind them. Not entirely safe. Another man rides as well, by another route. A man not unknown in the records of this war as Jeb Stuart. Of his famed cavalry only two brigades can be spared for this epic of riding.

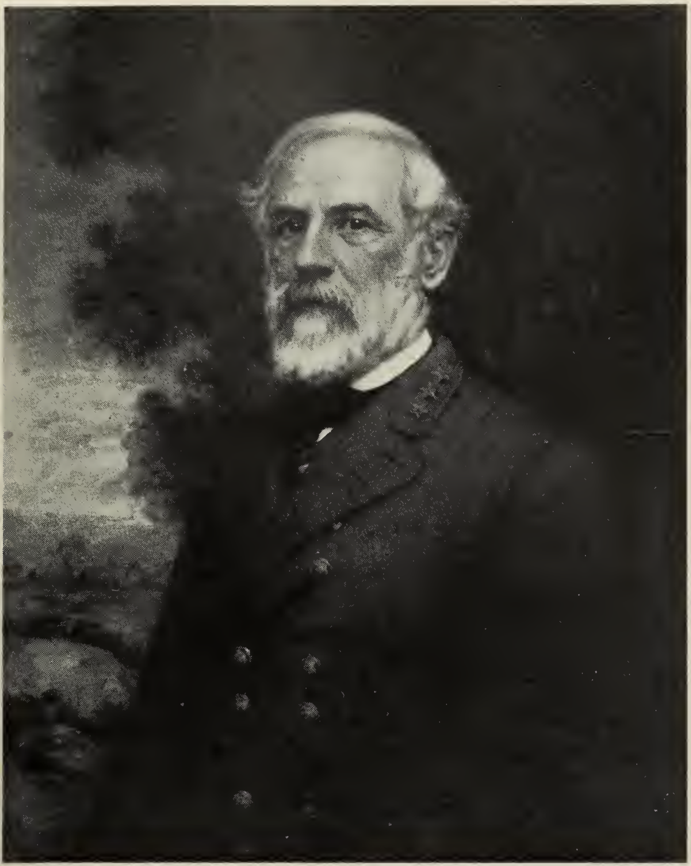
Then, a few miles from Richmond, at Yellow Horse Tavern, Sheridan finds Stuart across his path. The two brigades — say 3,000 men — attack the 10,000 sabers in whirlwind way. This is not the cavalry of tailors and tinkers set upon horses that first came to Manassas. It has gained discipline and power. Stuart delays, cannot check Sheridan. There is epical battle. The kinds of battle that soon will disappear from the annals of war, where mounted men charge upon mounted men in massed bodies, shooting and cutting as they go. Fiercely they contend around the tavern. Charge and counter charge, stroke and counter stroke, man riding down man. One falls there, his plumed hat rolling away, his gray coat turning red — known by the name of Stuart.

Sheridan breaks through the outer, to the inner defense lines. But Richmond has rallied while Stuart fought. Homeguards of grandfathers and boys man the defenses. Sheridan's attack glances off from the inner line, deflected east, losing its force. Stuart dies the next day, as a cavalier should, shot from the saddle. Marse Robert, on the fringes of the Wilderness, mourns him. "He never brought me a piece of false information." First Jackson, then Stuart, a thousand brave officers between. Upon whom shall he depend?

He regards A. P. Hill as his best officer. A new name also rises among the men in his confidence, John B. Gordon of Georgia. Then there are Early and Ewell, but the latter is ill. The army does not lack leaders, able, brave men. Some of its division and brigade commanders are of the best. It does lack Jacksons and Stuarts. Its genius diminishes fast. No man knows that so well as Lee. He strives to take the place of those who are gone, but he is ill again, sometimes unable to leave his tent. The dysentery, the chest cold, have him tight in their clutch. His staff watches him — and wonders. Must he give up? If he gives up. . . .

But leave his tent he will, no matter the consequences. Leave it, mount and ride, far and near. Men who see him with set, grim face, who hear his hoarse words, see plainly that he is the instrument of destiny. If he fails, the Confederacy assuredly fails in him. Chaplains organize prayer meetings for their chieftain's health. Lee rides upon one unannounced, to join the kneeling soldiers in their silent prayer, unaware that they pray for him.

Throughout the 9th, 10th and 11th, Grant has battered at the Spottsylvania lines. His great army is well in hand. Watch and wire work in unison. He imparts his fierce will to commanders. The Army of the Potomac is fighting better than ever before. There is more cohesion between the movements of corps, a continuity of attacks. Yet the Confederate army stands, retaliates, wrestles with Grant in a giant's battle of blood, terror and dismay. On the fateful 11th, Grant sends a message to Lincoln, since famous as a kind of airy pleasantry, but one of the sternest resolution upon the day he wrote, "I purpose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." The summer, then, was



Lee,
from a portrait painted in 1927,
based upon a study of existing photographs and portraits
and the recollection of comrades.
Presented by the painter, Ellis M. Silvette,
to the Confederate Museum, Richmond. (*Copyright*)

his estimate of the extreme possibilities of Lee's resistance. A long and melancholy year would follow, instead.

The roar and the rumble, the flash and the fire of battle goes on. Daily Grant hammers at the gray line — or what was the gray line, turned gory red, if not naked. Long ago it was shoeless. The rations are three hardtack crackers a day, four ounces of salt pork — when there is pork.

How the army holds together no man knows but Marse Robert. Assuredly it is his army. What matter governments or orders or pretenses? Marse Robert's liegemen are fighting for him, for the good gray knight, against the invader in blue, come with his brass cannon, his field telegraph, his shining arms and prodigious merchandise of war. Let him come, then . . . aye, multiply him until the woods of the Wilderness hold a man for every tree. He shall not pass this way.

For ten days Grant attacks, worries, plunges. Twice Lee sees rents in his front, rides to the charge. Twice his men will not let him ride there, in front. But he sits nearby, waiting upon Traveler, Gettysburg in his mind. Jackson gone — Stuart gone — A. P. Hill himself the loser of one leg.

Grant tires of the weakening game, balked. Get out of this accursed Wilderness he must. Who has heard, in modern war, of an army not half the size of his, holding him there, days upon days? He makes one last, crushing attempt. From continuous artillery and musket fire the dwarf pines catch flame, and burn, raising a pall of smoke. In the thickets are thousands of wounded, blue and gray, whose cries melt the heart even of warring men. Soldiers drop weapons to crawl among the thickets, bringing out the wounded. War is well nigh suspended while the Wilderness burns. In vain. Red flames, black smoke, envelops, consumes. The world looks to be afire. The cries die. Wilderness becomes Hell.

Grant wheels again, beset by man and elements, marching upon his side of the arc, while Lee keeps pace. Grant has lost perhaps 30,000 men in the two battles. Another 30,000 pours down from Washington. Lee gains about 10,000 to take the place of some 15,000, fallen.

It is the 20th when Grant moves, with his usual celerity, direct purpose. Again the Confederacy marches upon the inner line and crosses the North Anna River to await him. He arrives by the afternoon of the 23d, looks eagerly for a place to cross. Lee, ill in his tent, unable to stir abroad, has chosen a strange field of battle, the strangest that the Union command had looked upon. The river here winds backward on either side from a jutting point of land. Lee held the point with the spearhead of his army, its two lines extending backward from the river, widening into a semicircle.

At first glance Grant thought he could crush the spearhead, if only he might get over the river. Lee had granted him passage at the Rapidan. Would he also grant passage now?

Nay — Lee would not. Yet Grant is a decisive man. He sweeps the river with his glasses, suggests where a ford may be found. A Union corps gets over before A. P. Hill comes to investigate. Sanguinary battle, then, too late. Lee had planned to fight a retiring action from the river, letting Grant spend his force against the intrenched lines. He summons Hill to his tent, angrily condemns him for lack of care. Yet he regards him as his best officer.

Other Federal troops follow the first, on the other side of the spearhead. This Grant assails, but cannot take. Unexpectedly he finds his army cut in halves. To reinforce either he must cross the river twice. Dangerous. Lee has caught him superbly upon the North Anna. Had he been the Lee of '62; had Jackson been there. . . .

The man himself might not be the same in body, but the mind was doing masterly work. Grant halted in his tracks. No sooner had he escaped from the tangled Wilderness than he encountered a new difficulty, a kind of strategy unlike anything he had met. Instead of smashing the spearhead, battering in the semicircle, he found the spearpoint lodged in the heart of his army; not to be easily removed.

It is probable that the General felt a little foolish; stopped upon the river bank, half over, half ready to go — where? He was too able a soldier to attack that semicircle of steel, hemming him upon a river. Consultation — doubt — decision. He brings his troops back under cover of night. The French strategists of two generations will adopt Lee's plan for river fortifications. But the Confederate army fails to wreck the Union forces as they go. Alas — Lee. Has the army not even the shadow of a Jackson?

Colonel Taylor, writing in his precious notebook upon the 23d, noted:

> For the first time since the 4th of the month we were on yesterday spared the sight of the enemy. . . . Our army is in excellent condition; its morale as good as when we met Grant — two weeks since — for the first time. He will feel us again before he reaches his prize. His losses have been already fearfully large. Our list of casualties is a sad one to contemplate, but does not compare with his terrible record of killed and wounded; he does not pretend to bury his dead, leaves his wounded without proper attendance, and seems entirely reckless as regards the lives of his men. This, and his remarkable pertinacity, constitute his sole claim to superiority over his predecessors. He certainly holds on longer than any of them. He alone, of all, would have remained this side of the Rapidan after the battles of the Wilderness.

A very fair estimate of the man, written under the stress of war, when enemies are not inclined to be philosophers. Grant, of course, possessed boundless resources of men and the goods of war; but his predecessors had had the same resources. If it were the mission of history to grow moral and comment upon his reckless, ruthless way of throwing men against steel, much might be written. But war, the terrible, belongs not in the realm of the moral.

By June 1, Lee was intrenched at Cold Harbor, on the field where he had met McClellan in '62. There Grant found him, behind logs and dirt, manœuvring breastworks as he once had manœuvred men. Now he must conserve every one.

For once Grant seems to have lost his temper. It was unpleasant, even undignified for a man in his position to find Lee and his ragged phalanx forever in the way. This time the Union army would pass, no matter strategy, man or the devil. On to Richmond.

The Confederate forces had little time and less means to intrench at Cold Harbor, yet Grant saw before him miles of line that might become permanent. Every consideration prompted him to avoid trench warfare. He brought three corps into position for attack, from sixty to seventy thousand men, and launched his blow about five o'clock in the afternoon of June 1.

The country around Cold Harbor is low and flat, broken by thickets of forest. In one of these Grant gained a footing, raising hopes of a definite result upon the morrow. A hope without reward. The Federal attack had no more than one to three hundred yards to go from its starting points along the whole front. Wherever the patches of woods permitted, Lee deflected his line slightly, and enfiladed the Union attack upon either side. The moment that the blue lines appeared they were riven from the front, then from the sides.

A long and distressing day, fought in the growing heat of June. There is a tradition that Grant, at the end of his second day's battle, demanded of Lee time to bury his dead and bring in his wounded. The demand was nothing less than arrogant; Lee refused. Grant, in this crisis of his campaign, the North awed by his losses, could not ask a truce with good grace. Admission that he had failed.

Depressed by his losses and ill-fortune, angered with Lee, the Confederacy, everything pertaining to it, he determined upon a grand attack at dawn of the 3d. To be an attack unlike anything seen in warfare. At 4:30 of that June morning, the bugles sounded. For an hour before Confederate pickets had detected the movements of men and guns. Lee sent artillery into the open, beyond his lines, to concentrate what would be called a barrage nowadays.

Each battery to cover so many yards with a sweeping fire.

By reason of the broken country Grant's attacking corps could not keep in sight of one another. No sooner did they break cover than the barrage opened. Men who lived to pass the direct fire found themselves caught from the sides. The three corps commanders complained to Grant in unison that they were being fired upon by the artillery of their own army, apparently unaware of the Confederate guns. Grant replied by sending the messages of each to the others, and ordered them to proceed without regard to forces right or left.

An unwise order. Under it the second attack takes form, the three corps again advance. Only to die in serried rows, or to form firing lines lying upon the ground. Human courage could not storm the intrenchments. But Grant must pass. His campaign, his fame, depend upon it. A third time his field telegraph clicks out the word to rise and storm. One of the phenomena of war follows. Corps commanders look darkly at the order, pass it on to division commanders; thence to brigades, regiments, battalions. Each officer frowns in turn. Finally — the bugles.

Not a man rises. The fire line opens vigorously. Grant's order to attack is technically carried out. In effect his army refuses the hopeless task. Within an hour Cold Harbor has been fought and won, finally and definitely. Grant's casualties for three days are 10,000 men. His army has been bled and battered, his officers killed, his strength used up, until he no longer thinks of passing through Marse Robert's lines.

Bitter is the repulse, black is Grant's humor. Riding along his lines from the points of attack he finds the decimated corps slowly giving way. Before him lie the heaps of slain, the wounded piteously calling. Lee, too, comes down to his front lines, looks upon the shambles. Dead men and those who soon will be dead are rotting in the sun. A murmur faint and repressed, pierced by shrieks, rises from the field. Everywhere a kind of incantation, "Water, water." The wounded and the slain have a peculiarly horrible look, by reason of biting the ends off the paper cartridges, blackening lips and faces. Mix blood and the sweat of agony with the black. And deny the powdered mouths the comfort of water.

Lee sees one fair-haired New York boy near the trench lines, his regimental markings plain upon his coat. He lies silent, looking at the gray man peering over the works. Their glances cross, the boy's eyes show that he comprehends this is Lee. Marse Robert looks around; a man nearby promises to bring in the boy at nightfall.

The sharpshooters have fixed their rifles upon selected points; the least movement by day or night brings instantaneous fire. Grant's wounded crawl to Confederate or Union lines, as best they can. If Lee looked closely that day he might see much to rend the heart. One man trying to crush his skull with the butt of a musket, too weak to deal the blow. Another with bayonet in hand, slashing his throat. From the whole field a sickening stench. Glory of war! At last, Grant relents. He will ask for time to retrieve the wreckage. Lee promptly accedes. The field is cleared.

Again Grant must deflect and manœuvre, to the south and east. It is June 12th, after indecision and some digging of intrenchments, that he marches off for the James River. Richmond is saved, Lee's army intact. It has put out of action a man for every one in its ranks. Grant lost an army the size of Lee's to reach the battlefield that McClellan gained in '62 with the loss of a few thousands. Only a vast human reservoir would enable him to "fight it out on this line."

And what of Lee? Judge his confidence by the dispatch of Early to the Shenandoah valley, leading 8,000 men of the few precious thousands remaining in the Army of Northern Virginia. Eight thousand men, with twenty-four guns, reducing Lee's effective force to no more than 35,000. Opposed to Grant's hundred thousand and more — uncounted thousands more. So much for confidence.

"General Grant has done very well," he observed, "but I think he must do better."

CHAPTER XI

Lee's Last Aide Tells His Story

ON a wide veranda shaded by a grove of poplars, down in the tidewater country of Virginia, sits the last member of Robert E. Lee's staff and perhaps the only surviving officer who took a leading part in the closing phase of the war. The veranda is wide and pleasant and the house to which it belongs was built a hundred and fifty years ago. A lane runs outward to the road, distant the length of a long city block. Behind the house lies a river and all around is the Colonial land of Virginia, where the white man first wrested a footing in the wilderness. It is forty miles to the nearest railroad. Things remain as they were yesterday, and will be tomorrow. Memories of the war linger everywhere, especially in the mind of the gray officer, sitting in his easy chair. At times his glance travels backward, over the years, recalling other days and scenes long departed.

Major Giles B. Cooke, at ninety-one, looks forward as well as backward. And his backward glance bears a rich and mellow hue. A glance without bitterness, though it has much of veneration for comrades passed over the river. This last living officer of the group that surrounded Lee, the only man alive who knew him intimately, is a retired minister of the Episcopal Church, Chaplain-General of the United Confederate Veterans, and the oldest alumnus of the Virginia Military Institute.

The cause and the deeds that seem so far away from the modern world are the familiar images of his memory as he sits in his easy chair beneath the rustling poplars, recalling great battles of the conflict, the men who led the Confederacy. The Major has a large and human comprehension of men and events. When he talks of the South that was, he does it with something of humor as well as honor. He believes that there is good in the new day no less than the old. Yet his eye lights anew, his slight figure straightens, the years fall away, when he lives again the days that were.

The Major served in the West and South during three years of the conflict. After the first Manassas he was named to the staff of Beauregard, following that officer through the trials of his Tennessee and Mississippi campaigns, then to Charleston in September, 1862. As the protracted siege went on, ending only with the war, Major Cooke lived close to the elbow of his commander.

The red tides of conflict had run far in their course when the General and his aide-de-camp returned to Virginia. While Lee swung around the arc with Grant, from the Rapidan to the James, the Confederacy rallied elsewhere. Butler had come up the peninsula from Fortress Monroe, over the old route of McClellan, landing 30,000 men on May 5 at City Point and Bermuda Hundred, a strip of land between the James and Appomattox Rivers.

Intrenched there, Butler held a position slightly north of Petersburg, which it out-flanked, and southeast of Richmond, which it threatened. Butler's line ran some three miles from the James River to the Appomattox. There Beauregard found him upon his arrival on May 10th, a formidable threat to Lee's rear lines.

The Major sat intently forward and, using his cane for a marker, drew the plan of campaign upon the spreading veranda. The thought entered my mind that the poplars were rustling overhead then, even as they did upon this day. The distant road ran by the house as it does now. The clanking motor car was yet to be conceived, but a sleek black mule could make the forty miles to town in good time. It was not the present in which I lived and gave heed. The gray officer in his easy chair was an aide-de-camp of Beauregard, sixty-five years gone.

"Butler had struck out sharply from his trenches, before we came," observed the Major. "The Union army was in about the worst place that it could be for our purposes. But Beauregard was a man of resource and energy. His defense of Charleston had been masterly. We had brought to Petersburg every man who could be spared from the Carolinas. But our ranks were thin, mighty thin, indeed. Beauregard found arms for the convalescents around Petersburg, for the homeguards of boys and old men. In one way and another we mustered about 22,000 infantry, 2,000 cavalry, and fifty guns.

"Butler was ready to move upon Richmond, at Lee's back, and well beyond Petersburg. Beauregard determined to draw Butler out of his fortified lines and away from his gunboats, to meet him in the open field. We took up a position before Drury's Bluff, north of Butler's ground, and only a few miles from the capital. Butler came on to meet us there, exactly as we hoped. Beauregard encountered the enemy handsomely the 16th of May, after six days of preparation.

"A great day, sir; truly a great day. Wounded men forgot their wounds. The old were made young again. Boys fought like veterans. Beauregard himself rode in the charge as Butler's lines went back. The weak prevailed over the strong, as it has been promised they sometimes shall do, in the good book itself. Up to this point the manœuvre was perfect in plan and execution. But Beauregard expected General Whiting (Brigadier W.H.C.) to fall upon Butler's flank and rear, hemming in his army, perhaps ending in its destruction. Whiting failed to move in time. Why? Well, I cannot give you a reason. He misunderstood or disregarded orders. Anyway, he gave Butler time to reach his lines at Bermuda Hundred.

"Beauregard followed to his stronghold, and built another line of intrenchments across the front of his position. Grant remarked that Butler's army was as 'completely shut off from further operations directly against Richmond as if it had been in a bottle strongly corked.'

"Well, sir, we breathed a little easier, with Butler corked. But only for a moment. The fighting in the Wilderness raged down upon us like a storm. Daily the ferocious conflict swept nearer. Stragglers drifted in, couriers rode back and forth. Beauregard put his makeshift army to digging. Something had been accomplished the previous winter, but the lines were weak and disconnected. We worked feverishly to connect the redans (a kind of field fortress) by earthworks. It was plain that Petersburg might be assaulted any day."

In the sweep southward of the two armies Lee drew about half of Beauregard's force to his support. There was a rather sharp exchange of messages between the two commanders, Beauregard being reluctant to see his troops leave, Lee insistent. Both were operating independently, with the War Department in Richmond as the buffer between.

Major Cooke shook his head over the thoughts of the days when he was in his twenties, an aide-de-camp of Beauregard. Another campaign was under way in the valley, where Southern arms were victorious, then defeated. As fortunes shifted Lee drew a small force from the valley, but soon returned it. While Lee kept the roads to Richmond at the north, and Beauregard at the east, a new peril threatened from the west.

The moment that Cold Harbor was fought and won, June 1 to 3, Lee sent Early to the valley with his corps. When has another commander, his capital in the balance, ventured to divide his already under-manned army? But it was a principle of Southern arms that every man must be the equal of three. When has a single man made nobler effort?

Lee, at bay before Grant, was the intrepid Lee of other fields. He reasoned that the Federal commander had done his utmost from the Rapidan to the James, and would recoup before he could begin again. The Confederacy could not recoup. It must fight upon all fronts at once.

Cold Harbor made even Grant pause. The staggering columns of his losses filled Northern papers. Never — unless it be upon the most gory of Napoleonic fields — had an army met such losses. Many named him butcher. Lincoln wondered if he had chosen the right captain, or one who merely threw masses against his opponent.

If Grant had been recalled upon his showing from the Rapidan to the James, as earlier leaders were recalled for less reason, the name of Grant would be known today along with McDowell's, McClellan's, Pope's, Burnside's, Hooker's and Meade's — all but forgotten. Grant himself, the man of maul and battle axe, doubted his wisdom. He was to say, years later: "Cold Harbor, I think, was the only battle I ever fought that I would not fight again under the circumstances."

Though Grant had bled his army deeply, reinforcements poured down from the Potomac. Lee was fighting with his last army. The Confederacy, assailed from every quarter, could raise no more armies. Take away the odd thousands of deserters, subtract the feeble and the grandfathers, strike off the boys, and the nation had contributed its last man.

For a week after Cold Harbor the Federal command took account. Then Grant — really a man of decision and action — abandoned Lee where he stood, undertaking a long, roundabout, arduous movement. Lee expected him to cross the Chickahominy (familiar name!), joining Butler from the rear, uniting the two armies at the nearest point to Richmond that Union arms could then command. One corps did move that way, but Grant, with his principal force, swung far behind Butler's lines, crossing the James by pontoons. The bridge was 2,100 feet long, a monstrous thing to be borne upon pontoons.

Over this swaying causeway the army crossed; a forty-eight hour procession of men, guns, wagons, animals — everything that could walk or roll beneath the Union banners. As Lee moved slowly, still on the inside of his arc, expecting Grant to appear upon the field where McClellan had laid siege to Richmond, Beauregard found Petersburg threatened by a swarm of men. If Lee had kept Grant in anxiety from the Rapidan to the James, by a series of moves that always seemed to anticipate him, the Union leader now worried Lee by his virtual disappearance. Beauregard saw — and felt — the direction of attack.

Major Cooke was back in Petersburg, living the campaign.

"Grant swung his whole force toward us," he said. "The advance was practically in sight when we had no more than 5,000 men. There we stood with a handful of veterans, convalescents and homeguards. Beauregard sent a staff officer on the 14th to inform Lee how badly he needed men. And Lee promised him one division of the force that Beauregard previously had sent forward.

"At this time Lee did not credit reports that Grant was moving from the extreme left at Cold Harbor to our extreme right around Petersburg. Evidently he believed that the movement toward Petersburg was a gesture. If he left the road open, Grant might appear from Butler's spearhead, and drive an army between Petersburg and the capital. Lee moved cautiously, as he surely might be expected to do.

"But Beauregard had a major problem, as well. On a fine June morning — the 15th — we saw the first blue line approaching from the east. Beauregard sent out a detachment of cavalry and a battery to delay the advance. Every hour gained would be precious.

"Our cavalry held off the Federal forces three hours, losing one gun in its retreat. For half a mile before Petersburg the forest had been cleared, giving us a plain view of any attacking force. The Union army reached the edge of this clearing about 9 A.M. Instantly Beauregard opened with every gun that would bear. Batteries and ammunition were plentiful, if men were lacking, and we gave the enemy an unhappy welcome. Every time that he opened with a field battery, we overwhelmed it. Each concentration of troops brought a storm of fire. A fine tactical battle to watch from the defenses of Petersburg. Almost as though we had looked upon a grand panorama. But a tragical panorama, for men were killed and maimed every time our batteries found a target.

"It is easy to find fault with a plan of battle after the conflict. As General Lee once remarked, he wished that he could see his mistakes in advance. The Federals lost their best chance to take Petersburg by storm on that June morning. W. F. Smith, their commander, had 16,000 troops under arms and thousands more upon the march. Beauregard's 5,000 could barely hold the fortifications.

"Smith lost the whole day, studying our position, getting his men ready. Finally, at 6 o'clock, he was ready to open fire. Then he found that his artillery chief had sent the gunners' horses to water. It took an hour to bring them back. Precious hour! It saved Petersburg. Before Smith actually moved, the first brigade of our relief division arrived, the others following. What a weight lifted from my heart then! After all, we would have something to offer the enemy.

"Promptly at 7 o'clock the Federal guns opened, accompanied by a charge of skirmishers. We had expected a column attack. The skirmishers moved so swiftly that they over-ran our front lines. For the first time I saw black men in numbers charging upon us — a whole division. Well, our thin front line gave way. Then followed the fiercest kind of hand-to-hand conflict. In two hours the enemy captured our lines from redans Nos. 7 to 11, about a mile and a half of breastworks.

"And by this hour the remainder of the promised division had arrived, increasing our force perhaps to 10,000 men. On the Federal side Hancock's (Winfield S.) corps arrived, taking over the positions gained by Smith. There we rested, if such a pause could be called rest. Any movement brought musket and artillery fire from both sides. In the night Beauregard managed to throw up a new line half a mile from the other, of shorter length, upon better ground.

"An anxious night, though. Without other troops in sight, Beauregard determined to withdraw the division holding Butler, taking the cork out of the bottle. He had no choice. The division got away safely, joining us before daylight, raising the army to twelve or thirteen thousand men. And the first streak of dawn brought a renewal of the fire, practically at point-blank range.

"Beauregard again pleaded for troops. Hourly the Union power increased. Burnside's corps came upon the field, joining Hancock's. They hammered away at both ends of the broken line, capturing redan No. 4 on our left, and Nos. 12, 13 and 14 on our right. I wonder how many men remember the struggle around the redans? Wise's brigade resisted with 'unsurpassed stubbornness,' as Beauregard remarked to me. I never saw the General more possessed. He walked along the lines, his glasses to his eyes, watching the attack, by turns looking to the rear. Would Lee never come?"

But Lee was not convinced that Grant meant to concentrate upon Petersburg. At 10:30 A.M. on the 16th he answered Beauregard's messages with this reply, "I do not know the position of Grant's army and cannot strip the north bank (the James) of troops."

Throughout that long day, into the night, the battle continued. Then brief hours of darkness, a respite for the defenders to lay down their arms and take up spade and pick. Dawn again; another battle. At noon of the 17th Lee again informed Beauregard: "Until I can get more definite information of Grant's movements, I do not think it prudent to draw more troops to this side of the river."

The information that Beauregard had received was fairly definite, but how to convince Lee, watching the safety of his capital? Like Federal commanders before him, he had the anxiety of guarding an unimportant city, in a military sense, directly at his back. And his discipline of mind would not permit him to vary from the fulfillment of Davis's decision.

"I never lived through such a day as the 17th," said Major Cooke. "The first attack came at 3 A.M. Our poor, tired fellows slept with their arms in their hands, the cannon double-shotted. But the Federals moved so silently they escaped the sentries' notice, getting close to redan No. 16, over-running it before our men had a chance to fire more than one gun. Another corps went into the fighting, three whole corps against our corporal's guard. But we held on to the new and shorter line.

"If Grant's army had gained ground, it paid a sad toll. During the night a Federal officer rode into the Confederate lines — mistakenly — bearing dispatches that showed the Ninth Corps needed reinforcements. A happy moment for Beauregard. Reinforcements for the 60,000 men hammering at Petersburg against his handful! A triumphant moment, a great tribute, but a moment of alarm, too. If reinforcements came by morning, and he received none — well, we had done our best.

"The General beckoned to me, and said: 'Major, I want you to ride north and find General Lee. Two officers have gone before you, but he would receive neither. You must see him, Major. Say for me that unless reinforcements arrive by morning, God Almighty alone can save Petersburg.' "

Again the Major drew diagrams upon the porch, with his cane. "I mounted and rode," he continued, "nineteen miles to Drury's Bluff. It was between 1 and 2 o'clock when I got there, without any better prospects than the other men. But Lee's adjutant, Colonel Taylor, was an old schoolmate. He told me of the General's poor health, saying that he could not wake him. I described our condition, assuring him we never could hold out another day. I must see General Lee!

" 'I will do my best for you,' he promised, and returned in a few minutes with word that I would be admitted.

"There I stood, my heart in my throat, through minutes that seemed hours. Then Taylor beckoned, I took off my hat, and stepped into a field tent, dimly lighted by one lantern. The light made me blink; it was a moment or two before I saw General Lee, half risen upon his cot. His gray hair and lined face were shocking, in the lantern light. I had seen him but once before, in the early days of the war, when I thought him the handsomest man I ever beheld. On this night at Drury's Bluff he was gray and worn, though I remember that his eyes sparkled in the lantern light.

"With a tug at the heart I delivered Beauregard's message, wondering how it would be received. For six weeks General Lee had been fighting Grant's great army almost daily; any appeal for help might seem out of place. He listened patiently, and when I concluded, awkwardly, fearing that I had not presented the case well, he answered: 'Well, Major, I hope that God Almighty will save Petersburg.'

"That was all. Taylor inclined his head, I bowed, and stepped outside. More anxious minutes, hoping that I had not failed. Evidently my words bore weight. Taylor reappeared, informing me that I was to lead the relieving force. How my heart bounded!

"I thought the men never would get under way. Hard to be awakened at such an hour and started at a fast pace, nineteen miles to Petersburg. They stirred at last, the leading files fell in behind my horse, off we went into the night. No talking in the ranks, for there was nothing to talk about. Each day meant a kind of wordless suffering. Even complaints about short rations had ceased. Everybody was hungry all the time. Bare feet and poor ammunition were familiar evils. Everything was missing but the heartbeats of that column.

"On we went through the cool morning, the men marching with a long, swift pace, learned upon many roads, during many nights such as this. It was well after daylight when our advance reached Blantford Cemetery, in time to meet the morning attack, and rally the defenders. No sight in the world ever equalled our arrival in their eyes. A few hours' delay and the line must have broken. Five corps were hammering at the breach. We took a new hold, beating off the Federals throughout the day.

"And hour by hour the Army of Northern Virginia arrived, battery upon battery clattering behind us to the city's defense. Plodding columns filled every road. By the fall of night the two great armies again faced one another over the scarred defenses of Petersburg. Beauregard implored Lee to attack upon the right of his line, before Grant gathered strength there. Lee answered that his men could not do it until they had rested. The attack was never made. From the Rapidan to the James had been a bitter march.

"All of us expected a new attack the next day. But Grant desisted. He had attempted to storm Petersburg and failed, holding only part of an outer line, that gave him little advantage. What Lee had begun in the Wilderness, Beauregard completed at Petersburg. Grant could not manœuvre again. He must fight his way through, if he would pass, something he had tried again and again, without result. Having lost a force larger than Lee's whole army, he was in practically the position that McClellan occupied in 1862."

While the two armies recoiled and gathered fresh strength, Early swept through the valley in a series of victories. Beauregard urged Lee that he be permitted to gather any force he could find and invade Maryland, closing the pincers of two armies upon Washington. To this plan Lee agreed — the strategy that he often had used, none the less timely and promising much. Although, as noted elsewhere, he had ceased to consult with Davis about operations of the Army of Northern Virginia, he had no force to give Beauregard and by necessity referred the matter to Richmond. Davis thought the plan hazardous. Beauregard saw his suggestion fall to earth.

Lee, seizing the first moment that he could gain, wrote to his family, twenty-odd miles away, but far removed by the pressure of war. On June 30 he wrote to Mary:

> . . . I was very glad to receive your letter yesterday, and to hear that you were better. I trust that you will continue to improve and soon be as well as usual. God grant that you may be entirely restored in His own good time. Do you recollect what a happy day thirty-three years ago this was? (Their wedding day!) How many hopes and pleasures it gave birth to! God has been very merciful and kind to us, and how thank-

> less and sinful I have been. I pray that He may continue His mercies and blessings to us, and give us a little peace and rest together in this world, and finally gather us and all He has given us around His throne in the world to come. The President has just arrived, and I must bring my letter to a close.

Apparently Mary's health did not improve, because he wrote again on July 5 to his youngest daughter, "My Precious Life," detailing his anxiety. The simplest medical remedies and sick room necessities were unobtainable. Wrote Lee:

> I received this morning, by your brother, your note, and am very glad to hear your mother is better. I sent out immediately to try and find some lemons, but could procure only two — sent me by a kind lady, Mrs. Kirkland, in Petersburg. These were gathered from her own trees; there are none to be purchased. I found one in my valise, dried up, which I also send, as it may be of some value. I also put up some early apples, which you can roast for your mother, and one pear. This is all the fruit I can get.
>
> You must go to market every morning and see if you cannot find some fresh fruit for her. There are no lemons to be had here. Tell her lemonade is not as palatable or digestible as buttermilk. Try and get some for her — with ice it is delicious, and very nutritious. I hope she will continue to improve, and be soon well and leave that heated city.

This midsummer of 1864 found the Confederacy in desperate plight, if undefeated. The Army of Northern Virginia waited behind the defenses of Petersburg, strengthened by the arts of the pick and the axe. Grant slowly rallied his forces, increased by the flow of troops from Washington. In the furious campaign between the Rapidan and the James, the Army of the Potomac had been shaken from drummer boy to commander, hundreds of its best officers slain and divisions reduced to regiments.

While both sides prepared to renew the struggle, reduced to occasional bursts of fighting, Early swept the valley clear, traveling down the old valley trail, even as

Jackson and Lee before him. And even to the defenses of Washington, where he arrived with a scant 10,000 men, unable to do more than sound his bugles within Lincoln's hearing.

The great Federal war machine, the Juggernaut of Ares, was in full panoply now. At the west, after Bragg's disaster, that sturdy old soldier Joe Johnston took command in Georgia, leaving the frontier of Mississippi almost defenseless. And Sherman, the firebrand of Union arms, was named to lead the advance against Johnston. Again outmanned, out-gunned, Johnston fought one of his best campaigns in the face of Sherman's masses. A mile a day was the average Union advance. This inevitable progress threatened one of the remaining vital centers. The South demanded battle, a spirit communicated to Davis in Richmond. The President and Johnston had long-standing differences between them. Davis did not rate the General highly, and the General reciprocated. Thus, in the critical period, Johnston was removed in favor of Lieutenant-General John B. Hood, one of Lee's old division commanders. There is a man who will fight! Hood does fight — terribly — and loses the battle of Atlanta, July 22d.

Farragut batters his way into Mobile Bay. Red Sherman marches, plying the torch in his soldierly style, stabling his horses in the best rooms of undefended homes, slaughtering or driving off the last calf and pig. Sheridan, commanding in the valley of Virginia, sees Early fall back before overpowering forces. Sheridan, too, turns to frightfulness, until he could report that a "crow in traversing the valley would be obliged to carry his rations." And to write, in that same soldierly way:

> The whole country from the Blue Ridge to the North Mountain has been made entirely untenable for a rebel army. I have destroyed over two thousand barns filled with wheat and hay and farming implements; over seventy mills filled with flour and wheat; have driven in front of the army over four thousand head of stock; and have killed and issued to the troops

> not less than three thousand sheep. This destruction embraces the Luray Valley and the Little Fort Valley, as well as the main Valley.

Where is that gray knight, exhorting his troops upon the road to Gettysburg? "The Commanding General, therefore, earnestly exhorts the troops to abstain, with most scrupulous care, from unnecessary or wanton injury to private property; and he enjoins upon all officers to arrest and bring to summary punishment all who shall in any way offend against the orders on this subject."

The gray knight is astir in Petersburg, by day and night, preparing to meet Grant's effort. After the hard campaign through the Wilderness, Lee's health improved slightly. He was subject to less immediate pressure, if his anxieties continued to multiply. Behind him the temple was falling. While he held the portico, it shattered behind him. Yet the Army of Northern Virginia, brought to bay, had no thought but victory.

"We held about thirty-five miles of line, from a point in front of Richmond to Hatcher's Run, eight miles southwest of Petersburg," said Major Cooke. "Of course, we lacked the men to hold this line in force, but reserves at tactical points enabled us to meet frequent attacks. Our engineers utilized every obstacle. Wherever a stream could be turned into a pond, we had a water defense. 'Water soldiers' filled large gaps in the intrenchments. They were too deep to ford and our fire enfiladed them from either side. Before us lay the power of Grant and the Union. At his back he commanded the important waterways of Virginia, where a naval and supply fleet was in daily operation. We could see food cargoes arriving while our men ate a dole of corn meal and fat bacon. Big siege guns, hauled by hundreds of men and horses, went into his works. Not without our artillery fire, you may be certain. More than once we scattered the men around his guns and blew up the pieces. Yet there were always more to come — the inexhaustible supplies of the Union at his hand's reach.

"Grant built a line of works at an average distance of one to two hundred yards from ours. A great mud wall, including everything that could be found to piece out and complete it, always under fire. There were bags of earth, sections of logs and trees covered by dirt, occasionally no more than breastworks. At intervals he built bastions, such as you see in the pictures of ancient castles. Along the whole line there were embrasures for cannon.

"The siege became a continuous battle by day. By night spurts of flame along the works showed that death was vigilant. Grant kept up a flanking operation toward our weak right flank, held by cavalry. But we turned back every effort. Then he brought up mortars and threw shells over our entrenched lines, falling upon the men behind them. The mortars compelled us to dig sheltered places which we called bomb-proofs. In the World War they were named dug-outs and became celebrated as something new. What a curious world, indeed! We had bomb-proofs in Petersburg where the men lived and took shelter, as they did in France, with a thin line in the front trenches and reserves always at hand.

"Grant, using his balloons, mapped the approach trenches and concentrated mortar fire upon them morning and evening. Then we had to dig the zigzag trenches such as they used in Europe later, and to change their course as we could. The trench lines before Petersburg were not essentially different from those regarded as new in the World War.

"Some days the cannonading was a steady roar and storm of metal. General Lee began to worry about ammunition. Even our supply of lead was low. Reclamation parties went over the fields of the Wilderness and gathered 120,000 pounds of lead. We fired back at the enemy his unexploded shells and solid shot.

"Grant persisted in attacks, delivered at dawn, and always unsuccessful. After Beauregard established his shorter line on the east, we held our position intact. As Grant's losses grew without gaining result, he cast about for another method, and found it in mining operations, intending to blow a path through the earthworks that guns and bayonets could not penetrate. We had several salients in our lines, one of which he selected as the place for assault. The plan really originated with a regiment of Pennsylvania coal miners, who offered to carry it out.

"General Lee always read the Northern papers. From mysterious references to great events, he decided that something unusual was in the wind. Deserters and prisoners divulged information, until we knew where the tunnel was being driven, how many men were at work and when it should be completed. Then we started a counter tunnel. The men in each could hear the others at work. But in the end we gave up our tunnel, lacking suitable tools to carry it on. Besides, General Lee had conceived a better plan, mounting a line of cannon directly behind the salient, ready for the day that it might be destroyed.

"Grant kept us anxious. No man could say when the salient might be mined, yet we had to keep it manned. A kind of living sacrifice for the men on duty there. Finally, early in the morning of July 30, everything was ready. There were 8,000 pounds of gunpowder underneath the salient. Massed columns waited to mount the breach at 3.30.

"The miners lighted their match and waited — two minutes, ten, twenty, thirty minutes, an hour. The fuse had gone out within a few feet of the mine. Waiting has a bad effect upon troops. The storming columns turned restless as the Confederate works appeared in the dawning day. More than once they had assailed those works, and knew the price.

"Too late then to draw back. The mine was fired again, the red sputter of the fuse ran down the gallery. Then — pandemonium. No man there had heard such a blast of sound rocking the town. Petersburg swayed and trembled as men, guns and earth were thrown skyward. Almost at the instant we heard the Union bugles, blowing the charge.

"Grant's breach was about 135 feet wide and as many feet deep. The smoke was not yet out of the pit before his infantry plunged into our lines. Beauregard had command on this part of the front, and every plan had been devised in advance to meet the attack. Lieutenant-Colonel John Haskell, in charge of the guns at this place, turned them point-blank upon the enemy. Rank after rank appeared through the smoke, to go down in a terrible shambles.

"Our infantry rushed up from every quarter, adding their fusillade. We could hardly beat off one storming column before another followed. Grant flung men into the breach with a free hand, as Lee watched from a point 500 yards behind the pit. We could have destroyed Grant's army had he kept to the task, for our inner line was practically unassailable. By 9 o'clock he gave up, leaving 5,000 dead and wounded.

"A pitiful sight, to see that host of men in the contortions of death and suffering. General Lee came down close to the breach after Grant recoiled, and said, 'I wish that we could do something for those men, but I suppose it is impossible now. They will need water badly, this hot day.' "

Again the Major halted, moved by tragical memories. Lee himself has left a description of the event, in a letter to Mary, written the next day. As ever the letter was largely a statement of the military situation:

> Yesterday morning the enemy sprung a mine on one of our batteries on the line and got possession of a portion of our entrenchments. It was the part defended by General Beauregard's troops. I sent General Mahone with two brigades of Hill's corps, who charged into them handsomely, recapturing the intrenchments and guns, twelve stand of colors, seventy-three officers, including General Bartlett, his staff, three colonels, and eight hundred and fifty-five enlisted men. There were upward of five hundred of his dead unburied in the trenches, among them many officers and blacks. He suffered severely. He has withdrawn his troops from the north side of the James. I do not know what he will attempt next. He is mining on other points of our line. I trust he will not succeed in bettering his last attempt.

The battle of the crater gave Grant pause anew. For a while his battering tactics subsided. As at Cold Harbor, he had risked much and gained nothing. It was the period when Lincoln needed his strongest resolution to maintain Grant in command.

Thus the siege warfare dragged on, through the intense heat of summer to the cooler days of fall. Having tested the strength of Lee's lines by assault, Grant turned to flanking again, both left and right, leading to spirited actions.

Lee's health showed signs of breaking. The "chest cold" contracted long ago had become in some measure permanent. He suffered from severe irritation of the throat as well. Mary, in Richmond, pleaded with him to come there for a season of rest; at least, to guard his health. To which he answered, September 18th:

> But what care can a man give to himself in time of war? It is from no desire of exposure or hazard that I live in a tent, but from necessity. I must be where I can speedily at all times attend to the duties of my position, and be near or accessible to the officers with whom I have to act. I have been offered rooms in the houses of our citizens, but I could not turn the dwellings of my kind hosts into a barrack, where officers, couriers, distressed women, etc., would be entering day and night.

The "distressed women" probably meant wives and mothers of men in the army, forbidden to visit their men folk, owing to the exigencies of war. But hundreds of them reached Petersburg by evasive means, and would not be denied a place at the General's doorstep. To a man of Lee's character it was almost impossible to deny them audience. Then, there were the saddest of days, when deserters must pay their due. Occasionally the women folk of captured men would storm every obstacle to sit upon the steps of Edge Hill, weeping for pardon. It became one of the hardest duties of Lee's staff to keep these women from the General's quarters — an effort frequently unsuccessful.

Major Cooke saw the Confederate leader daily and sometimes hourly in this period. With the departure of Beauregard to resume his command in Charleston, the Major remained, transferred to Lee's staff. The 4th of November he became Assistant Inspector-General.

"General Lee kept his unshaken calm, though his hair turned a silvered white and the lines in his face were deeply drawn," said the Major. "Yet his color was ruddy and his strength seemed equal to any task that emergency demanded. Sometimes he would ride Traveler all day with little to eat and without rest spend most of the night over his plans. As the days followed one another, and our plight grew worse with each, his calm and command grew with them.

"The needs of our men worried him more than the chances of battle. Every day regiments were on the move, to keep up with Grant's changes of force. It was not unusual to see our commander by the roadside, sitting erect on his horse, watching the ranks as a father might have done. His face bore an expression that I cannot describe. No man that I have ever seen had General Lee's soft, luminous eye, inexpressibly kind. Every one of those ragged, shoeless, scarecrow soldiers was dear to him. He used to say that he was always ashamed of them, except upon the field of battle.

"It was my duty to report on the men's condition. We had only scraps of shoes, here and there, limited ammunition, little food, and hospital supplies were exhausted. The harrowing scenes of our hospitals exceeded any description. Everywhere there was gangrene, amputations without chloroform, men dying needlessly. We lacked everything an army could require, except resolution and confidence in our great commander, and that higher, Supreme Commander."

Marse Robert's indifferent health and the rigors of the coming winter at last induced him to occupy a house. Colonel Taylor generally looked to camp sites and such matters, and his notebook has preserved two glimpses of Lee in this period. On November 7, the Colonel wrote:

> On leaving the north side (of the James) the General left it to me to select an abiding place for our party here (Petersburg). I, of course, selected a place where I thought he would be comfortable, although I firmly believe he concluded that I was thinking more of myself than of him. I took possession of a vacant house and had his room prepared, with a cheerful fire, and everything made as cozy as possible. It was entirely too pleasant for him, for he is never so uncomfortable as when comfortable. A day or two after our arrival he informed me that he desired to visit the cavalry lines, and thought it best to move our camp down. So we packed up bag and baggage — books and records — and moved to a point about eight miles distant, pitched our tents, and concluded that we were fixed for some days at least. The next morning, however, the general concluded that we had better return. So back I came to Petersburg, and as I could find no better place — nor a worse one that was suitable — I returned to the house we had vacated, where we are now comfortably established. This is the first time we have been quartered in a house.

There, in a few strokes, is the anxious Lee, trying to comprehend everything, and provide for every emergency. The state of the army made a trip to Richmond an urgent matter. Finally, in middle November, he left the Petersburg lines to travel the brief miles to Richmond, to the President and Congress; to Mary "and the children" waiting in Franklin street.

A changed and troubled capital, darkened by the shadows of conflict. Homes where gallantry and revelry had held sway in '61 were places of sorrow, where only the women folk lived to carry on the Confederacy's burdens. Upon every side Lee encountered gloom, mingled with a fierce determination. He was back in the White House, in the halls of the capitol, for long conferences with heads of state. Davis's table lamp burned into the mornings, while these men confronted one another over that same table where Lee had received command of the army in '62.

He recommended that Petersburg be abandoned "at the earliest practicable moment," the army falling back toward Lynchburg and the southwest, where it might be thrown into the Carolinas, or westward toward the mountains, as occasion required. "We could fight twenty years in the mountains," said Lee. On November 10 he had present for duty in Petersburg, 49,727 men. Another 20,000 were scattered throughout the Department of Northern Virginia. Or almost as large a number as he had commanded at one time. The Union army, of course, was larger than ever before, numbering about 1,000,000 men under arms in all quarters.

But to every reason Davis returned one reply, "Richmond is the heart of the Confederacy, and must be held. If we lose our capital, we lose all."

Lee certainly did not share that view and urged upon the President that his army must wear away before Grant's masses. The evacuation of Petersburg was but a matter of time, longer or shorter. If he marched now, before his strength failed, he could carry on the war in the field. If he remained, attrition would exhaust his forces. Davis could see but one issue to the war — Richmond. Lee, the soldier, the strategist extraordinary, the man whose campaigns are studied the world around as military models, was compelled to bow — or he did bow — to the views of a man whose military plans always failed. Contradiction unequalled!

There were other confidences to be imposed in him. Vice-President Stephens, Benjamin Hill, and members of what may be termed the Georgia party, despaired of Davis as President. While the light of Sherman's torch turned the horizon red, from Atlanta to Savannah, Stephens made representations to Lee that he should become dictator, replacing Davis. Otherwise all was lost — indeed.

No record exists of Lee's reply to Stephens' appeal. In a measure, his plans amounted to conspiracy against the government. In another degree, they were prompted by devotion to the Confederacy. Then, as ever, Lee would have no part in political affairs. Judging from the man's incorruptible morality, he would look upon the proposal as betrayal instead of patriotism. It is likely that his answer would be cryptic. He never thought of himself as fulfilling the rôle of another Washington, saving the new nation, leading his people to independence. He was the commander of the Army of Northern Virginia and neither sought nor would accept more, if his wishes might be considered; certainly he would not take the place of Davis.

Men who saw Lee in Richmond during this visit might measure the war by the changes in the man. From the erect, stalwart Colonel of '61, or the grave, matured man who called upon the President in the middle courses of the war, he had become a man marked by destiny. His gravity reduced speech to words so few that he scarcely answered. In his eye was the look of a man who had seen the Furies of war at their maddest. In himself was bound up the destiny of the Confederacy; and the mark of his destiny was upon him.

Meanwhile, Colonel Taylor, back in Petersburg, arranged matters to his satisfaction, so far as living quarters went. His notebook for November 27 contained this entry:

> While General Lee was in Richmond, I concluded to move headquarters, as a party that proposed to occupy the house as soon as we should vacate had given a gentle hint by sending to inquire "when General Lee would leave the house." The only other house available was one two miles from the city, kindly offered by the owner, Mr. Turnbull. So here we are at Edge Hill. I am finely fixed in the parlor with piano, sofas, rocking chairs, and pictures; capital surroundings for a winter campaign. After locating the General and my associates of the staff, I concluded that I would have to occupy one of the miserable little back rooms, but the gentleman of the house suggested that I should take the parlor. I think that the General was pleased with his room, and on entering mine he remarked: "Ah! you are finely fixed. Couldn't you find any other room?" "No," I replied, "but this will do. I can make myself tolerably comfortable here." He was struck dumb with amazement at my impudence, and soon vanished.

Returning from Richmond, Lee could communicate little. His staff sensed the result by his silence, more than his speech. Once only did he comment upon affairs, by a chance remark to his son, "Custis, I cannot see that Congress is doing anything but eat peanuts and chew tobacco."

So the year might be said to end, Congress ruminating over its peanuts, the hopes of Davis abortive. Sherman entered Savannah, quenching his firebrands in the sea. Beauregard turned from that same sea at Charleston to meet the new foe behind his back. Confederate remnants rallied in Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee and the Carolinas. If Grant had bisected the Confederacy in the fall of Vicksburg seventeen months before, Sherman split the remaining half in two. The Army of Northern Virginia alone "carried the Confederacy on its bayonets."

A stark Christmas, for that army, sitting in its bombproofs around Petersburg, eating its four ounces of salt pork, and such corn meal as came to hand — upon the days when there was meat and meal. A hard Christmas, truly, in sound of the cheer behind Grant's lines, where many a fat turkey and luscious pudding had been sent by the folk back home. A cold, miserable, but undefeated army, is Marse Robert's, waiting there, in its tatters and bare feet. All that men can do, they have done. What matter victory, when glory is the crown?

At the ebb tide of the year, we may see the General's quarters, when he remarked to Mary on the 30th: "The Lyons furs and fur robe have also arrived safely, but I can learn nothing of the saddle of mutton. Bryan, of whom I inquired as to its arrival, is greatly alarmed lest it has been sent to the soldiers' dinner. If the soldiers get it, I shall be content." Alas, Bryan, when has mess steward faced harder task? How cater for a commander who renounces his mutton?

But, no matter the mutton or the enemy at the gates, Marse Robert was yet a close observer, and of ready sentiment with the youngsters. On January 10 he informed Mary:

> Yesterday afternoon three little girls walked into my room, each with a small basket. The elder carried some fresh eggs laid by her own hens; the second, some pickles made by her mother; the third, some pop corn which had grown in her garden. They were accompanied by a young maid with a block of soap made by her mother. They were the daughters of a Mrs. Nottingham, a refugee from Northampton County, who lived near Eastville, not far from old Arlington. The eldest of the girls, whose age did not exceed eight years, had a small wheel on which she spun for her mother, who wove all the cloth for her two brothers — boys of twelve and fourteen years. I have not had so pleasant a visit for a long time. I fortunately was able to fill their baskets with apples, which distressed poor Bryan, and begged them to bring me nothing but kisses and to keep the eggs, corn, etc., for themselves. I pray daily, and almost hourly, to our heavenly Father to come to the relief of you and our afflicted country. I know he will order all things for our good, and we must be content.

January of 1865 was a portentous month. The peace party at the North, a host of people with ordinary human sympathies, insisted that another effort should be made to avert a fifth spring of carnage. In January a visitor came to Richmond from Washington, duly passed through the lines; no less a visitor than Francis Preston Blair, the man who offered Lee command in '61. His mission now was peace.

Blair represented to Davis that the Confederacy could not possibly endure through another campaign; that honor could demand nothing more of Confederate arms. The time had come to accept the decree of fortune. Davis would hear nothing of his address; or only as much as courtesy demanded. Upon several occasions earlier in the war there had been peace missions, official or unofficial; none of them commissioned to offer any alternative but submission. Davis had answered one of these missions, and a last time answered Blair, that the Confederacy would fight "until the last man of this generation falls in his tracks and his children seize his musket to fight our battles."

A bold answer, hardly to be sustained. Yet an answer expressive of the nation's spirit. We who live in the matter-of-fact world of this time, when patriotism has become rather a name than a flaming ideal, cannot gauge the depth of the Confederate spirit. America was younger then; nearer to the pioneer times. Men had less gloss of polish, but the soundest of oak underneath. The Confederacy had seen its lands invaded, swept bare; its homes despoiled, put to the torch; the great principle of self-government assailed at the bayonet point. The compromise offered was no compromise; merely submission; the subjection of the weaker to the stronger.

Davis gestured toward the raid of Early, remarking that Lincoln's capital looked to be in more danger than his. Yet he could not be unaware of the country's plight. In the end Blair went back to Washington with Davis's tacit approval of plans for a peace conference.

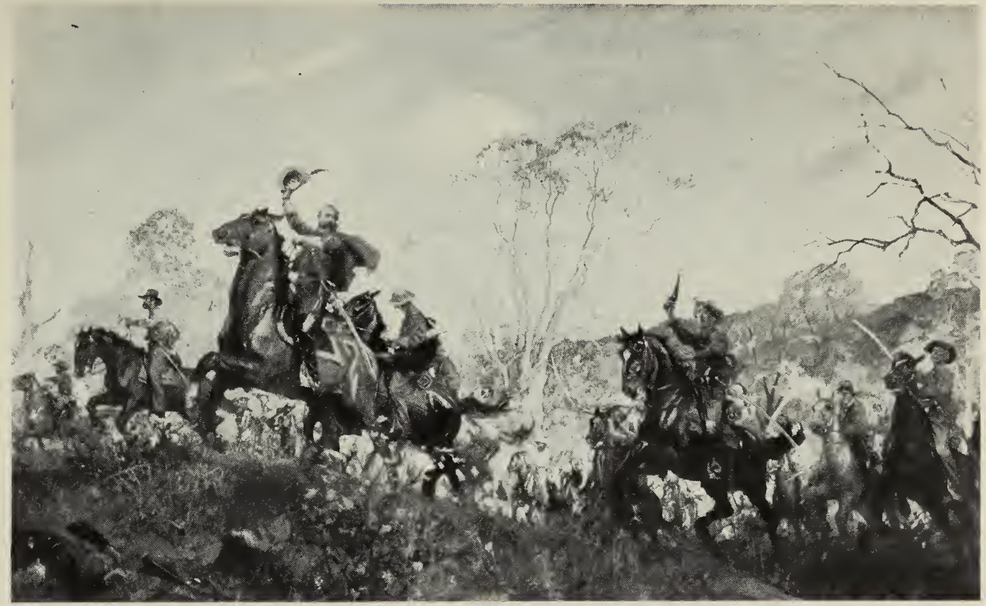
Lee was not directly consulted upon the condition of the armies or the prospects of resistance. Had he been called into conference, his answers undoubtedly would have concerned the military situation alone. He knew, of course, the purpose of Blair's visit; was even acquainted with the envoy. Yet Davis did not summon him, and he made no advances in behalf of the country. Thus, on February 3d, the destiny of the Confederacy was consigned to the scales without Lee — the embodied soul of the Confederacy — having any part in the deliberations. In a peculiar sense the war had become "his" war.

Vice-President Stephens, Senator R. M. T. Hunter, and John A. Campbell, Assistant Secretary of War, proceeded through the Union lines to a vessel anchored in Hampton Roads. There, on the eventful 3d of February, came President Lincoln, and Secretary of State Seward, the latter an envoy chosen under bad auspices. On the Confederate side Stephens was a sincere, able and courageous man. But he lacked the authority of office that Davis must have brought to the conference. Under the circumstances it was not possible for the President to pass through Grant's lines, with dignity. Nor could Lincoln pass the Confederate pickets. A meeting made impossible by etiquette.

There is a story — true or untrue — that the conference no sooner had met than Lincoln dipped a quill into ink and wrote one word upon a sheet of foolscap — Union. This he was said to have left prominently in the centre of the table. A gesture not unlike Lincoln. In any event, it summed up his position. He neither would consider terms from the Confederate envoys, nor offer them. The diminished possibility of recognition by a foreign government made him wary of any step that could be considered recognition by the Union of an independent adversary. Possibly a nice matter of diplomatic usage, if without any practical importance. He made it plain that the Confederacy could do nothing but surrender. Stephens made it equally plain that the Confederacy would not lower its flag. The conference ended, the envoys departed, the war must go on.

History, again, will speculate upon the influence that Lee might have wielded here. What if he had been the commissioner, to meet Lincoln, alone? The men never had faced one another. They were not unlike. Both imbued with the ideal, the dutiful; both resolute; both possessed of a broad humanity. Might not such men, sitting across the cabin table, resolve even the issues of terrible battlefields? Unhappily Lee was absent, his voice silent, his great presence missing from this most critical occasion. The war would go on.

Stephens was a tenacious man. To Lee he looked once more. Confederate arms in the southwest and southeast reached the last hazard. At the moment that Lincoln traveled to Hampton Roads, Sherman lighted his firebrands upon the borders of South Carolina. Lee turned from Petersburg to vision the flames at his back, making ready to leave the siege for the field. Then, in the hour of chaos, four years too late, he was named Commander-in-Chief, February 9, 1865. Too late for the Confederacy, too late for the man. And — in his characteristic way — he regretfully accepted the post.



"JEB" STUART LEADING A CAVALRY CHARGE.
From the painting by Charles Hoffbauer in Battle Abbey, Richmond.
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Having accepted, what a dilemma! Beauregard, taken front and rear, gave up Charleston upon the 18th, escaping with a small force. Wilmington, in North Carolina, fell upon the 22d. Fire and smoke swept the countryside from sea to mountains, that the world might know Sherman had come. Grant tightened the tourniquet around Petersburg, already lost in effect if not in fact, by events at the south. Lee could not go. But he recalled Joe Johnston to command upon the 23d, and the old soldier, veteran of a lifetime of wars, survivor of twelve wounds, met Sherman with the same decision, tact and address, as on the field of the first Manassas. Changed — how changed their fortunes.

Johnston would delay Sherman, if he might not halt his march. No more than 200 miles then separated the Union forces, with Johnston and Lee between, back to back. Daily Grant extended his lines before Petersburg striving to bend the ends of the arc, so far with slight result. Yet every new mile of front demanded the men sleeping upon other fields, from the James to the Potomac, the Blue Ridge to the sea. Unless their spirits might return, the temple indeed must fall.

Major Cooke explained the difficulties.

"About this time we had longer lines than ever before," he said. "Grant planned to draw us out so far that we must give way somewhere. On the approach of spring we had possibly 33,000 men able to bear arms. I need not tell you that we were scarecrows in fact, by that time. I never saw so many thin, hungry men, with sharp, pinched faces. Our clothing was disgraceful — no less. Soap had become a refinement unknown. Starved, dirty, ragged, unwashed, devoured by pests, afflicted with disease, the army stood firm. Scrofula, I remember, followed the shortage of soap. We lacked everything — everything, sir, that men might need.

"General Lee, at this period, determined to raise regiments of negroes. Congress authorized him to try. He computed that the Confederacy contained 850,000 black men of military age. Could they be induced to defend the country, we yet might find means to secure independence. General Lee held the negro in good esteem. To those who objected that he would immediately desert, the General answered that a host had made no effort to reach Northern territory. The Confederacy would grant to each negro soldier freedom, and he thought of some later means to reward their help, such as a gift of ground. He had already replaced white teamsters and mechanics with negroes, wherever possible. And negro labor battalions released Confederate soldiers for the trenches. But the General had no opportunity to see his plan tested. We must meet Grant with the strength we could muster."

It was in this hard season of cold, privation and suffering, that Lee, for the first time in the war, admitted apprehensions of evil. Writing to Mary, he said:

> After sending my note this morning I received from the express office a bag of socks. You will have to send down your offerings as soon as you can and bring your work to a close, for I think General Grant will move against us soon — within a week if nothing prevents — and no man can tell what may be the result; but, trusting to a merciful God, who does not always give the battle to the strong, I pray we may not be overwhelmed. I shall, however, endeavor to do my duty and fight to the last. Should it be necessary to abandon our position to prevent being surrounded, what will you do? Will you remain, or leave the city? You must consider the question and make up your mind. It is a fearful condition, and we must rely for guidance and protection upon a kind Providence.

And Major Cooke resumed his annal:

"Although we were reduced in numbers and suffering from every ill that an army may know, General Lee determined to attack Grant, thereby disarranging his plans and, if possible, gaining advantage. He selected Fort Stedman as the point of attack, two miles from the center of Petersburg, on the eastern side, where the first hard fighting took place. If we could take Stedman and hold it, we would practically cut Grant's front in two. With fortune we might penetrate farther and win decisive victory.

"One of the men who rose high in General Lee's estimation toward the close of the war was John B. Gordon, of Georgia. He commanded a corps, though a sadly reduced corps, and to Gordon, Lee entrusted Stedman. Our men went out in a night attack, taking the fort. But they were unable to hold it against Grant's cannonade and mass attacks. We lost 2,000 of our brave fellows — gallantly but vainly.

"Then we saw that Petersburg was doomed. General Lee never had considered it of military value, except as defending Richmond. President Davis visited the city at the end of February, going over Lee's plans. These conferences finally convinced the President that Petersburg must be given up; including Richmond. A hard decision, no longer to be delayed.

"Johnston had about 18,000 men opposing Sherman's 90,000. Our 30,000 faced Grant's hundred and twenty-odd thousands. If Lee could hold Grant and fall back toward Johnston, while Johnston held Sherman, they might, united, defeat Sherman, then turn to meet Grant. The lion at bay? Yes, sir, we were at bay, indeed.

"General Lee believed that if he could get away from Petersburg his movement would attract deserters, and every other living man able to bear arms. If he could but gather his last remnants, Sherman would not be hard to defeat. Of course, there was Sheridan, commanding another 50,000 troops in the valley. But give us one victory and we might defeat each of these armies in turn. Did we think of defeat? No, sir, we did not."

The Major explained that the last of Lee's railroad connections centred upon his right, opposite the Federal left. The Union commander began concentration there that compelled Lee to draw forces from his left. He did not wait for Grant to move, but pushed out a column that met and fought a hard action at Five Forks on March 31.

"In the end Pickett, commanding, was overwhelmed," said the Major. "A few thousands of men against a host. We left 4,000 of ours upon the field, a severe blow to the

Army of Northern Virginia. By the morning of April 1 the General knew that he could not hold Petersburg longer. All that day Grant poured a leaden rain upon the city.

"At dawn of the 2d, a fine spring morning, the Union masses bore upon us, sweeping through our advanced lines. Only a fringe of skirmishers were there to meet the attack. For the first time in four years of battle the Army of Northern Virginia had its lines broken. Before we comprehended the fact, bluecoated men swarmed upon us. General Lee rode forward with A. P. Hill, summoning such reserves as could be spared from other points. They saw groups of men near the outer works, but could not decide whether friends or foe. Hill rode on to make certain, only to fall from his horse, slain. A sad loss, of a gallant man and able officer. As Daniel B. Lucas, the poet, wrote of him:

'Twas time to go, for all was gone—
'Twas time to die, for all was done!

"By degrees the reserves came up, we stopped Grant's advance. But the General's headquarters stood in the line of fire and was lost to the enemy. We waited at the inner line of the Petersburg defenses. And we could not hold on another day without risking the army. Petersburg might be defended for weeks, but Grant would work around our flanks and envelop us. We must march now, if ever.

"We began to move after dark, keeping a skirmish line along the works, to make as much noise as possible. Hour by hour the troops moved out, the wagon trains starting first, our cavalry on the flanks. A gloomy night? In a measure, yes. But the army caught a new elation from the fact of moving. For ten months we had lain behind breastworks. To get in motion was a relief to the mind and the legs of the army.

"We made ten miles that night, the skirmishers falling back at the last moment. Grant never knew until daylight that Petersburg was his. He came into the town, accompanied by Lincoln, who had been a visitor to the army for several days, anticipating its triumph.

"The troops around Richmond joined our columns, as we pushed smartly on. All around us spring was in the air, our pleasant Southern spring. The smell of fresh earth, budding trees and the new, green grass, promised better things. But we were mighty hungry and ammunition was short.

"Under orders from the government, which had hastily left Richmond, General Ewell fired the tobacco warehouses there; along with the remaining army stores. But Ewell's men did their work too well. The fire spread to sections never intended, Richmond became a cauldron. For a time it looked as though the whole city would be consumed.

"We marched southwest, expecting the Federal pursuit to appear any minute. Before night we saw cavalry, and our own turned to meet it. From that time the fighting was continuous, breaking out every hour or two, day and night. It was our purpose to reach Amelia Court House, on the Richmond & Danville Railroad, where the General had ordered supplies. There we would rally and stand, if need be, before going on to Lynchburg. From Lynchburg we could move to join Johnston, or bring Johnston to us.

"The army was hungry, but eager. At last we would see action upon a great scale. Grant followed closely, throwing his forces around either flank, trying to get ahead. We kept the road clear. On the morning of the 4th we reached Amelia Court House, but — alas! — the supplies failed to greet our eyes. Anxiously we looked along the railroad, expecting to hear an engine whistle at any moment. No known reason had delayed the train.

"But there soon would be abundant reason. Federal columns upon either side also would reach the railroad. That very possibility became a fact when Sheridan touched the rail line at Jetersville, seven miles southwest. It was late in the afternoon by that time, and we settled down to a hungry night. I doubt that there was a piece of hardtack left in the army's knapsacks. Throughout the night the tired and hungry infantry gathered at the Court House. Here, I think, some of us began to consider the inevitable. What had become of the promised supplies? The train was ordered to Richmond, to help evacuate the government!

"General Lee looked mighty sober at the Court House. And he said even less than usual. We passed a trying night, the pickets' fire breaking the quiet, sometimes developing into a volley of musketry. The army slept upon its arms, past the summons of an occasional volley. Then morning—and no breakfast."

The halt disarranged Lee's last plan. "Not finding the supplies ordered to be placed at Amelia Court House," he wrote, "nearly twenty-four hours were lost in endeavoring to collect in the country subsistence for men and horses. The delay was fatal and could not be retrieved."

The night of the 5th the hungry legions marched again, this time toward Farmville, thirty miles away. Had Grant's advance encircled Amelia Court House and fallen upon the camps there, it was there the end must have come. Grant's advance was cautious. Throughout the 6th, fighting and marching continued.

"We had an immense wagon train, that impeded us every step of the way," said Major Cooke. "With the Federal cavalry always on our flanks we were in danger of an attack that would cut our lines. And that disaster befell us at Sailor's Creek, where a large force of cavalry drove a wedge through a gap in the columns. While we stopped to fight, another Union force closed in from the rear. There the last pitched battle of the army took place, facing both ways, fighting greatly superior forces.

"It was my last battle, too, for I was knocked over by a shell, wounded in the leg. An ambulance picked me up and, by side roads, joined the main body. But Sailor's Creek was a disaster of the first order. We lost 10,000 prisoners of our little army, including General Ewell and Custis Lee."

So the 7th of April passed, Lee pausing in the afternoon to fight a considerable cavalry battle. On this day the bearer of a flag of truce brought in a fateful letter, from Grant to Lee:

> The result of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood, by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate States Army known as the Army of Northern Virginia.

The letter reached Lee after nightfall, holding his position, but with an army staggering under the blows of fortune and a powerful adversary. Imagine, then, the gray knight, reading Grant's letter by lantern light, turning it this way and that, weighing the matter in his mind. A sad task, after four years of valor and sacrifice. The end was not yet, in Lee's mind, at least. To Grant he wrote, briefly:

> I have received your note of this date. Though not entertaining the opinion you express on the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, and, therefore, before considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer on condition of its surrender.

Grant wrote again the following day, and Lee replied, while the armies marched and fought. In these dire hours Brigadier-General W. N. Pendleton, of the artillery, rode alongside his commander and told him it was the opinion of many officers that further losses were futile. Surrender was inevitable.

"Oh, I hope it has not come to that," answered Lee, "there is plenty of fight in the old army yet."

"Yes, but to what purpose?" asked Pendleton.

For a while they rode silently. Then Lee remarked that he did not know what terms Grant would offer. If they were "disgraceful" he would not accept. "Sooner than that I am resolved to die."

Yet the problem weighed heavily upon him; his great spirit yielded to the sacrifice. In the afternoon he pitched his tent to consider matters. And in the process the tired warrior dozed upon his army cot. Colonel Marshall, of the staff, looked in to see him sleeping peacefully, while the dwindling ranks trudged past. In these last months Lee had slept fitfully, and it was the principal concern of his aide that nothing should disturb his naps.

Marshall had no more than closed the tent flap when a courier arrived hot haste, bearing written word of a spy captured inside the lines. There could be but one penalty. Marshall approved the court martial's finding; away rode the courier.

Two minutes later, perhaps, the tent flap moved.

"Who was that, Colonel Marshall?"

"Only a courier, sir."

"What did he want?"

"A spy has been captured. I approved the execution order."

Silence.

Another minute, Lee appeared. "Colonel," he said, "the only reason for shooting a spy is the protection of an army. Well, you and I know that this army cannot exist much longer, and I am unwilling that there shall be a single life lost unnecessarily. I wonder if you would countermand the order?"

Marshall mounted and rode to find a blindfolded officer facing the execution squad. Marshall literally struck up the muskets. The blindfolded man looked again upon the light of a day he never expected to see; also upon the face of his deliverer.

Now, strange are the ways of chance. Years later Colonel Marshall, at a reception in Pittsburgh, felt the hand put into his, turn cold.

"My God!" said the man, "you saved my life."

By the night of the 8th, the army that so truly "carried the Confederacy on its bayonets" had reached Appomattox Court House, not many miles from Lynchburg, where supplies could be had and railroad transportation south.

Around his bivouac fire at Appomattox, Lee holds his last council. Longstreet, Gordon and Fitzhugh Lee sit silent, or speak with the fewest words. Lee asks for opinions; says that all is not lost if he can reach Lynchburg.

Sheridan, at last, has got around the flank effectually, capturing a train of cars waiting on the nearby railroad, filled with hardtack, bacon and meal. Lee knows that Sheridan is there, but has not learned of the lost bacon. He decides that Fitzhugh Lee shall try to cut his way through in the morning, followed by Gordon with infantry. If they make headway, Longstreet will bring up the rear.

The spring morning dawns, Fitzhugh Lee rides. Hungry men mounted upon hungrier horses, swinging sabers, ride and charge, blue cavalry giving way. Lynchburg can be gained. Again they ride, and hard, Gordon's infantry coming at the double-quick. Then — ah, then — behold, massed blue infantry, filling the horizon. Fitzhugh Lee reins up. Gordon sends back word that he "cannot advance unless heavily reinforced."

But who shall reinforce him? The army of the dead? Less than 9,000 men are in the ranks.

Colonel Venable carried the message.

"Then there is nothing left for me but to go and see General Grant," remarked Lee. "I had rather die a thousand deaths."

He thinks a moment and adds: "I have only to ride along the lines, and all will be over. But it is our duty to live, Colonel, for what will become of the women and children of the South if we are not here to protect them?"

Venable rides, to bid Gordon hold. While Lee yet debates his decision, other officers crowd around him, a tense moment. Wild, passionate words pour from these veterans of a hundred fields. Let them, like Leonidas in the pass, die at the Court House. Walter Taylor rides up from an all-night tour of duty, and Lee asks: "Well, Colonel, what are we to do?"

Taylor suggests that they abandon the trains, every piece of baggage, and cut a way through.

"Yes," Lee replies," perhaps we could do it. But I have had a conference with these officers, and they agree that the time has come for capitulation."

"Well, sir, I can only speak for myself; to me any other fate is preferable —"

"Such is my way of thinking, but it would be useless and cruel to provoke the further effusion of blood. If it is right to surrender, I will do it."

Then follows another exchange of notes with Grant. While preliminaries are arranged, Perry opens the baggage, brings forth a dress uniform. It is a bit wrinkled, but must serve today. The gray of the cloth is fresh, the double row of buttons bright. On the low collar three golden stars stand forth. Perry's black face is melancholy. His tongue quiet. A last time he performs the rites of valet for the Commander-in-Chief of the Confederacy.

A courier rides up, Lee steps from his tent, dressed in the fresh, gray uniform, his shining boots tipped with glittering spurs. On his gray head his best hat; at his side a dress sword; on his hands new, elegant gauntlets.

His staff watches him, mute. He remarks: "If I am to be General Grant's prisoner today I must look my best."

Lee waited beside the road, while the army stood by its arms, muttering, wondering. A kind of doom possessed the April day. Officers kept apart, wordless. When a Federal Colonel rode along the road, bearing a white flag, there was a flurry of interest. Had the enemy given up, then, in this last hour?

Nay. The Colonel finds Lee standing under a scrub apple tree. They salute, the officer dismounts, presents Grant's reply. And from the circumstance of the apple tree will spring one of those fictions of history that seem never to die. Two generations of school boys have read how Lee handed his sword to Grant, underneath the apple tree.

In point of fact, Grant then was miles away. His aide waits. Perry leads Traveler to his master. Lee swings into the saddle, beckons to Marshall, then Taylor. Marshall mounts, Taylor lingers.

"I — I — have ridden all night," he stammers. "I — "

"Certainly, Colonel, you are excused," says Lee, touching Traveler with his heel.

So they ride, into the village, and there find a man named Wilmer McLean. Strangest of strange incidents. The first engagement on the first field of Manassas opened near his house on the stream of Bull Run, four years before. And the gray Lee will meet the blue Grant in McLean's present home.

The time was near noon. Lee proceeded to the McLean house, a two-storied brick structure, a porch running its width on one side. The three men entered the first room from the left of the entrance. A few minutes later the Union officer came out, leaving Lee and Marshall to perform the last act of the Confederacy.

What were their thoughts, sitting there, in the quiet room? Of how many fields of battles, a vanished host, an ideal destroyed. The temple has fallen.

It is almost 1 o'clock when the tread of feet upon the porch, the snorting of horses pulled up sharp, denotes that many men have arrived. Lee rises, adjusts his sword and sash, Marshall steps to the closed door, opens it.

A wait, then, maybe a minute's length. Boots sound in the hall. A square, strong man, with a nut-brown beard and hair, wearing a blue army shirt and a dusty, worn uniform, stands in the doorway. He lifts his hat, comes in, saying, "Good day, General."

Behind him follows his staff, several general officers, including Sheridan. Grant quickly notes Lee's sword and dress, as quickly apologizes. He came in haste and had no time to find his sword, somewhere in his baggage. Lee bows gravely; no matter the point of etiquette.

Grant is a rugged man, even a rough one, if the reader will; but not unconscious of the tragedy, nor unkindly. Even does his best to make the meeting casual. His officers, almost a score, range behind him along the wall, or gather in the corners.

Chance — once more — aids in the schemes of man. Lee had been seated near the front window, beside a small, oval table. Where Grant stopped in the centre of the room was another, marble-topped table. When both men had bowed, each found a chair awaiting him. An easy solution to a difficult scene.

At first they spoke of Mexico, of the days before Chapultepec, when young Grant, and the somewhat older Lee, were winning honors. Grant brought forth his inextinguishable cigars and seemed on the point of offering one to Lee. But he thought better of it; returning the cigars to his pocket. Of the two, Grant showed the less composure, anxious to spare the man by the window.

Lee answered him in his grave, reserved way. It has been said that: "His demeanor was that of a thoroughly possessed gentleman who had a disagreeable duty to perform, but was determined to get through with it as well and as soon as he could."

Lee, not Grant, broached the matter of the day. He introduced it in his plain, direct way, the moment that courtesy would permit.

"General," he said, "I am here to ascertain the terms upon which you will accept the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia; but it is due to proper candor and frankness that I should say at once I am not willing to discuss, even, any terms incompatible with the honor of my army, which I am determined to maintain at all hazards and to the last extremity."

"I have no idea of proposing dishonorable terms, General," replied Grant, "but I should like to know what terms you would consider satisfactory."

Lee answered that the terms indicated in Grant's note of the 8th would be satisfactory, to which Grant easily agreed. He would demand only the surrender of arms, the parole of men and officers not to oppose the United States, and directed that these terms be written down: "Unless you have some suggestion to make."

Marse Robert, always thoughtful of his men, pointed out that most of the cavalrymen and artillerymen owned their horses. He would like to see them retained by the soldiers, who could ill afford to lose their property. Also he requested that the officers be permitted to keep their side arms.

Grant replied that the terms provided only for the retention of horses by officers, but a glance at Lee's face changed his mind. He observed that the men would need their stock for spring planting, and directed his aide "to let all men who claim to own a horse or mule take the animals home with them to work their little farms." Lee bowed his thanks.

The articles of parole were quickly written and signed — in how different a hand from Lee's bold scrawl. Then Lee remarked to Grant, "I have a couple of thousand or more of your men and officers, whom we have required to march along with us for several days. I shall be glad to send them to your lines, because I have no provisions for them. My own men have been living upon parched corn since we left Petersburg."

Sheridan promptly answered that he had extra rations for 25,000 men — besides Confederate rations captured on the railroad. Within the hour they should be on the way.

Lee rises, Grant hastily rises as well. The good knight bows, in his courtly way. Colonel Marshall falls in behind. Lee walks from the room, in dead silence. Then from the McLean house he steps to the bridle of Traveler, mounts and rides. The Confederacy has come to an end.

The army has the news before Marse Robert arrives. Veterans throng around him, stopping his progress, reaching up a thousand hands to wring his own, to touch his horse or Lee himself. Tears flow from eyes that have known death well in his frightful images. There are babbling words, meaningless; words from the heart. The Army of Northern Virginia weeps.

"Men," he says, chokingly, "we have fought through the war together; I have done my best for you; my heart is too full to say more."

The gray ranks open, Traveler paces along, feeling the emotion of this day. It is an hour before the tent flap closes behind the gray knight and Perry can remove dress sword and uniform.

Major Cooke had so far recovered that he could hobble around the camp.

"Our old enemies did us honor," he said. "There was no cheering, no parading, no bands playing. I doubt that so many men ever came together in such silence. By degrees the Union soldiers drifted into camp, and, finding that they were not repulsed, began to bring us everything they could find to eat. A sure way to a hungry soldier's heart! By night the provisions that Sheridan had sent into camp, and those brought voluntarily, were stewing in the pots and roasting upon the campfires. Officers and men of Grant's army walked around curiously, asking: 'Where is the rest of the army?'

"General Lee called a last meeting of his officers that night, when he was to be our host. Along the final line of march a woman had given him a package of coffee, that she insisted he should take. I believe that most of us drank the first coffee tasted in years, and blessed the giver. But that was the saddest dinner to which men ever sat down. We tried to talk and couldn't. Some spoke of the future. All thought of the past. Around us, in the spring night, lay the living remnants of the Army of Northern Virginia, an army undefeated, that vanished from the earth. The Lord, in His inscrutable way, had made known the decree of his will."

Another dawn. Lee mounts and rides. From the fields of war to the vales of peace.

Furl that banner! true, 'tis gory, 7
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story
  Though its folds are in the dust,
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down through ages,
  Furl its folds, though now we must.
Furl that banner softly, slowly,
Treat it gently, it is holy,
  For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not, unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furl'd forever!
  For the people's hopes are dead!

Father ABRAM J. RYAN.

CHAPTER XII

Marse Robert Turns Schoolmaster

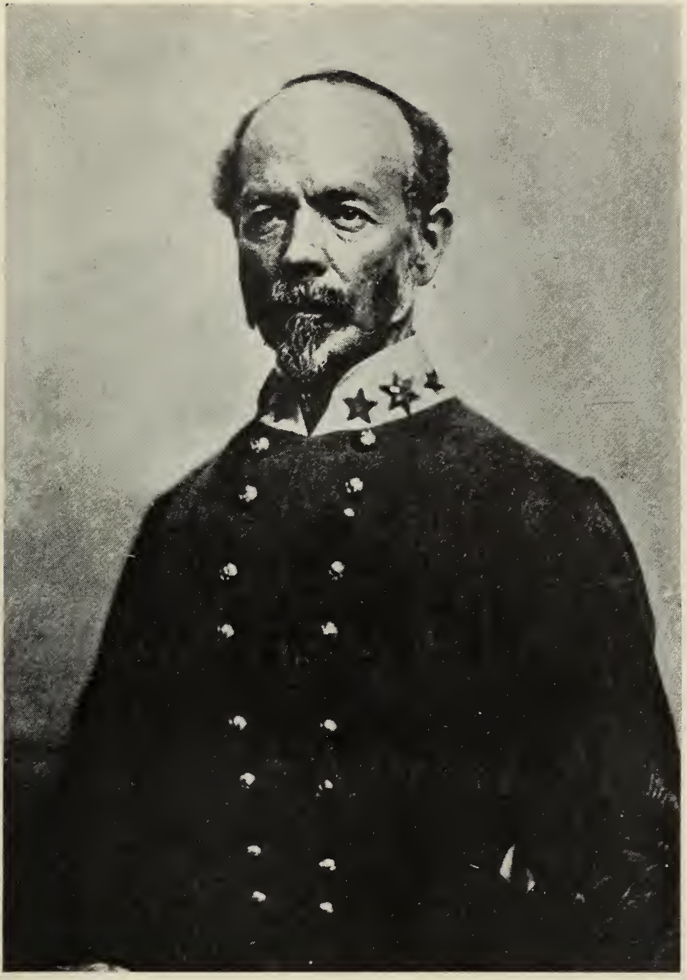
ON a Friday evening in April — the 14th, to be definite — a tall, gaunt man entered an upper stage box in Ford's Theatre, Washington; accompanied by a woman, a friend or two, with gold lace and epaulettes showing in the shadows. The party arrived a little late and found its chairs tediously, the gaunt man looking in a tired, melancholy way at the players in their several parts.

It is Good Friday, seemingly a meet occasion for the peace that has come to the land. The bill chances to be *Our American Cousin,* a lively piece that absorbs and lightens the man's melancholy. John Wilkes Booth, favored player of the period, surpasses himself this evening; also looks intently toward the box, from time to time. One scene follows another until the third act is almost played out. In a brief interlude Booth leaves the stage; steals to the box by a secret stair; easily draws the curtain; bares a pistol and fires into the brain of Lincoln.

Maddest of deeds! A zealot concludes the war epic, as John Brown, that other zealot, began it six years gone. At the price of both men's lives.

But five brief days before Lee had bowed to Grant in the McLean house at Appomattox. News of Booth's deed reached him in Richmond, in the Franklin street house, surrounded by the débris of fire, caught in the swirl of the war's afterwash.

Following his habit of early to bed, he had withdrawn for the night. Toward 11 o'clock there was heard running



Joseph E. Johnston,
Lee's only intimate friend and the "dear Joe" of many letters.
Photographed about 1863.
From the collection of Frederick H. Meserve

through the streets, cries, bayonets thickened about the city. Friends and family grouped around Lee. "It is a crime previously unknown to the country," he said, "and one that must be deprecated by every American." A deed at variance with every conception of Lee's life. What would it mean to the South?

In the brief days after Appomattox the North had rejoiced, sounding the acclaim of its armies, as well it might in the hour of pride. Having attained victory, the North could look indulgently upon the losers. There was a recession of feeling, the disposition to forgive and forget. Northern papers printed tributes to Southern armies. But the shot that ended Lincoln's life shattered as well this benign attitude. The Confederacy, whatever pertained to it, was denounced with bitterness unequalled.

Again the mass psychology at work. As John Brown's raid, in which the South gave no umbrage, had struck the spark of war, Lincoln's assassination fired the spirit of revenge. And not unnaturally, when we think in the terms of this psychology. It was yet to become apparent that the disrupted Confederate government had no part in the deed. And it is never the psychology of masses to reason. They feel and act. Worse than the masses, every scheming politician came into his hour. Andrew Johnson, a smallish man, stepped from the nebulous orb of Vice-President into the place of towering Lincoln. As the great Plautus long ago observed, the world affords "no master like a slave." And no tyrant like your countryman. Johnson, a North Carolina man, had been raised to effulgence by political expediency. Now he turned a frowning visage upon his homeland, such as Lincoln never wore.

Tremble, distracted people, your lands wasted, your homes fired, your temple in ruins, blue-coated, bayonet-bearing men upon every corner. Your armies sleep, from the Potomac to the gulf. Tremble — for your hour to tremble has come.

Lee looked on, seeing too well the trend. His house in Franklin street became a magnet for the curious. Sightseers followed upon the heels of the Union army, each one bent upon beholding "the rebel chief." He scarcely could stir abroad. Each step invited a demonstration painful to him. Ragged Confederates, and not unkindly soldiers of the occupation followed in a strange processional.

By day and night officers of the old army called to greet Lee, among them General Meade. Lee perhaps was happiest to see Meade, whom he held in esteem.

"The years are telling on you, Meade," he remarked. "Your hair is getting gray."

"No, General, it is not the years," answered Meade, gallantly, "you are responsible for my gray hairs."

Each new day brought its trials. Masses of letters overwhelmed him; offers of distant homes, of refuge and comfort, letters of admiration. Uncounted appeals, too, from his stricken country. One touched him deepest of all. "Precious Life," his younger daughter, entered the library to find her father, the letter in his hand, the gray head bowed inexpressibly. And to read:

> Dear General: We have been fighting hard for four years, and now the Yankees have got us in Libby Prison. They are treating us awful bad. The boys want you to get us out if you can, but, if you can't, just ride by the Libby, and let us see you and give you a good cheer. We will all feel better after it.

There were daily deputations of his old soldiers. Two arrived at the Franklin street doorway, ragged, dirty, prison-faced men. Seventy-five more waited around the corner, "too ragged to let Marse Robert see them." They had come to "take him from the Yankees," away to the mountains, where the war might go on. To the mountains — his mountains.

Mary and those around him saw that he must be persuaded to leave Richmond. The strong, straight man of '61, the collected soldier of the McLean house a few days before, bent visibly. But he must make one more effort, and wrote to Grant, urging that his soldiers be permitted to travel freely. "Officers and men on parole are bound in honor to conform to the obligations they have assumed. This obligation cannot be strengthened by any additional form or oath, nor is it customary to exact them."

Finally, then, with the buds turning to flowers, he left Richmond for Cumberland County, remaining there briefly, before going to the estate of Mrs. Elizabeth Randolph Cocke, in Powhatan County. Peace — at last. No rolling drums in the morning, no alarming bugles by night; the monotony of the cannon silenced; not a musket shot to break the spring quiet. Peace — with Mary "and the children." Naught to do but mount Traveler and ride.

Yet the storm lingered in the mind and heart of the gray knight. How surrender the habits of four dread years? How forget? How go on? And the peace was not to be undisturbed. Down in Norfolk a Grand Jury made up of carpetbaggers, former slaves and a renegade Virginian or two, returned indictments against President Davis, Lee, and others; charging him, specifically, with "treason and rebellion."

Johnson's proclamation of limited amnesty, the increasing signs that the South was to be looked upon as a captured land, its leaders as lawbreakers, prompted Lee to write Grant a second time. To which he received immediate reply, a handsome letter, reflecting Grant's plain, honest way; dated Washington, June 20, 1865:

> Your communication of date of the 13th instant, stating the steps you had taken after reading the President's proclamation of the 29th ultimo (May), with a view of complying with its provisions when you learned that, with others, you were to be indicted for treason by the grand jury at Norfolk; that you supposed the officers and men of the Army of Northern Virginia were by the terms of their surrender protected by the United States Government from molestation so long as they conformed to its conditions; that you were ready to meet any charges that might be preferred against you, and did not wish to avoid trial, but that if you were correct as to the protection granted by your parole, and not to be prosecuted, you desired to avail yourself of the President's amnesty proclamation, and

> enclosing an application therefor, with the request that in that event it be acted upon, has been received and forwarded to the Secretary of War, with the following opinion indorsed thereon by me:
>
> "In my opinion the officers and men paroled at Appomattox Court House, and since, upon the same terms given to Lee, cannot be tried for treason so long as they observe the terms of their parole. This is my understanding. Good faith, as well as true policy, dictates that we should observe the conditions of that convention. Bad faith on the part of the Government, or a construction of that convention subjecting the officers to trial for treason, would produce a feeling of insecurity in the minds of all the paroled officers and men. If so disposed they might even regard such an infraction of terms by the Government as an entire release from all obligations on their part. I will state further that the terms granted by me met with the hearty approval of the President at the time, and of the country generally. The action of Judge Underwood, in Norfolk (the grand jury's presiding jurist), has already had an injurious effect, and I would ask that he be ordered to quash all indictments found against paroled prisoners of war, and to desist from the further prosecution of them.
>
> Respectfully forwarded through the Secretary of War to the President, with the earnest recommendation that this application of Gen. R. E. Lee for amnesty and pardon may be granted him."

The plain, soldierly way of a soldier. But never acted upon. It is a melancholy aspect of Lee's last years that the country which he had loved so well, and which he sought to restore with singular fidelity, never granted his appeal. A later proclamation issued by President Johnson in 1868 extended amnesty to Confederate soldiers, but Lee believed himself outside of its terms. In a letter written the following year he advised "all our young men to qualify as citizens" and cast their ballots "although I am denied that privilege."

"I have heard of the indictment by the grand jury at Norfolk, and made up my mind to let the authorities take their course," wrote Lee, at that period. "I have no wish to avoid any trial the Government may order, and cannot flee."

The indictment was dismissed, but Davis, less fortunate than his soldiers, without benefit of parole, lay in Fortress Monroe. Surely the Union eagles hung their crests to see this helpless man chained like any felon because he had led a war for independence; denied trial, locked in a dungeon.

Sad the times. Practically every civil official of importance was arrested. Some escaped to other lands. Now, if ever in his life, the great calibre of Lee stood forth, a rock in the storm. He would not flee the country, abandon his people, as many advised. Nay. He would face the trials of such peace as the country might know. The better day must come. Come, or fail to come, Lee would suffer with his countrymen.

It is not possible to comprehend the tragedy of the Confederacy, across the years. The name rings faintly now; the images of its fame grow dim; but in its time no name had dearer sound. As Lucas, that sad poet, wrote again:

From where thy waters lip
  The sea, proud River James, to where
  They sparkle in the mountain air—
Beneath our gray old temple-shades,
From Jamestown to Montgomery's glades,
  The Virginians sit and weep.

Not every Virginian. Surely not Marse Robert. He faced the world, calm, unafraid. The old America had gone to its apotheosis at Appomattox. Now the new must live — since life be the lot of man.

Even in the shadow of Appomattox, Lee contemplated the lost cause historically. On July 31st he wrote, from "near Cartersville," to Taylor and his principal commanders, asking for records of the conflict. To Taylor he said:

> I am desirous that the bravery and devotion of the Army of Northern Virginia shall be correctly transmitted to pos-

> terity. This is the only tribute that can now be paid to the worth of its noble officers and soldiers; and I am anxious to collect the necessary data for the history of the campaigns in Virginia, from the commencement of its organization to its final surrender. I am particularly anxious that its actual strength in the different battles it has fought be correctly stated. You know all its official records, returns, etc., from the time of my connection with it, have been lost or destroyed.
>
> As you prepared the tri-monthly returns for so long, and tested their accuracy, I have thought its gradual changes may have been impressed upon your memory, and that you might state with some confidence its effective strength, at each of the great battles it has fought, in infantry, cavalry, and artillery. You may also have some memoranda within your reach that would assist your memory. Please give me at least the benefit of your recollection.

Colonel Taylor referred the matter to Thomas White, of Alexandria, who was chief clerk in the Adjutant-General's office of the Army of Northern Virginia throughout the war. The figures then prepared form the basis of statements made in this volume, but of them General Lee remarked to Taylor that they "appeared to me larger at some points than I thought."

As heretofore said, Lee, the soldier, might have been parson or pedagogue; his character was cast to either mould. Now, destiny, in the way of the Fates, called to him anew. The trustees of Washington College, in Lexington, at the westward frontier of the State, assembled to take account of their academic halls, sacked, all but destroyed. Four professors and forty students had enrolled for the fall semester of '61. The nearby Virginia Military Institute lay in ashes.

Washington College was an outgrowth of the first classical school in the valley of Virginia, established in 1749. At the period of the Revolution it was the Liberty Hall Academy, and sent a company of Liberty Hall Volunteers to the army; a company that fell under the approving eye of Washington, who endowed the institution from which soldiers might be expected to spring, fully armed, like Athena of old.

So the trustees of Washington College, looking upon the ruins of a hundred years of culture, cast about for the man and the means to restore ancient prestige. Their glance rested upon Lee. Would he consent?

In far away Powhatan County the rural mail man walked with bended back, beneath the burden of Marse Robert's mail; bringing him the offer of a home and annuity in England; or an imposing salary to represent Southern commercial interests in New York; or the presidency of a railroad at any figure.

In this weight of mail came a letter from the trustees, offering the presidency of a college two-thirds destroyed, with forty students and four professors. It could pay him $1,500 a year. It needed him to carry on the work of the past. Lee was tempted; but declined.

The mail man must have bent low beneath his load, or there was fateful mischance somewhere, because his letter did not reach the trustees until they had elected Lee president on August 4, 1865. Judge John W. Brockenbrough, the rector, became a committee of one to apprise Lee. The Judge, after borrowing a presentable suit of clothes and the necessary railroad fare, traveled to Powhatan County.

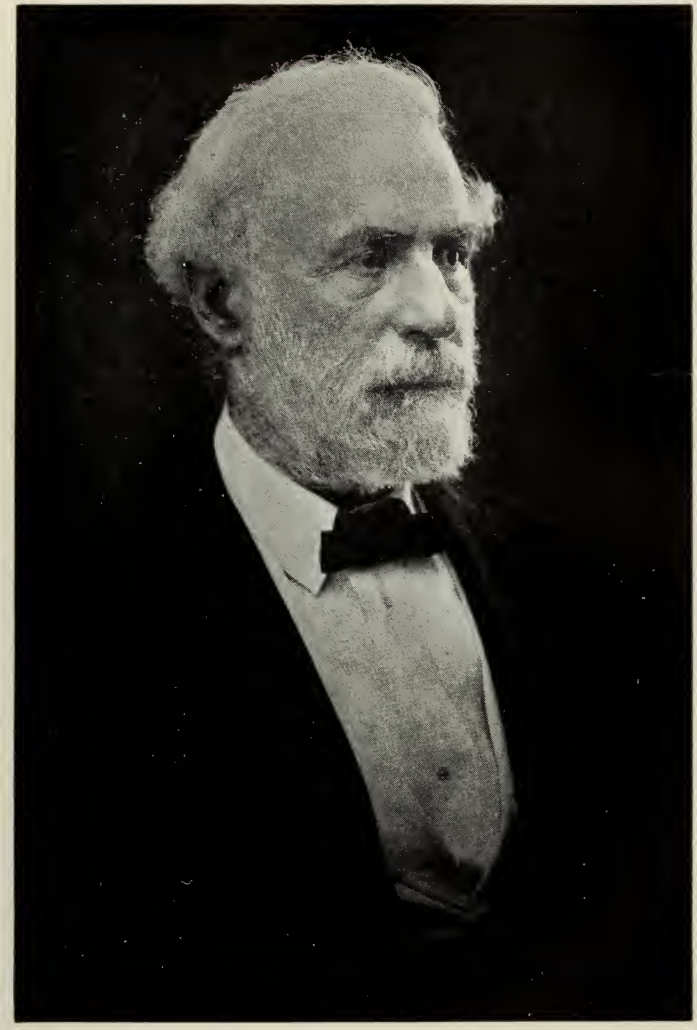
Fancy Marse Robert, in his quiet retreat, invited to undertake the guidance of youth; to exchange the Army of Northern Virginia for a squad of schoolboys. He pondered long, then decided, in the way of Lee, that it probably was right, and he should do it. His destiny was about to be fulfilled. Washington College would become Washington and Lee University, an enduring memorial.

At a time when numbers of men, and some of the first rank, left the United States forever, Marse Robert maintained that it was their higher duty to remain. In every letter, upon every occasion, he upheld this view. Writing to former Governor Letcher on August 28, he said:

> I was much pleased to hear of your return to your home, and to learn by your letter of the 2d of the kindness and consideration with which you were treated during your arrest. . . . The questions which for years were in dispute between the State and General Government, and which unhappily were not decided by the dictates of reason, but referred to the decision of war, having been decided against us, it is the part of wisdom to acquiesce in the result, and of candor to recognize the fact.
>
> The interests of the State are therefore the same as those of the United States. Its prosperity will rise or fall with the welfare of the country. The duty of its citizens, then, appears to me too plain to admit of doubt. All should unite in honest efforts to obliterate the effects of war, and to restore the blessings of peace. They should remain, if possible, in the country; promote harmony and good feeling; qualify themselves to vote; and elect to the State and general Legislatures wise and patriotic men, who will devote their abilities to the interests of the country, and the healing of all dissensions. . . .

The arrest of Davis, his confinement in the dungeons of Fortress Monroe, troubled Lee greatly. Although living under the threat of arrest himself, he disregarded it. To see the former President treated as a malefactor hurt Lee in his deepest consciousness. Yet he hewed to the belief that restoration of the country would be made possible only by the example of its leaders. It was on September 7 that he wrote further of these matters to Captain Josiah Tatnall, of Savannah:

> . . . Like yourself, I have, since the cessation of hostilities, advised all with whom I have conversed on the subject, who come within the terms of the President's proclamations, to take the oath of allegiance, and accept in good faith the amnesty offered. But I have gone further, and have recommended to those who were excluded from their benefits, to make application under the proviso of the proclamation of the 29th of May, to be embraced in its provisions. . . . The war being at an end, the Southern States having laid down their arms, and the questions at issue between them and the Northern States having been decided, I believe it to be the duty of every one to



Marse Robert,
a year before his death. One of the saddest faces of history.
From the collection of Frederick H. Meserve

> unite in the restoration of the country, and the reëstablishment of peace and harmony. These considerations governed me in the counsels I gave to others, and induced me on the 13th of June to make application to be included in the terms of the amnesty proclamation. I have not received an answer, and cannot inform you what has been the decision of the President. . . . It will, I think, be admitted that Mr. Davis has done nothing more than all the citizens of the Southern States, and should not be held accountable for acts performed by them in the exercise of what had been considered by them unquestionable right. I have too exalted an opinion of the American people to believe that they will consent to injustice; and it is only necessary, in my opinion, that truth should be known, for the rights of every one to be secured. I know of no surer way of eliciting the truth than by burying contention with the war. . . .

Brave soldier. Still convinced that mercy and justice rule the world.

He was anxious that the Southern cause should be understood, a hope never realized in his span of life, and perhaps never to be fairly estimated.

To Captain Matthew F. Maury, who mapped the ocean's tides, he wrote, on September 8th, such a letter as only Lee himself might write:

> I have just received your letter of the 8th ult. We have certainly not found our form of government all that was anticipated by its original founders; but that may be partly our fault in expecting too much and partly in the absence of virtue in our people. As long as virtue was dominant in the Republic so long was the happiness of the people secure. I cannot, however, despair of it yet. I look forward to better days and trust that time and experience, the great teachers of men under the guidance of an ever-merciful God, may save us from destruction and restore to us the right hopes and prospects of the past. The thought of abandoning the country and all that must be left in it is abhorrent to my feelings, and I prefer to struggle for its restoration and share its fate, rather than to give up all as lost. I have a great admiration for Mexico. The salubrity of its climate, the fertility of its soil, and the mag-

> nificence of its scenery possess for me great charms; but I still look with delight upon the mountains of my native State.
>
> To remove our people with their domestics to a portion of Mexico which would be favorable to them would be a work of much difficulty. Did they possess the means, and could the system of apprenticeship you suggest be established, the United States Government I think would interpose obstacles, and under the circumstances there would be difficulty in persuading the freedmen to emigrate. Those citizens who can leave the country and others who may be compelled to do so, will reap the fruits of your considerate labor; but I shall be very sorry if your presence be lost to Virginia. She has now need for all of her sons, and can ill afford to spare you. I am very much obliged to you for all you have done for us, and hope your labors in the future may be as efficacious as in the past, and that your separation from us may not be permanent.

Thus it chanced that the mellow days of autumn saw a gray figure ride into Lexington from Powhatan County, mounted on a gray horse. Strangely familiar — man and horse. A straight man, with a warm brown eye, and manner of authority; an iron gray horse that one might say looked to be a war horse — recognized at the first glance by an old soldier or two, following after, to hold Marse Robert's stirrup. The 2d of October he was inducted into office, with due and even elaborate ceremony.

Lee took hold of his task eagerly. A phœnix should rise, where ruin greeted him. Many men expected Lee to convert the college into a military institution. Little did they know the heart of the gray knight, come from the wars to be schoolmaster. After a lifetime of separation from Mary, of wandering and hardship, he had found rest and peace at last. No more of wars.

"For my own part, I much enjoy the charms of civil life, and find too late that I have wasted the best years of my existence," he said. Ah, Marse Robert, sad words. Think of the glory that beckoned you on to West Point, to the West, to Mexico, of that sterner call to lead the Confederacy. For you were a paragon among men, Marse Robert, and your words make us sad. Shall we think that all is futility, when you have found it thus?

Or observe his comment upon the life military, when some one spoke of discipline, the need of a rigid hand over the young men, reared to the alarms of war: "The training that makes soldiers is not the best for citizens."

His habit of seeking to lead men along righteous paths stands out in a letter to Beauregard on October 3, the day after his installation:

> I have received your letter of the 1st ult., and am very sorry to learn that the papers of yourself and Johnston are lost (which he wanted for his proposed history), or at least beyond your reach; but I hope they may be recovered. Mine never can be, though some may be replaced. Please supply all you can. . . . I hope both you and Johnston will write the history of your campaigns. Every one should do all in his power to collect and disseminate the truth, in the hope that it may find a place in history, and descend to posterity. I am glad to see no indication in your letter of an intention to leave the country. I think the South requires the aid of her sons now more than at any period in her history. As you ask my purpose, I will state that I have no thought of abandoning her unless compelled to do so.
>
> After the surrender of the Southern armies in April, the revolution in the opinion and feelings of the people seemed so complete, and the return of the Southern States into the Union of all the States so inevitable, that it became in my opinion the duty of every citizen . . . to cease opposition, and place himself in a position to serve the country. . . . Since then, I have been elected to the presidency of Washington College, and have entered upon the duties of the office, in the hope of being of some service to the noble youth of our country. I need not tell you that true patriotism sometimes requires of men to act exactly contrary, at one period, to that which it does at another, and the motive which impels them — the desire to do right — is precisely the same. The circumstances which govern their actions, change, and their conduct must conform to the new order of things. History is full of illustrations of this: Washington himself is an example. At one time he fought against the French, under Braddock, in the service of the King

> of Great Britain; at another, he fought with the French at Yorktown, under the orders of the Continental Congress of America, against him. He has not been branded by the world with reproach for this, but his course has been applauded.

At Lexington Lee retired within himself, avoiding any part in discussions of the war and so much as the shadow of political activities. Upon every occasion he advised his comrades to qualify as citizens — if they might — and help restore the country. He turned his careful hand to the rebuilding of his school, rising again, even as he had designed. Endowment funds from England, from the North and South reached him by the daily post. Modest sums, yet notable for the time and opportunity. One of his innovations was the honor system among his students, setting aside conceptions of other times; forecasting university policy of half a century hence.

Lee met many visitors in these active days, beginning life again as he and Mary might have begun thirty-odd years before. He maintained his customary courtesy; trying to answer every letter, seldom failing to welcome visitors. Chaplain J. William Jones saw a seedy man, coming from the General's gate, a suit of clothing over his arm, with Lee watching from the porch. Though the Chaplain asked no questions, the General explained: "There goes an old soldier in needy circumstances."

"I thought that he looked like a soldier," said the Chaplain. "What regiment was he in?"

"Oh," said the General, confused, "I believe that he fought on the other side."

So the year waned. From the command of an army whose deeds are not yet forgotten, Lee ruled no more than the boys of his school. Yet he had found a fresh interest, an occupation suited to the temper of his mind. But the world intruded upon him, the sorrow of his land was ever present. From the Mexican border at the south eager hands beckoned him to join in founding a new empire; some day to renew the war.

General Early, "Prince John" Magruder, Captain Maury and many another officer had found hope and refuge beyond the Rio Grande, where the Austrian Archduke, Maximilian, upheld by French bayonets, strove to establish a new royalty. By proclamation and deed he welcomed Confederate soldiers. It is fairly certain that Lee was offered command of the legions Maximilian hoped to raise; first to defend him, the Emperor, then to wage war against the United States, if propitious. This offer, of course, would be guarded with utmost secrecy. And Lee, beyond question, would be the man to reject it, the moment of offer.

To him the decision reached in the McLean house was final. He never could be a conspirator. The undying flame of revolution did not burn on. He had strived his earnest best upon the field. The name of Lee never would bear a Mexican prefix. But his sympathy might go there, to Early, and those others, in a guarded letter to the General, written March 15, 1866:

> I am very much obliged to you for the copies of my letters (war documents) forwarded with yours of the 25th January. I hope you will be able to send me reports of the operations of your commands in the campaign from the Wilderness to Richmond, at Lynchburg, in the Valley, Maryland, etc. All statistics as regards numbers, destruction of private property by the Federal troops, etc., I should like to have, as I wish my memory strengthened on those points. It will be difficult to get the world to understand the odds against which we fought; and the destruction, or loss, of all returns of the army embarrasses me very much. . . . We shall have to be patient, and suffer for a while at least; and all controversy, I think, will only serve to prolong angry and bitter feelings, and postpone the period when reason and charity may resume their sway. At present the public mind is not prepared to receive the truth. The feelings which influenced you to leave the country were natural, and I presume were uppermost in the breasts of many. It was a matter which each one had to decide for himself, as he could only know the reasons which governed him. I was particularly anxious on your account (Early had burned Chambersburg, Pennsylvania), as I had the same ap-

> prehensions to which you refer. I am truly glad that you are beyond the reach of annoyance, and hope you may be able to employ yourself profitably and usefully.

Although Lee eschewed discussion of the war, he had resolved to write the annals of the Army of Northern Virginia for posterity, understanding their importance as a military record and human document. That his intention never was fulfilled must be one of the regrets of every student who turns the yellowing pages of the conflict. Lee especially sought to obtain reliable figures of the opposing armies. A literature of numerous volumes bears upon the subject. And it may be enlightening to consider for a moment, down the perspective of the sixty-five years, the forces engaged.

Thomas L. Livermore, a Union officer and compiler of army records, has said: "The sustained conflict and terrible loss of four years of war placed the reputation of Southern valor so high that exaggerated statements of numbers cannot further exalt it in the estimation of the world." With which the South may be content.

Livermore has placed the enlistments in the Federal army, for all classes and all lengths of service, at 2,898,304; estimating the total military population of the South at 1,269,000 men, between seventeen and fifty. And further assumed that practically the whole military population went into the army. In this he erred. If we allow for the incapable and those kept at home by necessary tasks the total could not possibly exceed 1,000,000 men. All experience indicates that such an estimate would go far beyond any army ever recruited from such a population. Dr. Joseph Jones, former Surgeon-General of the United Confederate Veterans, who had exceptional opportunities to judge by the ratios of wounded and slain, placed the entire Confederate strength at 600,000 men. Woodrow Wilson estimated the gray army at 900,000. If we take the halfway figure of 750,000, the total will not be far wrong.

Foreign students have done the South the honor to affirm that ninety per cent of its military strength took the field, while the North was sending forty-five per cent. An estimate possibly too high, in the first place. Upon practically every field the odds varied from two to three to one, and sometimes were greater. Other masses were always near. "Exaggerated statements of numbers cannot further exalt. . . ."

Marse Robert, beginning his new life, suffered sensibly from statements in the Northern press that he had inflicted suffering upon war prisoners. He was gladdened, rather than afflicted, by a summons to Washington, called before the Reconstruction Committee of Congress to testify about the war; especially about prisoners.

What pen shall delve into his thoughts, returning to Washington? Did he look fleetingly toward Arlington, over the river, where the white stones of a legion's graves were beginning to appear amid the green? It was spring again — the spring of '66 — and the time of year when he last had looked upon his home. The capital, once so well known, where he was young man and mature officer, honored, a man of mark, met him now a frowning city. Looking around, he might see the changes wrought by war; many faces known of yore. But changed — all changed. With the Reconstruction Committee waiting. Briefly, he told of the prisoners:

> I wish to inquire whether you had any knowledge of the cruelties practiced toward the Union prisoners at Libby Prison and on Belle Isle (Richmond)?
>
> I never knew that any cruelty was practiced, and I have no reason to believe that it was practiced. I can believe, and have reason to believe, that privations may have been experienced by the prisoners, because I know that provision and shelter could not be provided for them.
>
> Were you not aware that the prisoners were dying from cold and starvation?
>
> I was not.
>
> Did these scenes come to your knowledge at all?
>
> Never. No report was ever made to me about them. There was no call for any to be made to me. I did hear — and it was mere hearsay — that statements had been made to the War Department, and that everything had been done that could be

done, even finally so far as to offer to send them to some other points — Charleston was one point named — if they would be received by the United States authorities and taken to their homes; but whether this is true or not I do not know.

And of course you know nothing of the scenes of cruelty about which complaints have been made at those places (Andersonville and Salisbury).

Nothing in the world, as I said before. I suppose they suffered from want of ability on the part of the Confederate States to supply their wants. At the very beginning of the war I knew that there was suffering of prisoners on both sides, but as far as I could I did everything in my power to relieve them, and to establish the cartel which was agreed upon.

It has been frequently asserted that the Confederate soldiers feel more kindly toward the Government of the United States than any other people of the South. What are your observations on that point?

From the Confederate soldiers I have heard no expression of any other opinion. They looked upon the war as a necessary evil, and went through it. I have seen them relieve the wants of Federal soldiers on the field. The orders always were, that the whole field should be treated alike. Parties were sent out to take the Federal wounded as well as the Confederate, and the surgeons were told to treat the one as they did the other. These orders given by me were respected on every field.

Do you think that the good feeling on their part toward the rest of the people has continued since the close of the war?

I know nothing to the contrary. I made several efforts to exchange the prisoners after the cartel was suspended. I do not know to this day which side took the initiative. I know there were constant complaints on both sides. I merely know it from public rumors. I offered to General Grant, around Richmond, that we should ourselves exchange all the prisoners in our hands. There was a communication from the Christian Commission, I think, which reached me at Petersburg, and made application to me for a passport to visit all the prisoners South. My letter to them, I suppose, they have. I told them I had not that authority, that it could only be obtained from the War Department at Richmond, but that neither they nor I could relieve the sufferings of the prisoners; that the only thing to be done for them was to exchange them; and, to show

> that I would do whatever was in my power, I offered them to send to City Point (near Richmond) all the prisoners in Virginia and North Carolina over which my command extended, provided they returned an equal number of mine, man for man. I reported this to the War Department, and received for answer that they would place at my command all the prisoners at the South if the proposition was accepted. I heard nothing more on the subject.

Back in Lexington, Lee's thought returned to the annals of the Army of Northern Virginia. What pen, if not his own, should write its history? His extensive reading, particularly his military studies, taught him that the annals of his army would be priceless. But it was characteristic of Lee that he would not write without the fullest information. His letter to commanders brought numerous documents, though he found essentials lacking. He repeated the hope that missing records might be found. And posterity can but vainly regret that he was not more lenient with his inclination. Who else should have written with a free pen the saga of the army that vanished?

Yet he was restless, and inclined to write. Moved by this impulse he turned with a happy instinct to the editing of his father's *Memoirs,* also preparing an adequate biography by way of introduction. The work appealed strongly to his taste. The volume clearly reflects Lee, the engineer and man of meticulous thought. Every reference, the least shading of thought, is definite and conclusive. According to his correspondence, he undertook the task before August 30 of '66, and for the next three years it occupied his occasional moments.

The college prospered. And he found in his new occupation a field of work appealing to his taste. Ever since Dionysius of Syracuse left a throne to become schoolmaster, rulers and soldiers have exchanged the sword for the ferrule.

Lee engaged in extensive reading, particularly of a new translation of the *Iliad,* sent to him from England. Sitting in his library, he would read aloud to Mary "and the children" the bard's sonorous phrases. Lee was adept in Latin and a fair scholar in Greek. He preferred biography and history in his reading, and knew much of the poets, usually the sentimental and moral poets. Of all books he held the Bible first and greatest. The two minds which influenced his own were Napoleon and Marcus Aurelius; the first in a military sense, the second in a moral and philosophic. Often he quoted the Emperor of the ancients—"Misfortune nobly borne is good fortune." Again he would say, probably to the young man chided for backward lessons, "Duty is the sublimest word in the English language." Every discussion of his personal conduct, throughout life, ended in one reflection, "Show me my duty and I will do it." He had a fondness for homilies and proverbs, which he noted upon scraps of paper, found afterward in his pockets or the drawers of his desk. Even Traveler's saddle bags, carried through so many campaigns, contained a store of maxims. But . . . "My only pleasure is in my solitary evening rides, which give me abundant opportunity for quiet thought."

Literary activity, his interest in the school and its students, could not divert his mind from the country. Yet he resolutely declined to take any part in public affairs, believing that he could not help his countrymen, and fearing he would injure them. On February 4, 1867, he wrote to Judge Ould in Richmond:

> I received today your letter of the 31st ult., and the subject to which it relates is so important that, though confined to my room by indisposition, I reply at once. I feel greatly honored at what you say is the prevailing wish of leading men in the State, that I should accept the nomination for the office of Governor of Virginia, and I duly appreciate the spirit that has led them to name me for that high position. I candidly confess, however, that my feelings induce me to prefer private life, which I think more suitable to my condition and age, and where I believe I can better advance the interests of my State than in that you propose. . . .
>
> I have no means of knowing, other than are apparent to

> you, whether my election as Governor of Virginia would be personally injurious to me or not, and therefore the consideration of that question in your letter has not been embraced in my reply. But I believe it would be used by the dominant party to excite hostility toward the State, and to injure the people in the eyes of the country; and I therefore cannot consent to become the instrument of bringing distress upon those whose prosperity and happiness are so dear to me. If my disfranchisement and privation of civil rights would secure to the citizens of the State the enjoyment of civil liberty and equal rights under the Constitution, I would willingly accept them in their stead.

Lee's conception of his duty in the national crisis had not altered. Various commentators have undertaken to prove, or to intimate, that he doubted the justice of his cause. Of this he spoke to Wade Hampton, a former comrade, "I did only what my duty demanded; I could have taken no other course without dishonor. If all were to be done over again, I should act in precisely the same manner."

It would be difficult to find, if not unreasonable to seek, a man of Lee's character and mind, in the world of today; his mind dominated by his character; his character subject to the ruling force of veneration for his God. Lee's devotion is not to be readily comprehended by our modern world. We must look deeper, to farther horizons, than most men look today. Lee gave himself to God, living in a kind of spiritual harmony with deity; closer to his conception of deity than to any living being. By prayer he came into the presence of his God until he could see and feel deity like an animate thing.

Long hours upon bended knees, on the fringes of the Wilderness, at the dawns of conflicts, gave him spiritual strength verging upon the exalted. It was then he stepped from his tent twice-armed, black Perry standing by a little awed, his staff waiting, bearing upon his face the calm that comes to devoted men from their God alone. Calm and resolution; certitude of purpose; without doubt in any degree, fighting the Lord's battle. The Lord would sustain him. If not (did Lee ever reason so far?), the Lord's will be done. Even in defeat he had the humility to see deity's will for final good. No matter what might eventuate, he would do his part, leave the rest to God.

Where find such a man in this day? To comprehend Lee in the least — vision him as a man given to God, without question, without demand, surrendered unto deity as men did in the early ages of Christianity. From devotion to adoration had been an easy advance for Lee. To him God was in everything, always present, forever active, omniscient, the only and ever perfect. Once he remarked to Chaplain Jones, "There are things in the old book which I may not be able to explain, but I fully accept it as the infallible word of God, and receive its teachings as inspired by the Holy Spirit."

Appomattox was more than the tragedy of Lee and the Confederacy; the catastrophe of his order and his epoch. The old America ended there. The order of the cavalier, the Colonial epoch, passed from the stage of man's drama. Tumultuous democracy supervened.

Lee embraced his order and his epoch. A knightly strain centuries old imparted to the man inward delicacy, a refinement of mind and spirit, ill suited to the ways of a rough world. From earliest youth he was subject to the influence of three invalid women — first his mother, then sister Anne and finally Mary. He never knew, never breathed the vigor of his father, a cavalier, too; but a hard-riding, hard-drinking, cut and slash cavalier.

Lee loved each of the invalids tenderly and from each received something of their unworldliness. Moreover, he was reared in a day and school of gentility hardly understandable nowadays. A school in which one gentleman deferred to another; in which modesty and forbearance were virtues; where self-assertion was regarded as vulgar. Not every man reared in that school practiced its virtues, or suffered from its limitations. Lee was marked by both, more than most men.

Even the definition of gentleman is looked at questioningly in this world of today; a definition once the mark of caste and culture. The tumult of the democracy — of Demos come to power — rises clamorously. Thrust a gentleman of the old time into that democracy . . . !

Besides, Lee's self-discipline bridled his naturally ardent character. His discipline, his quest for virtue, compelled every action motivated by his will to pass before the bar of his moral judgment. Life in the army, spent in barracks and on the frontier, could not diminish his delicacy. He kept apart, living in isolation, thinking of Mary "and the children," but spending most of his years separated from them. Even in his first manhood he was habitually absent from Mary, dreaming of happiness, knowing it but fleetingly. Always that trinity of yearning, repression, discipline.

Every action of his life led to the satisfaction of his inner urging toward morality and honor. It may be doubted whether Lee ever committed an act that would reflect upon his moral self, weighed in the court of his consciousness. Or, having committed it, he would be the man to erase the stain by prayer and contrition. His purity of thought and deed amounted to the virginal.

Truly a strange man to lead one of the world's greatest revolutions. To be rated as a military leader unapproached in his century by any man save Napoleon. A leader unlike the famous captains of the ages. Alexander believed in himself, Cæsar in his legions, Napoleon in his destiny, Lee in his God. More of a crusader than St. Louis. But never a revolutionary. Never dreaming, years before the event, of his people's independence, of his destiny to tear them apart from the Union, as is the way of revolutionists.

Two luminous names upon the page of history, raising the torch of revolt when Lee's fame also was a beacon to men, come readily to mind. Cavour and Garibaldi. Both dreamers, zealots, revolutionaries, moved by hatred as well as faith.

How conceive of hate mixed with the faith of Lee? On an evening after the war, when the looting of the South had fairly begun, a company of friends met in the Lee study, where one, a minister, spoke bitterly. So bitterly that Lee remarked: "Doctor, there is a good old book which I read, and from which you preach, that says, 'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.' "

The minister made defensive answer and Lee continued: "I have fought against the people of the North because I believed they were seeking to wrest from the South its dearest rights. But I have never cherished toward them bitter or vindictive feelings, and I have never seen the day when I did not pray for them."

There spoke Lee, the great and good man, the gray knight of the lost cause. Nature and habit fitted him to be the staunchest loyalist. Conservatism was the essence of his character. He never felt the wild impulse for change that makes revolutionaries. Nothing less than a national catastrophe could have won him from the Union.

On the day that he looked upon the world, back there in the room at Stratford where his famous sires were born, the darker Fates might have stood by his cradle, to declare, "This is our son." His life led inevitably to the nobility of sacrifice; to be the good knight of the lost cause.

By inheritance and early influences he embodied the traits of what is termed a gentleman. By inclination and custom he became a deeply religious man. As the distinction of his race, the exaltation of his faith, made him great, they diminished his primitive qualities. At critical moments of the war he carried forbearance to the point of inaction; thereby losing the war that he personally almost won by the brilliance of his conceptions, the courage of his resolutions. A rougher man would have put a sentry over Longstreet after the first day of Gettysburg. Lee, the forbearing, hopeful man, trusts again. Longstreet may redeem himself, as he should if the books of morality, hope, faith and virtue are correct. But this is war, bloody Gettysburg, Longstreet the modern Achilles, sulking apart. Pickett is left to make his immortal charge unsupported, to carry the Confederacy on his bayonets up the gory ridge — and almost beyond to victory.

Alas, for the man of gentility and faith, of kindness and forbearance. A dozen times in the war it is possible to put a finger upon the page and say — alas. Lee's habit of discipline in obeying Davis, his deference to military marplots in Richmond, his failure in critical instances to strike out and compel — all these lead to the vain alas.

A remarkable figure, by any estimate, this gray knight of the lost cause; this great and good man. Where does another live of his conviction in God; of so bold a mind; steadfast conceptions and enterprise? Of equal forbearance, consideration, optimism in the eventual balance of all things good and pure? The iron Duke of Wellington observed: "A man of fine Christian sensibilities is unfit to be a soldier."

There was distinct cleavage between Lee's mind and Lee's character. His character came under refining influences and personal discipline that made it subjective. His mind kept its first vigor; an audacious mind. And his courage had the tenacious quality that belongs to men of great faith in their cause. It was unwavering, indomitable. History affords no evidence of another military leader who risked more and unerringly achieved so much. The great battles of his career — the seven days' campaign, the second Manassas, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and a dozen more — reveal Lee, the audacious strategist. Disregarding his opponents' plans, choosing his fields of conflict, drawing them hence, attacking where he likes, practically always accomplishing his ends. At Gettysburg alone does he entirely fail of his goal, plainly in reach. And it was not Lee, the strategist, who failed there, but Lee, the humanist, the courtly gentleman. The Army of Northern Virginia ultimately lost one of the greatest wars of the ages; but it never was routed from the field. This army vanished from the earth.

As long ago as 1866 Edward A. Pollard, editor of the *Richmond Examiner,* passed judgment upon Lee with a large measure of truth. Pollard had a sharp pen; he also was a man of courage and sincerity. It is little less than astonishing that he should write, in *The Lost Cause,* a study of the war so soon published:

> No great actor in history had ever less self-assertion than General Lee; outside of the limits of his particular command, he was one of those who never gave an opinion, except in the shape of a suggestion; his warm personal friendship resisted any attitude of hostility to the President. . . . The world will see in such conduct some pleasing traces of modesty and conscientiousness; although it is much to be regretted in view of the circumstances and sequel to the Confederacy, that General Lee was not an ambitious man, or did not possess more of that vigorous selfishness that puts the impressions of individuality on the pages of history. The fact was that, although many of General Lee's views were sound, yet, outside of the limits of the Army of Northern Virginia, and with reference to the general affairs of the Confederacy, his influence was negative and accomplished absolutely nothing.

A judgment sharply drawn. There is not much evidence of "warm personal friendship" for Davis, but a plenitude to show his respect and obedience. Davis and Lee were not men to be intimate friends. And to say that Lee's influence "was negative and accomplished absolutely nothing" goes beyond the facts. Lee was the personality who kept the Confederacy in arms; the shepherd of his people; the good knight of the lost cause.

Walter Taylor, Lee's faithful aide, also was a man of intelligence and insight. From the 2d day of May in '61 to Appomattox in '65 he served in daily attendance upon the gray knight. No other man had such opportunity to know him in his inmost self. And Taylor has characterized his chieftain thus:

> If it shall be the verdict of posterity that General Lee in any respect fell short of perfection as a military leader, it may perhaps be claimed: first, that he was too careful of the

> personal feelings of his subordinate commanders, too fearful of wounding their pride, and too solicitous for their reputation. Probably it was this that caused him sometimes to continue in command those of whose fitness for their position he was not convinced, and often led him, either avowedly or tacitly, to assume responsibility for mishaps clearly attributable to the inefficiency, neglect, or carelessness, of others. I have heard him express the wish that General A had the command of a certain division instead of General B, when General A was a Brigadier in Major-General B's division, and a recommendation from the General to the department would doubtless have procured the change. The world already knows how prone he was at all times to take upon his own shoulders the responsibility for failure or mishap, and thus shield those from censure who had really failed to execute his orders or his designs.
>
> In the next place it may be said that he was too law-abiding, too subordinate to his superiors in civil authority — those who managed the governmental machinery. Brought up in the school of the soldier he had early imbibed the idea that discipline was essential in the military life, and that subordination was the keystone of discipline. Obedience to orders was, in his judgment, the cardinal principle with all good soldiers of every grade. As a rule, no one can deny the correctness of this view; but those were extraordinary times, and, in some matters, ordinary rules were extraordinary evils. General Lee should have been supreme in all matters touching the movements and discipline of his army, whereas, under the law and regulations of the Department of War made in conformity thereto, he had not even the power to confer promotion on the field of battle, and thus to recognize and reward meritorious conduct; and in matters concerning the movements of his army he was of course under authority, and more or less controlled by political considerations. Perhaps it could not be otherwise under our peculiar form of government, but it would never be possible to get the full measure of a man's capacity for military affairs who was thus trammeled.

Engaged in the greatest breach of discipline that his life would make possible, he yet brought to the breach rigid discipline. Revolutions, like many another crisis that man must face, overturn the fixed order of morality as well as of society.

Another aspect of Lee's military character is hard to reconcile with his thoroughness and breadth of grasp. The reluctance to take command of any troops but the Army of Northern Virginia and, when compelled to consider the whole field of war, his reluctance to leave Virginia. In the end he was defeated, not by the masses of Grant, but the political burden of holding Richmond, the presence of an enemy at his back. In a measure the undertaking that he avoided was the agent of his destruction.

It can be answered that the deeds performed by this man are such as to provide the world with cause for wonder in generations to come; that he had as great a burden as one man might bear in leading the Army of Northern Virginia. And doubtless answered with verity; but it is by reason of Lee's deeds that he must be considered along with the first captains of history, not as an ordinary man.

Considered in that light, and measured to some extent by the demands upon a revolutionary leader, it is appalling that Lee did not surmount the objections of Davis, the meddling of the marplots, turn east and west, smite upon all fronts at once, and carry his cause to victory. All within the possible. Enemy powers as great as the Union have been overturned before by lesser forces.

Each time that Lee emerges in his greatness he appears under pressure, burning away conventions, doing the unorthodox. When he sits in camp, writing patiently to Davis, pleading for shoes, explaining tactics, he is the disciplined, rigid, punctilious Lee. When he marches for Maryland, convinced that he must act for himself, then it is Lee, the undisciplined, the unorthodox, the gray knight leading his liegemen.

After every victory his will to command subsides. Again the ordinary, the everyday, the prosaic and mediocre intrude upon, overwhelm him. He returns to his communing with God, his search for virtue. And — greatest of his goals — he finds it. He was genuine in his goodness. A man cannot assume great virtues. The world may be deceived by the assumption of slight virtues; never by the semblance of great ones. Man has within him an instinct that divines nobility. The meanest of men honors the noble man. And Lee was the embodiment of the noble man, forged upon the anvil of life to be the knight of the lost cause.

The heart softens toward the man, so imbued with faith, punctilious to his superiors, shielding his commanders, believing in the power of moral right. While his mind's eye sees, his character trammels him. Even in February of '65 he says to Davis, a little pleadingly, a little pathetically: "With my army in the mountains, I could carry on this war for twenty years." Will not the President also see — let him away to his mountains? The President will not see, for the eye of his will is open, fixed upon Richmond; the eye of his mind is blind.

So the years at Lexington began to drift, one into the other. After March 2, 1867, Virginia no longer was a sovereign State, but "Military District No. 1." Any day that Lee looked from his windows he might see the blue-coated men of the provost guard.

A Convention ruled by the carpetbaggers, the former slaves and renegade Virginians met in the old capitol. Anything that could be filched from private or public pocket was taken forthwith. What majestical man is this, looking calmly on, one hand raised as though in gesture?

The Washington of Houdon, who has seen so much of history pass in review before his pedestal. He stands aloof in his marble calm, looking on. From the walls other Virginians look down — Jefferson, Henry, Madison, Monroe, the great of the infant nation. And what think they of their handiwork?

The gray knight bows his head, retreats into himself. The "chest cold," the sore throat, return at intervals. Instead of diminishing, the correspondence addressed to him increases. And, curiously, many Federal commanders write to ask his judgment of their methods. Soldiers the world around seek information of his campaigns. Historians besiege him for the data he could not himself obtain.

But he writes less frequently, answers every one briefly. His old habit of indulging gentle raillery with callers, particularly with children, slips away. The fine head turns from gray to white; long and tragic lines mark his face. Rather, it is a face of mute, inexpressible tragedy.

Thus to the first year of the new decade, which brings hope. He sees Virginia readmitted to the Union, the rascal crowd driven from the capitol. But his health disturbs Mary, those around him. Physicians find that he has acute inflammatory rheumatism, centering in the region of the heart. The winter of '69-'70 is unusually severe. A family council decrees that he must go south.

It is March before the General can prepare to leave. He goes reluctantly, but departs for Georgia, where a hundred homes await his coming. Old comrades gather around him. Men of the ranks travel uncounted miles to look again upon Marse Robert — how changed! Any eye can see that the gray years have come.

So much movement and emotion distress him. He tries to rest in remote houses. Still the old soldiers come. His eye brightens, he knows many of them by name, certainly by their regiments and commanders. But their coming and going lays a tax upon him that he is scarcely able to bear. In the end he returns home, uplifted in spirit, if not mended in body.

The spring has come, too, its warmth and fragrance a healing balm. He continues to ride his iron gray, though he mounts from the steps, and even Traveler senses the change. Faculty and students watch him, wordless, when he walks abroad, his pace beginning to halt. The eyes lose their occasional smile. The face is mute tragedy.

Through the summer he rides and walks, but seems to find greater peace in an easy chair, his feet upon a stool. He goes to the springs and returns, benefited. Mary can walk but haltingly now. They sit together, and commune; as he dreamed of sitting in the portico of Arlington. "The children" attend both; his sons are much at home. Custis has turned schoolmaster, too, a member of the V. M. I. faculty; a tall, handsome man, who looks as though he might be the man in the easy chair, younger by three decades.

From the summer, into the fall again. The General certainly must go south before long. He watches the leaves turn red and russet, sear and brown, slowly fall. The green of the grass fades. The blue sky canopied above his mountains becomes gray. It is cold in the mornings, chill in the evenings. He complains of his throat; also of the "chest cold."

Yet he shows awakened interest in the opening of the semester, the arrival of the new boys, and has each one in to see him for acquaintance sake. He plans further changes in the curriculum and the buildings. His school has prospered beneath his hand. There is much work to be done. But it is cold in the mornings, chill in the evenings.

The 28th of September fell upon a Wednesday. The General was engaged in his study during the day, and about four of the afternoon attended a vestry meeting in Grace Church. Chill and rain hanging heavy in the air turned to a downpour, impregnating the church. A hasty fire in the stove could not dissipate the damp and gloom. Several times the General tightened his military cape around him, muffling it about his throat.

For some while the vestrymen had hoped to build a new church and increase the rector's salary. Both matters were brought up for discussion that lasted until 7 o'clock. But the best efforts left a substantial sum lacking from the rector's salary. Toward the end the General said, speaking with difficulty, "I will give that sum."

The meeting at last ended, Lee went home in a waiting vehicle.

"Where have you been, General?" asked Mary. "We have been keeping tea for you a long time."

His answer was indistinct, as he walked to the head of the table, raising his hand slightly, to command silence while he sought divine grace.

He speaks, but there is no sound. Mary, "the children," look at him anxiously. He slips into his chair, conscious that he is stricken.

Instantly alarums. Dr. H. T. Barton and Dr. R. L. Madison are summoned. They find him put to bed, with symptoms of swooning and slight paralysis. Through the rainy night they watch, while the word flies north and south, across far seas, that the gray knight is stricken. By day he is conscious, not uncomfortable. By night he lies in an undisturbed repose. But obediently he takes the doctors' medicines, though he says, with difficult speech, "It is no use."

The physicians call in hourly attendance. The rain that began on Wednesday becomes a flood, sweeping the countryside, deepening the damp and chill. His words are of the fewest, labored, but distinct.

On Monday Dr. Madison asks, "How do you feel today, General?"

A pause. Then: "I feel better."

"You must make haste to get well. Traveler is looking for you."

But the General shakes his head, closes his eyes.

Thus, slowly, day by day, drifting with the hours, until the 11th of October. An ominous pall settles upon Lexington. For days the townfolk have seen old soldiers gathering about Marse Robert's house, praying upon bended knees. The prayers become continuous, newcomers taking the place of those who depart; their invocations spreading to the churches of his countrymen; to homes great and humble; the heart of the Confederacy is wrung with prayer.

Then the dawn of the 12th. His face is blanched. The fire upon the hearth casts dancing shadows into the corners, simmering and burring in the way of open fires. Upon the bed, his head raised high to make breathing easier, the gray knight lies, the fine arch of brow and nose nobly etched in the firelight. Another light touches the face; of beauteous resignation; the peace beyond words.

Beside him Mary waits, "the children," his sons, his physicians. Outside, in the dawn, the men of his tattered legions wait as well. Over the invisible river reach the hands of that other host gone before, summoning Marse Robert home.

Yet he breathes, long and gently. Bells toll, the wires speak, the world gives heed. As it was writ long ago in the *Morte d'Arthur:*

"Thou wert head of all Christian knights; and now, I dare say," said Sir Ector, "Thou, Sir Lancelot, there thou liest, thou that wert never matched of earthly knights' hand; and thou wert the courtliest knight that ever bare shield . . . and thou wert the kindest man that ever strake with sword; and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights; and thou wert the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies. . . ."

Still he lies, as the gray dawn yields to the brighter day. Surely the pæan of men's prayers must mount to the golden throne. Seven o'clock, 8 o'clock; no sign, no sigh. Then, unexpectedly, he speaks, slowly, "Strike the tent!"

Physician looks upon physician, friend upon friend, sister upon brother. The miracle of life is about to be dissolved in the greater miracle of death. Hands are clutched around him. Still he lies, seeming to sleep. Nine o'clock. He lives, ever so faintly. A few minutes more, and he speaks, almost as Jackson spoke, clear and distinct, a ring of the old command in his tones, "Tell Hill that he must come up."

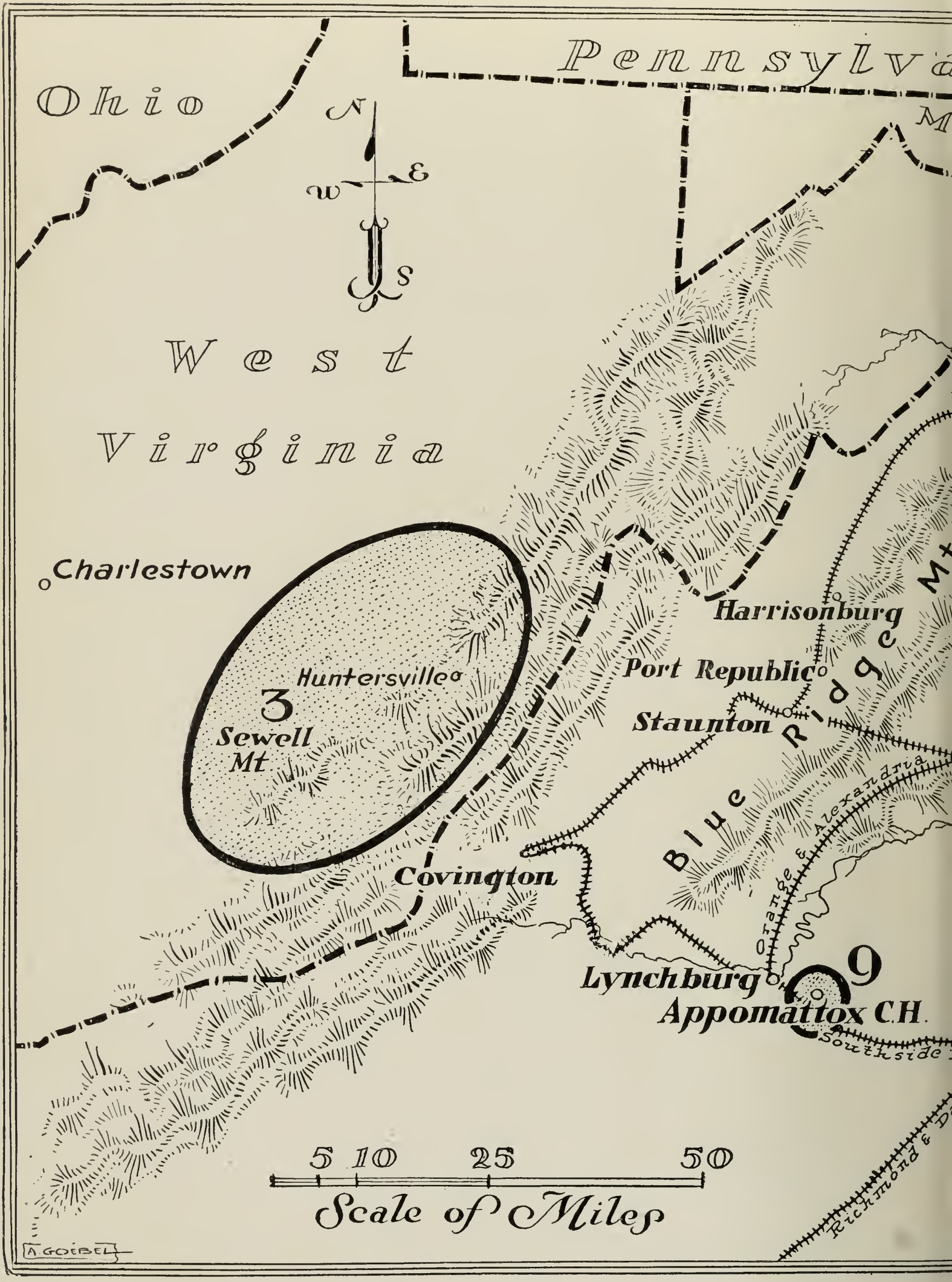
A quarter after nine. He stirs as though he would rise, breathes deeply once.

The good gray knight has gone to meet his liegemen over there.

Upon his table, unnoticed for days, lies a pocket Bible, a worn, leather-covered Bible, with a name on the fly-leaf:

R. E. Lee, Lieutenant-Colonel, U. S. A.

THE END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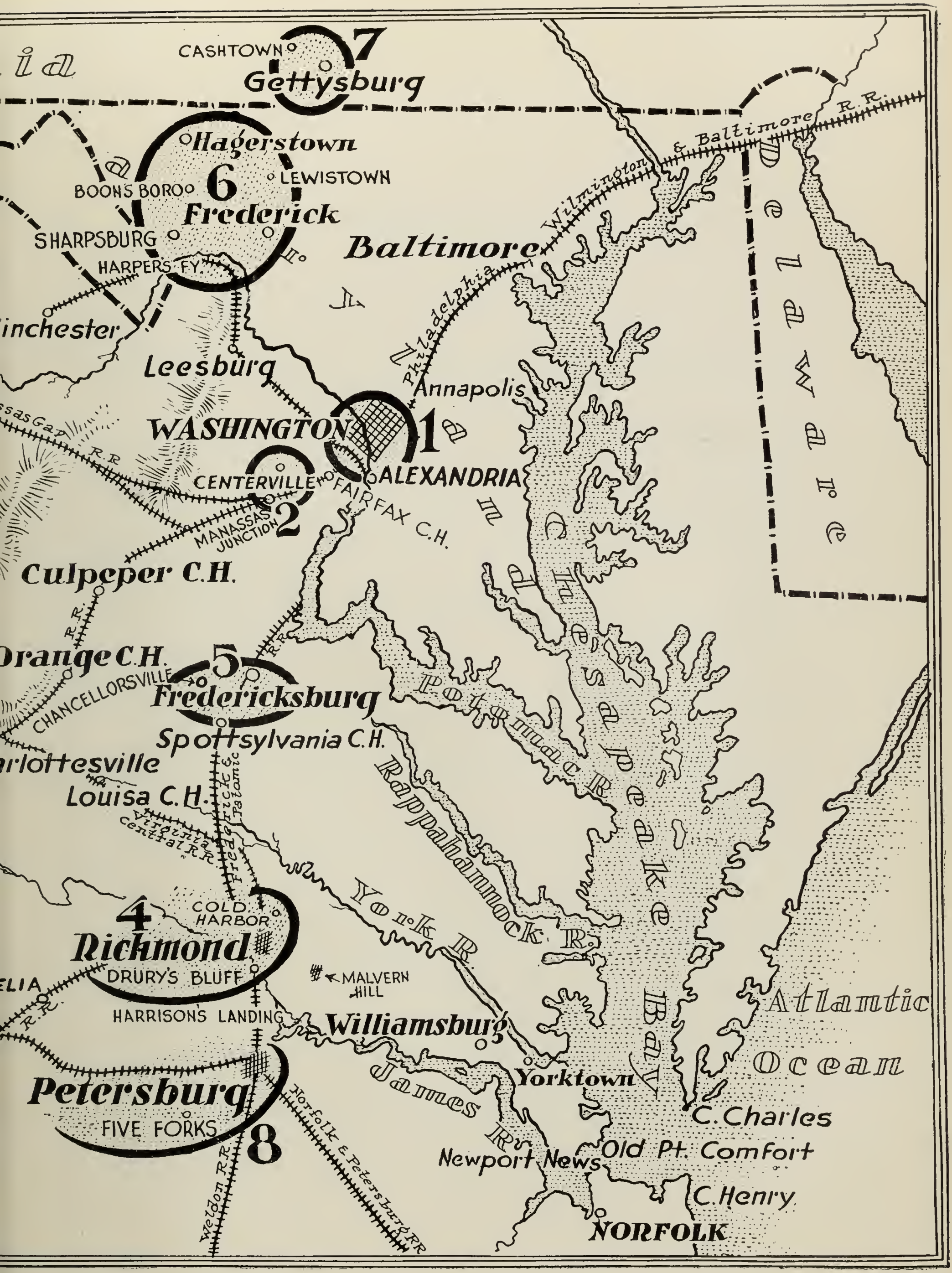

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CASHTOWN
7
Gettysburg
Hagerstown
6
BOONS BORO
LEWISTOWN
Frederick
SHARPSBURG
HARPERS FY.
Baltimore
Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore R.R.
Delaware
inchester
Leesburg
Annapolis
ssas Gap R.R.
WASHINGTON
1
ALEXANDRIA
CENTERVILLE
FAIRFAX C.H.
MANASSAS JUNCTION
2
Culpeper C.H.
R.R.
Orange C.H.
5
CHANCELLORSVILLE
Fredericksburg
R.R.
Spottsylvania C.H.
rlottesville
Louisa C.H.
Virginia Central R.R.
Fredericksburg & Potomac
Potomac R.
Rappahannock R.
Chesapeake Bay
York R.
4
COLD HARBOR
Richmond
DRURY'S BLUFF
MALVERN HILL
ELIA
R.R.
HARRISON'S LANDING
Williamsburg
Atlantic Ocean
Petersburg
FIVE FORKS
8
Yorktown
James R.
Weldon R.R.
Norfolk & Petersburg R.R.
C. Charles
Newport News
Old Pt. Comfort
C. Henry
NORFOLK

LEGEND

1. National capital, goal of the Confederate armies. The field works extended beyond Alexandria, eight miles from Washington. Arlington, Lee's home, lay within the lines.
2. Scene of the first battle of Manassas in '61 and the second battle in '62. The first Union advance had its base at Centerville, the objective being Manassas. In the second battle the Union retreat was in the general direction of Centerville, coming from the south.
3. Area of Lee's operations in '61 during the period of his first command in the field.
4. Confederate capital, goal of the Union armies. McClellan's retreat in '62 began from a point slightly northwest of Cold Harbor, as a result of Lee's first great battle, raising the siege of Richmond. The arc around the city indicates the principal field of action, not the fortifications. In '64 the second battle of Cold Harbor marked the end of Grant's Wilderness campaign.
5. Fredericksburg was the goal of the last Union attempt to end the war in '62. At Chancellorsville, nearby, the battle of that name caused Jackson's death in the spring of '63. Lee broke camp at Orange Court House in '64 to attack Grant near Chancellorsville, opening the Wilderness campaign.
6. Area of Lee's first invasion in '62, ending in the drawn battle of Sharpsburg.
7. The high tide of the Confederacy in '63. Lee had planned months before to fight at Cashtown, but accidents forced him into battle at Gettysburg.
8. Area of the battle and siege of Petersburg, covering almost a year, ending in the Confederate retreat of April, '65. Lee hoped to reach Lynchburg and join Johnston's forces, at the south, or bring them north.
9. When supplies and ammunition failed, the Army of Northern Virginia surrendered at Appomattox Court House, with fewer than 9,000 men under arms.

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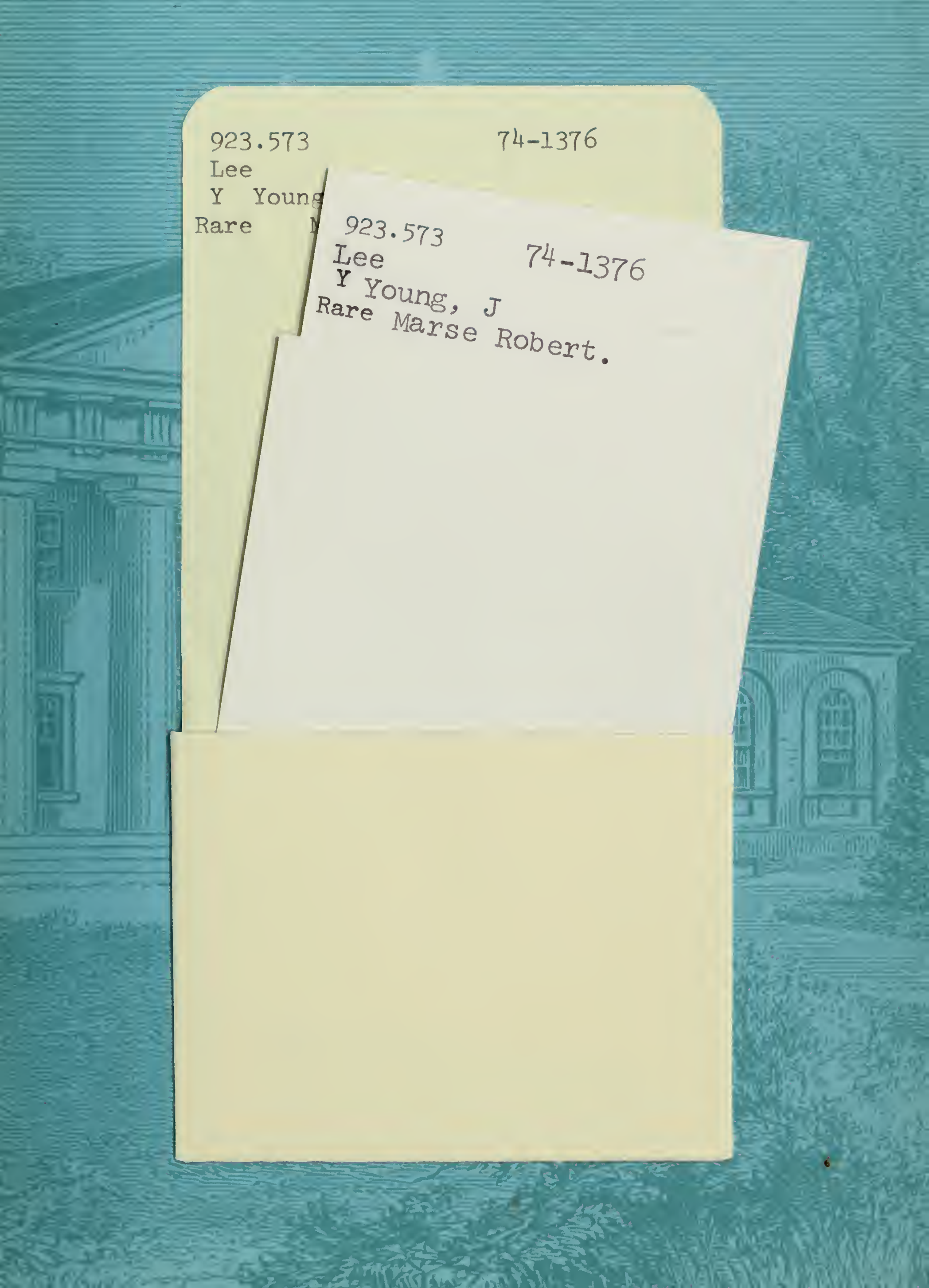

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